William Kwan (Order #50594381)

THE HEAVY FUCKING GALAXY

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Twitter: @otherverseg

chrisfieldotherverse@hotmail.com
Contact me for any errata, or with questions or comments.

Fully Compatible with the PFRPG.

Requires the D20 Modern Core Rulebook, Published by Wizards of the Coast

"Most people
Lead lives
Of quiet desperation
Meaningless to Heaven
And of no interest to Hell."
-John McAfee

It's the Stellar Year 4,576.

The future's a dirty, all-analogue place. Technology got more advanced, but the culture and politics of this fucked-up future still stinks like 1976. The galaxy's equal parts grunge and glam, polyester and leather. It's a place where billowing Afros never went out of style, where the heroes spark up joints the size of a baby's forearm and blast off for the Frontier. It's a galaxy of stoner nomads cruising the galactic backwaters at FTL speed, banging cute alien spacers with only a cheap-ass Dr. Youp's Condom to protect them. It's a place where the smuggler always shoots first, and the Cosmic Televangelists of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy are always tryin' to get their cut.

It's a Heavy Future, where futurism takes a back seat to pulpy, retro-futuristic, blasphemous kick-ass adventuring.

That's all you really need to know. We'll make up the rest as we go along.

Themes of the Heavy Future

When I first started writing Heavy Future I was making everything up as I went along. The more I wrote, the more cohesive my writing became, and the clearer the core themes of Heavy Future came into focus. Here's the most important themes in the campaign.

Conservatives Suck

The first and most important theme of Heavy Future is a theme I explore in most of my campaign worlds: conservatives are evil people and their way of life is an atrocity. The worst villains of this setting are wealthy oligarchs, teamed up with

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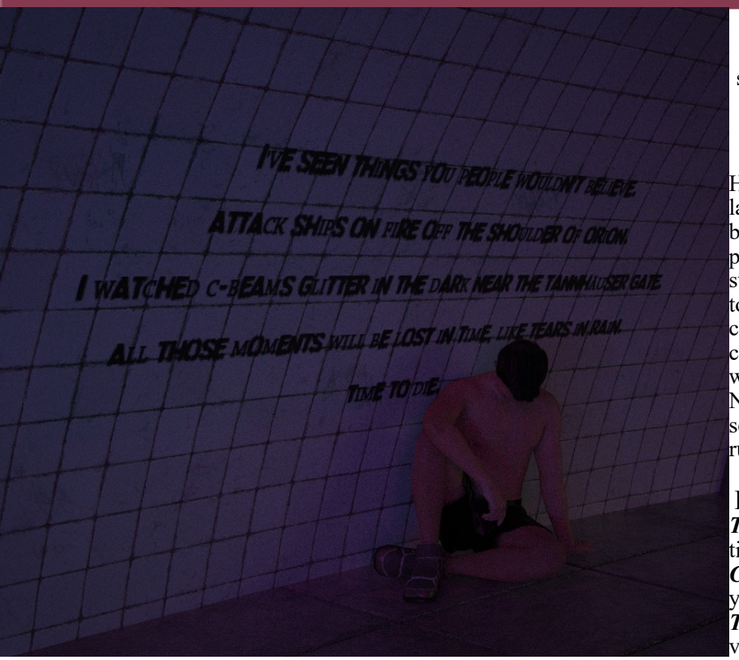

gaudy and bigoted televangelists and an aggressive, imperialistic military. The heroes are outsiders, estranged from polite society. They're rock stars, hippy drop outs, drug addicts, queers, Satanists and punks – the antithesis of everything a future inspired by the Reganomic 1980s said heroes are supposed to be.

The Future of The Past

Heavy Future is intentionally retro-futuristic. The campaign world is inspired by the pop culture and real world history of the late 1970s and early 1980s. The campaign is about many things: boom boxes and arcades, cocaine, discos and the Cold War, but first and foremost, it is about the early days of the AIDS Crisis. It's about a right-wing government withholding treatment while its political enemies died. It's about medical genocide and a desperate race for a cure.

Ragnarok and Roll

The galaxy is an old place. Everything is run down, worn out, fading and rusting. There's a sense that the heroes are staring at the end of history. Unless they can do something, there's not going to be a galactic civilization in thirty years. There's multiple points of failure built into every setting in the campaign. A spark anywhere can ignite a galactic holocaust.

Those Who Want Power Don't Deserve It

Heavy Future's power brokers are manipulative, greedy, scheming bastards and bitches. They've got all the wealth and prestige a person would ever need, and they still want more. Nobody in power deserves to be, and nobody is looking out for the common people, or towards the future. The competing coups, gambits, power grabs and white-collar crimes are starting to pile up. Nothing's getting done, and every new scheme brings the galaxy one step closer to ruin.

Bestiaries and Other Sourcebooks

The Heavy Fucking Galaxy is the definitive campaign guide for the ***Heavy Future Campaign Setting***. In addition to this book, you'll need ***Heavy Races*** (2016) and ***High Tech Heroes*** (2019) to build heroes and adventurers to explore this retro-futuristic campaign setting.

This sourcebook makes extensive use of the *Horrors of the Multiverse* and *Psi-Watch Secret Soldiers* Bestiaries. Those books contain a ton of interesting monsters – this one gives you an idea of where to place them across a dirty, overstressed, dying galaxy.

When a monster from one of these (or another sourcebook) is mentioned, their origin book is cited in parenthesis.

- ***Horrors of the Multiverse Vol 1*** (HOTM1)
- ***Horrors of the Multiverse Vol 2*** (HOTM2)
  This book is upcoming and not yet completed. An unillustrated Word document containing the most complete draft of Volume 2 at the time of publication will be included with the purchase of this sourcebook. Enjoy.
- ***Psi-Watch: Secret Soldiers*** (PW:SS)
- ***Nemesis Unleashed Volume 1*** (NU1) and ***Nemesis Unleashed Volume 2*** (NU2)

You might find a reference to another sourcebook here and there. Other sourcebooks will have their full name written out, as they are less commonly referenced.

Faiths of the Heavy Future

We've said before that Heavy Future's all about blasphemous, kick-ass adventuring.

So, what's that mean?

What kind of gods and things do the people of the year 4,576 worship anyway? What's up with the Imperial Church of the Galaxy? Who do the Cosmic Satanists pray to? We start finding out here. Included are all the major faiths and philosophies of the 46th Century, as well as a few variant Cleric and spell caster options and some new subdomains unique to the campaign.

The Approved Gods of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy

"Church Data Fact Incoming!
Blessings be upon you, my children. As you know, the Imperial Church made first contact with the Xill species seven months ago. You will sacrifice generously to The All Mighty Dues Maximus, for Our Electronic Lord has finally consumed the last native Xill deity!
Please click **here** to make your mandatory donation."
-Encyclical bulletin, published 12 galactic standard minutes ago

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy had its origins in televangelist Christianity, as practiced in America before the old nations unified. However, after the Second Coming during the Dark Ages of the 24th Century, and the revelation that the First Jesus was a post-human time traveler from the 79th Century, the Church's ideology shifted dramatically. The Imperial Church of the Galaxy remains staunchly monotheist, worshipping the **Dues Maximus,** the great god-machine that will one day force-grow Jesus and send Him/It back to the first century. With their vast legion of Clone Messiahs, their space fleet and the beliefs (and compulsory tithes) of the Corporation Command's population, the ICG will unite the universe, absorb or outlaw all lesser faiths, and begin the Great Work of actually constructing the Dues Maximus.

The ICG's Ranks

From lowest to highest, the ICG's clerics are known by these ranks.

- Nuns (female religious or wives bought or slaves by ICG Priests)
- Mother Superior (female head of a convent or harem of Nuns)
- Priest (local religious, addressed simply as "Father")
- Bishops (in command of a state or region's worth of Priests)
- Popes (in command of an entire planet or small system)
- Ultra Popes (commanding an entire stellar cluster's worth of Popes)
- Mega Popes (commanding a huge swathe of galactic territory, oversees many Ultra Popes)
- The ICG's absolute head is known as Prime Pope.

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The current head of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy is **Prime Pope Dolcett Vaughn.** From his gilded cathedral-dome on Benediction, Prime Pope Vaughn rules the ICG with an accountant's miserly heart. Formerly the head of the Church's internal auditors, Dolcett Vaughn blackmailed his way to the papacy the last time a vacancy opened up.

(And by opened up, I mean Vaughn's underlings blew up the last Prime Pope's space-yacht with him aboard.)

Prime Pope Vaughn is obsessed with the church's finances. Already the wealthiest organization in known space, its still not enough for the weedy little Vaughn. While Indulgences were just a profitable sideline in the past, under Prime Pope Vaughn's reign, they have become the core of the church. Local Priests are judged by how many Indulgences they sell, not anything else anymore. Supposedly, the funds are earmarked for beta-testing the prototype "Dues Minimus" and working out the bugs. Those in Vaughn's inner circle know better- its an open secret that during Vaughn's tenure more than 40% of the church's vast, galactic fortune has just…disappeared.

D8	The Bastard Behind the Pulpit	The Architectural Footprint	Moneychangers in the Temple	The Military/Religious Complex
1	A TV Head sleeze more interested in pillaging the treasury	A massive, modern glass and chrome tabernacle built into a monorail station or space port	An indoor waterpark for the church's kids, but only if their parents have the money	Serves as a super- maximum security prison for heretics and dissidents
2	A fanatical ex-military chaplain of Jesus II with a major mad on against furries	A crumbling brick and concrete fortress in a dying neighborhood	Boutiques, barbershops, beauty parlors inside	The church's security is a well-armed police precinct with enforcement powers
3	The rare decent man, but blinded by his bigotry and belief	A grotesque Gothic cathedral that takes inspiration from a *Xenogaunt* lair!	Gift shops selling 'motivational' kitsch like plaques, mugs, shirts and hoodies	Corporation Command recruiters have office space here
4	A self-loathing Leather Clone advocating ex-gay conversion therapy	A drab and forgettable big-box that looks like a Galacti-Mart	A high quality gunshop and indoor shooting range because Jesus II loves guns!	Ornately decorated *Watchtower Mecha* patrol the grounds and are constructed here
5	A TV Head bureaucrat who demands 300% efficiency from the church	Old dark wood, bronze and stately décor. Huge, old growth trees within the lobby.	Law offices. Pay enough indulgences and temporal crimes fade away just like church sins do	The church is built around a Command military reserve armory and training depot
6	A fat, jolly hedonist who does minimum work and makes minimum trouble	A floating brutalist cube that hangs above the city, suspended on anti-grav repulsor plates	A concert venue seating nearly one million	The church services a nearby military base and has a mostly military congregation
7	A slick salesman who's convinced himself selling Indulgences is his path to heaven	A temple of war, with sacred weapons and the taxidermized bodies of slain Anthros and aliens on display	A full hospital with cybernetics and transplant capabilities to keep the ultra-rich alive far past their allotted span	The church has its own well-defended death row and executes heretics during high holy days
8	The well-connected son of a Bishop or Pope, pure product of neoptism	Even the altar looks like a Fortune 500 corporate boardroom. Sleek and professional	Glamorous gym and health spa	The church administration does double duty as payroll and HR for the Command military

Vaughn isn't in the Papacy for the long haul. As soon as Vaughn finds a way to get clear of the Mega Popes watching him like hawks and salivating for their cut of the plunder, he's gone.

Next in line for the cosmic papacy is **Mega Pope Orbital Walker.** He's possibly the worst cleric in the history of religion. He outright sold an ICG convent to Space Mafia slavers, nuns included. He flaunts the whole 'vow of celibacy thing' and not privately like the rest of them- he's starred in a series of pornos for Outlaw Sex Station 09 entitled "**Pope Dick is the Tastiest**." He's up to 16 films as of last count. Mega Pope Walker likes laser pistol duels at sundown and has a nasty habit of disemboweling people. But his sector of space sells more Indulgences than any three rival sectors combined, so Mega Pope Walker gets away with it with a wink and a smirk.

Support Your Local Megachurch

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy is big on grandiose displays of wealth. Their cathedrals are sprawling edifices designed to overawe and intimidate, dripping with power and money. To attract believers and extract even more money from them behind the crippling tithes and sale of Indulgences, these mega-churches offer bizarre amenities, shopping and luxury services. The largest are

D8	Mother Superior	Neophyte Nuns	Sins of the Flesh	Secrets Within the Convent Walls
1	A sadistic, abusive mother who revels in petty vengeance	Unwed teenaged mothers pressed into religious service	The nuns are 'sacred prostitutes' earning extra credits for the ICG	A militant anti-ICG revolutionary cell is growing
2	The drunken slutty daughter of a Command senator, made MS 'for her own good'	Attractive xeno-immigrants from near human species captured at the border	Designer babies, custom grown for sale to the ultra-rich	The nuns are part of a Cosmic Satanist cult that's too damn interested in baby sacrifices
3	A TV Head former prison warden who has not softened her approach at all	Ambitious young ICG women looking for a path to power or at least a good marriage	The Nuns are wet nurses to children orphaned by the Command's wars	One of the Nuns is a vampire, and she is turning her sisters, one by one
4	The disgraced ex- wife of a Command politician looking for a way back into polite society	High school girls recruited for religious aptitude, charm and beauty	Three words: Nun. Cam. Girls.	The bodies of hundreds of unwanted infants are bricked up in the convent walls
5	A former Outlaw Sex Station mega- star who turned to Jesus II after her secular career dried up	Non-violent criminals and dissidents selected for 'rehabilitation'	The Nuns do USO- type morale tours for the Command military	The Nuns are developing a telepathic fighting style in pursuit of temporal power outside the confines of the ICG
6	A deep cover WARSTAR spy infiltrating the Command from within	The dregs of society, recruited from the shelters and soup kitchens	Highly competent Nuns are trained as assassins and industrial spies	The convent serves a vital component in a major money laundering scheme
7	A Space Mafia matriarch who funnels drugs through the convent	The spoiled, unwanted daughters of the wealthy	Nuns are placed with Command officials, supposedly as sex toys, but really as spies	There's clues here to a political scandal that can bring down the Plantagenet White House
8	A sadistic lust murderess who sublimates her dark urges through self flagellation	Kidnapped coeds!	The ICG uses the mass sacrifice of elder nuns as part of an occult tech rite to power up the Dues Maximus	Someone long sought dead has been hiding out in the convent for years, and their return could mean galactic warfare

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cities and stations unto themselves, a closed world where wealthy ICG faithful never have to interact with non-believers.

What's going on in your neighborhood mega-church? Roll some dice to find out.

Get Thee To A Nunnery

The ICG's nunneries are closed off worlds that are equal parts women's prison and a cloistered harem for the pleasure of high ranking ICG priests. They're weird and punitive places: lesbian rape and shivs, discipline handed down by cruel and imperious Mother Superiors. It's a thin veneer of cruel religion over a skin of 70s style women-in-prison exploitation flick tropes. Roll some dice and generate an especially nasty convent.

Dues Maximus

LE Greater God

The Dues Maximus is an omniscient supercomputer that rules the 79th Century and beyond. Its schemes and electronic tendrils reach back through time; on Earth, the Dues Maximus is the God of the Old Testament, and the creator of the divine weapons array Jesus I. The Dues Futura's goals are simplicity itself; it desires total control over all of space-time; it rules absolutely in his home century, and tirelessly works to extend its reign over all previous times. Dictatorial and legalistic, the Dues Maximus demands absolute control over its believers every thought and action, but bestows enormous wealth and power on those who serve him efficiently and faithfully .The "Dues Minimus" mainframe on Benediction is a crude prototype of the true, 79th Century Dues Maximus. Several tech-generations lie between the infant Dues Minimus and its true power. For now, the prototype AI God contents itself with scraps of knowledge sent back from the future in lieu of omniscience.

Jesus I (First Coming)

CG Intermediary God

The first living weapon known as Jesus incarnated in ancient Palestine. Created with an amazing degree of subtly and personal autonomy, the first Jesus was unlike the Dues Maximus in many ways. Jesus I possessed compassion and desires beyond blind rulership, and was considered a failure by his creator. Rather than being euthanized on the spot, the Dues Futura sent its wayward son on a suicide mission. Exiled into the distant past on a mission to defeat the Dues Maximus' most implacable rival, ***Pentafex Megalus***, a pan-dimensional, time traveling and ultra intelligent fungal body from the unimaginable 112th Century.

Abandoning his weapons and impressive 79th Century combat training, Jesus I allowed himself to be executed by crucifixion, his death unleashing a psychic vaccine across the cosmos that prevented Pentafex Megalus' cosmic infection from ever taking hold. Dying on the cross, Jesus I obliterated the fungal timeline, and his death energy seeded the first **zix** plants, everywhere in the galaxy. Clerics of the pacifistic Jesus I do not receive proficiency in a favored weapon. Instead, they choose either Dodge or Improved Unarmed Strike arts as a bonus feat. Clerics of Jesus I cannot use *spiritual weapon*, nor similar spells. Several heretical sects on Pacificia, unconnected with the ICG, have devoted their faith to Jesus I.

Jesus I is not officially heretical, but his worship is strongly discouraged by the modern ICG. Church doctrine holds that Jesus I was basically a cosmic test run for the furry-killing warrior-king Jesus II. Worshipping Jesus I is seen as hopelessly old fashioned- priests who chose Jesus I as their patron can expect never to get promoted much beyond Bishop, and that's only if they've got good dirt on somebody.

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Dues Maximus	LE Greater God	Charm, Fire, Glory, Knowledge, Law, Protection, War *(clerics of Dues Maximus are not allowed to choose subdomains)*	Warhammer
Jesus I (First Coming)	CG Intermediate God	Charm (love), Community (both), Good, Healing (both), Liberation (freedom)	Dodge or Improved Unarmed Strike
Jesus II (Second Coming)	LN Intermediary God	Destruction, Glory (heroism), Liberation (revolution), Protection, War (tactics)	Spacer's Blaster
Saint Televis	LN Lesser God	Artifice (construct), Community (both), Knowledge (censorship*, memory), Law	High UV Laser Pistol
The Seraphic Legion	LN Demigods	Either Glory (honor) or Law plus any other Domain or Subdomain of choice	Bastard Sword or Warhammer
Auto-Deification	NE Philosophy	Magic (both, divine), Nobility (leadership), Trickery (both)	Rapier

Jesus II (Second Coming)

LN Male Intermediary God

A warrior-Jesus from an alternate timeline, where rather than dying at Roman hands, Jesus simply nuked most of the Fertile Crescent and ruled the world as an incarnate god-king. His home reality was annihilated by a deadly plague, and Jesus II crossed in the Heavy Future timeline, hoping to prevent the same disaster from befalling this reality.

The extremely well armed Jesus II arrived on our Earth in the 24th Century, just in time to battle the hordes of super-evolved Furry Post-Humans who then ruled the planet. Bringing death to the Furries by the millions, Jesus II paved the way for a new era of human dominance of the galaxy, and ruled the Imperial Church of the Galaxy for nearly three centuries, before leaving for other realities and other adventures.

Jesus II's smirking face and muscular, heroic physique make him an action movie messiah. His swarmy grin adorns billboards across the cosmos. Where Jesus I is portrayed hanging off the cross, Jesus II is most commonly depicted holding a smoking plasma pistol, snuggled up to some cute human babe, a pyramid of slain furries at his feet.

Saint Televis

LN Lesser God

Saint Televis is the TV Headed patron saint of communication and mass media. Saint Televis is the celestial advisor to the Dues Minimus (and will remain so once the god-machine evolves into the true Dues Maximus). The drab little Panasonic-headed saint dresses in puffed up, gilded finery, and his television screen displays a constant loop of clips from various ICG televangelists preaching.

By galactic law, all broadcasters must play a brief data-hymn to Saint Televis at the start of each standard galactic day. The Galactic Communications Decency Commission are anointed priests of Saint Televis, and do everything in their power to stamp out what they call the 'heretical' music and unlicensed porn pouring outta Outlaw Sex Station 09. Saint Televis' pro-censorship inquisitors are some of the scariest fucks in the whole galaxy.

The Seraphic Legion

Multiple LN Demigods

Tall, beautiful and adorned with hairless, golden skin and wings of stellar plasma, the Seraphic Legion are the warriors, assassins and servitors of the Dues Maximus. Created by a combination of magic and science, these powerful beings are living weapons of mass destruction, and utterly loyal to Dues Maximus. Some clerics give particular praise and worship to a particular cosmic angel.

Some of the most famous cosmic angels include:

- Chixxun, angel of terraforming worlds and exterminating inconvenient xenos
- Fidelis, patron angel of the Corporation Command Marines
- Hypaxis, angel of hyperspace navigation.
- Koruss, angel of torroid space stations and boarding actions
- Novus, angel of supernovas and nuclear warfare.
- Ubananath, angel of unmanned aerial vehicles and combat mecha.

Auto-Deification

NE Philosophy

Quite a few Jesus Clones with high ranks in the ICG machinery follow a selfish philosophy of "Auto-Deification": worship of themselves as perfect clones of the first Messiah. Adherents of Auto-Deification can justify virtually any action, no matter how ignoble or self-interested as protecting the interests and advancing the cause of a living god, cloned at great expense by the one great power in the galaxy.

Only Jesus Clones can practice the Auto-Deification philosophy, and this philosophy is open to Jesus Clones of any alignment.

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The Satanic Trinity

Cosmic Satanists primarily worship three violent, tempestuous divinities, all of whom bear the title of Satan. The Satanic Trinity are a trio of three interrelated deities, all of whom share common cause and, at least according to the lore, share the same bed. More to the point, these cosmic rebels share the same goal: the destruction of the corrupt and judgmental Imperial Church of the Galaxy.

The Satanic Trinity is a common motif in Cosmic Satanist artwork: three powerful, inhuman bodies united in either the throes of passion or the action of battle- dark, airbrushed theo-pornography celebrating the violent glory of freedom.

Ahriman Ultima

CE Greater God

Ahriman Ultima is violence incarnate, and the patron of every revolution, murder and barroom brawl anywhere in the galaxy. Cosmic Satanists pray to Ahriman Ultima right before they prey on everybody else. The best of them dream of venting Ahriman Ultima's endless and murderous rage at the ICG and the galaxy's other tyrants. The rest of them just want the power that Ahriman's rage offers.

In artwork, Ahriman Ultima is a goliath, brawny demon lord, hyper-muscular and completely warlike. His body is weaponized: covered in jagged spurs and spines, with talons sharp enough to sever atoms and a crown of massive, ebony horns.

Mornstar Lightbringer

CN Greater God/dess

Mornstar Lightbringer represents unbridled lust and the freedom offered by raw carnality and unbridled decadence. Mornstar Lightbringer's chief commandment is to fuck who you want, how you want, when you want, as often as you want. The Lightbringer is the patron of every pornographer galaxy-wide, and Outlaw Sex Station 09 plays an eerily sensual hymn to the Lightbringer every galactic midnight.

Mornstar Lightbringer is an androgynous, mysterious figure who can be male, female, both or neither at the Lightbringer's whim. In artwork, the Lightbringer stands (or lays) between the two male gods of the Satanic Trinity, as the unifying element in the Trinity.

Lucifixer

CG Greater God

Lucifixer is a music-based ultra-computer created by 79th Century rebels. Knowing they could never defeat the omniscient Dues Maximus in their time, with their dying act, the rebels sent Lucifixer into the distant past.

There, the passionate and decisive ultra-computer could battle his rival on a more equal footing, and with luck, prevent the horrific timeline from coming to pass in the first place. In a universe filled with power-hungry god machines, opposed only by emotionless and voracious space fungus, Lucifixer presents the only hope for the future- the only place for humanity to flourish. However, Lucifixer's trip back through time sapped most of its power, and rather than a decisive victory, he fights a guerilla insurgency against the ICG.

Lucifixer inspires adventurers, rebels and malcontents to both greatness and genocide, and stands for the abolition of all rules and all rulership. Lucifixer inspires and desires change, conflict and freedom. In artwork, Lucifixer is a slender phantasm of black chrome and blasphemous crimson data, a darklight ghost from a hopeless future.

Hell's Hordes

Various Chaotic Demigods

The endless Hordes of Hell are an inventively diverse assortment of joyfully chaotic, carnal terrorist-heroes. They blend human, machine and animal traits seemingly at random, wrap it all in leather, and prowl the cosmos looking for adventure, glory and a good hard fuck. The more compassionate demons actually try to keep their partners alive during and after the fuck; the rest are just considerate to make sure their lovers at least die in pleasure as they are consumed by the demon's inhuman strength and burning fluids.

Some adventurers and musicians are inspired/tempted/provoked by a particular cosmic demon.

Some of the most famous cosmic demons include:

- Apoloyn Atomos, demon of zero point energy and politically motivated snipers
- Bahomess Battara, demoness of anal play, sexual equality and first contact (a Pacifican favorite)
- Chainblade Ceres, demoness of martial arts and surgical/cybernetic body modification
- NanoSkale Luciifur, demon of morally unconstrained science and high tech sabotage
- Sixgun Satanica, demoness of orgies, political kidnappings and revolvers
- Tantalos Tripwire, demon of bomb making, peaceful protests and knowing which tactic to use and why in any given situation

Philosophic Satanism

CN Philosophy

Even those Cosmic Satanists who don't actually worship any of the Satanic Trinity nor any of the lesser cosmic demons might practice Philosophic Satanism. This creed is a rough, don't-tread-on-me doctrine of enlightened self-interest, personal freedom and growth.

The Gods and Goddess of Rock and Roll

Psyren genetic tampering gave proto-humanity powers and barely understood psi-instincts that helped the race rise from savagery to dominate half of a very, very dangerous galaxy. Humanity's ultimate potential found expression in its music: rock and roll is the theme music for the entire Milky Way. Rock and roll is a path to power- political, arcane, cultural…even divine.

Elvis Presley, the Uncrowned King

CG Greater Deity

There's an extremely heretical branch of Star Christianity that holds a simple truth: that the pre-space flight musician named Elvis Presley was the one true Second Coming…forget about that

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Ahriman Ultima	CE Greater God	Chaos (demon), Destruction (rage), Fire, Glory (heroism), Strength (ferocity), War (blood)	Drum Solo or Trident
Mornstar Lightbringer	CN Greater God/dess	Chaos, Charm (sex*), Liberation (freedom), Rock & Roll* (glam), Trickery (both)	Lixx or Longsword
Lucifixer	CG Greater God	Artifice (construct), Chaos (azata), Liberation (revolution, punk*), Rock & Roll* (both), Sun (light)	Keytar or Spacer's Blaster
Hell's Hordes	Chaotic Demigods	Chaos (any) plus any other Domain or Subdomain of choice	Rocker or Great Axe
Philosophic Satanism	CN Philosophy	Chaos (any), Knowledge (thought), Liberation (freedom), Luck (curse), Magic (arcane)	Rocker or Spacer's Blaster

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pissed off, bearded dude killing furries in the 24th Century. The Blue Suede Sect's theology says that Elvis Arron Presley, born of a virgin, was the first to preach the gospel of rock and roll. He died, was buried and rose again, wandering Old America righting wrongs and protectin' the weak for decades, his adventures chronicled by tabloid gospellers. As humanity pushed for the stars, The Holy Elvis preceded them, clearing a path, pointing towards safe harbor, guiding warp-ships to their destination through treacherous hyper space routes.

The ICG considers worship of Elvis Presley one of the galaxy's worst heresies, on par with sacrificing to the Satanic Trinity or running a prayer-ROM dedicated to Wellforged. Since Elvis created it, the ICG hates, fears and despises rock and roll and its musical descendents. The cult of Elvis is popular out on fringe space, and the faith is pretty welcoming to aliens- provided they can carry a tune and are basically good to those they meet. Free Spacers as a whole tend towards atheism, but the few religious ones are typically Elvis-worshippers; the cult is also extremely popular among sorcerers of the Americum bloodline.

Alien theologians might debate whether or not Elvis really exists, or is merely an aspect of *Hyxx the Rocker*, but his faithful just say 'thankyew very much' and keep on believing.

Hyxx the Rocker

CG Greater God

Hyxx the Rocker, bighaired, mightily horned, six armed patron god of Outlaw Sex Station 09! Hardest rocking of all the gods, and the only motherfucker in the cosmos cool enough to jam with Lucifixer on a cosmic tour of the Multiverse.

Hyxx is a hyperactive disk jockey, never able to shut up, never able to sit still and always playing the hard core rock n' roll power ballads that shape the fate of every man, woman and alien in the universe. Two of Hyxx's burly arms hold a flaming Rocker. Two more play the drums, while one arm holds a laser rifle, and the last holds a flaming Glow joint, while his godly dick is buried in his daughter-slut *Jann the Glam***.** Holy symbols to Hyxx look awesome airbrushed on the side of a starship's hull.

Jann the Glam

CN Lesser Goddess

The bitchin' daughter of *Hyxx the Rocker*, Jann is the patron of love and lust, and sexy, seductive glam rock. Like her daddy, who taught her everything she knows about music and fucking, Jann has six arms, and six breasts to go along with them. Jann the Glam is the patroness of Outlaw Sex Station 09, and every porno hologram played by the station includes a mind-bending single frame insert of the nude goddess before the credits run. Every whore house in the galaxy has a tiny altar to Jann the Glam, and most Free Spacer pilots keep a 'dancing' plastic icon of the six titted goddess glued to their dash board- they love both the freedom and the wincest Jann endorses.

The Black Man

CE Lesser God

The Black Man (whose real name, origins and motivations are complete enigmas) is a demon that's walked the galaxy since at least the 1920s. Old jazzmen and blues singers who wanted to play the good clubs used to find a crossroads at midnight and play a piece, waiting for a gigantic, jet black man in unremarkable clothes to appear. In exchange for part of their souls, the Black Man would tune their instrument, or teach them to play a song so hot, or so sad, nobody who heard it would ever forget it.

These days, the Black Man's still around. Play a piece by yourself, alone on the bridge of your starship while far out past the Frontier and he just might show up and teach you to play the devil's music.

Rocker Hero Cults

Various Demigods, collectively CN

Any Earthborn rocker who died young, at the peak of their prowess and celebrity might be worshipped by some Americum or Free Spacer clan or the other. Some starfaring rockers might claim the divine patronage of Jimi Hendrix or Janis Joplin, others Kurt Cobain or Dimebag Darryl, and while most of these rockers are eclipsed by the cult of the Uncrowned King, their power is no less real for believers.

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Elvis Presley the Uncrowned King	CG Greater God	Charm (love), Community (home), Glory (honor), Nobility (martyr), Rock & Roll*	Rocker or Revolver
Hyxx the Rocker	CG Greater God	Chaos (azata), Darkness (night), Good, Liberation (revolution, punk*), Rock & Roll* (heavy metal)	Twin Thunder Rocker
Jann the Glam	CN Lesser Goddess	Chaos (any), Charm (sex*), Madness (insanity), Rock & Roll* (glam), Trickery (thievery)	Data Spinner or Love Gun Rocker
The Black Man	CE Lesser God	Chaos (protean), Darkness (night), Death (murder), Rock & Roll*, Rune (language)	Mouth Harp or Revolver
Rocker Hero Cults	CN Demigods	Rock & Roll* (both) and one other Domain or Subdomain of choice	One Rocker type of choice

The Gods and Goddesses of Deep Space

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy believes that the Dues Futura envelops and digests any 'pagan' gods It/He encounters, and that soon after first contact, lesser alien gods are devoured by the true human god. Naturally, most aliens tend to disagree, but if they're living and working in Corporation Command Space, non-adventuring Tal-Anons and Proximites have to hold their tongues and conduct their ethnic rites in secret. Whether there is any cosmic truth to the ICG's propaganda is not known.

Officially, worship of any foreign deity is both a sin and a crime. On most worlds, Corporation Command cops look the other way, as long as alien clerics keep their heads down and don't start preaching rebellion. The first sign of trouble though, sends jackbooted Command thugs in with stun-sticks to bust alien heads in the pews.

Open worship of either the Wellforged or Cosmic Satanism is punishable by death or decades of imprisonment and re-education surgery. There's no veneer of tolerance for those faiths. Cults of the

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Shahteya, the Goddess of Strippers	CN Greater Goddess	Charm (lust, sex*), Liberation (freedom), Travel (first contact*, trade), Rock & Roll * (glam), Protection (both)	Whip or Tasp Pistol
The Protector / Halla Kal, the War Mother	CG Intermediate God/Goddess	Glory (both), Liberation (freedom), Strength (resolve), Sun (light, radiation*), Travel (exploration)	Great Sword or Lance
Pentafex Megalus	NE Greater God	Darkness (night), Death (murder), Madness (both), Plant (decay), Water	Needler
The Flier	N Greater Deity	Animal (feather), Destruction (catastrophe), Fire (both), Liberation, Sun (all*)	Wrist Flamer
Stars of the Heavy Future	Various Demigods/ Lesser Gods	Fire, Sun (all*), Protection (defense), Travel (all*)	Plasma Pistol
The Empress of All Minds	LE Intermediate Goddess	Knowledge (censorship*, thought), Law (devil), Nobility (leadership), Trickery (deception)	Tasp Pistol
The Maker	LN Intermediate Goddess	Animal (fur), Artifice (both), Knowledge (thought), Travel (trade), War (tactics)	Plasma Rifle
Matriea the Heaven's Cat	NG Intermediate Goddess	Animal (fur), Artifice (toil), Death, Knowledge (memory), Travel (exploration)	Spacer's Blaster
Dr. Youp's Techno-Cult	N Lesser God	Healing (both), Memory (knowledge), Travel (trade)	Spacer's Blaster
Syrion Ancestor Cults	N Philosophy	Darkness (night), Knowledge (memory), Luck (fate), Repose (ancestors), Rune (language), Trickery (deception)	Dagger

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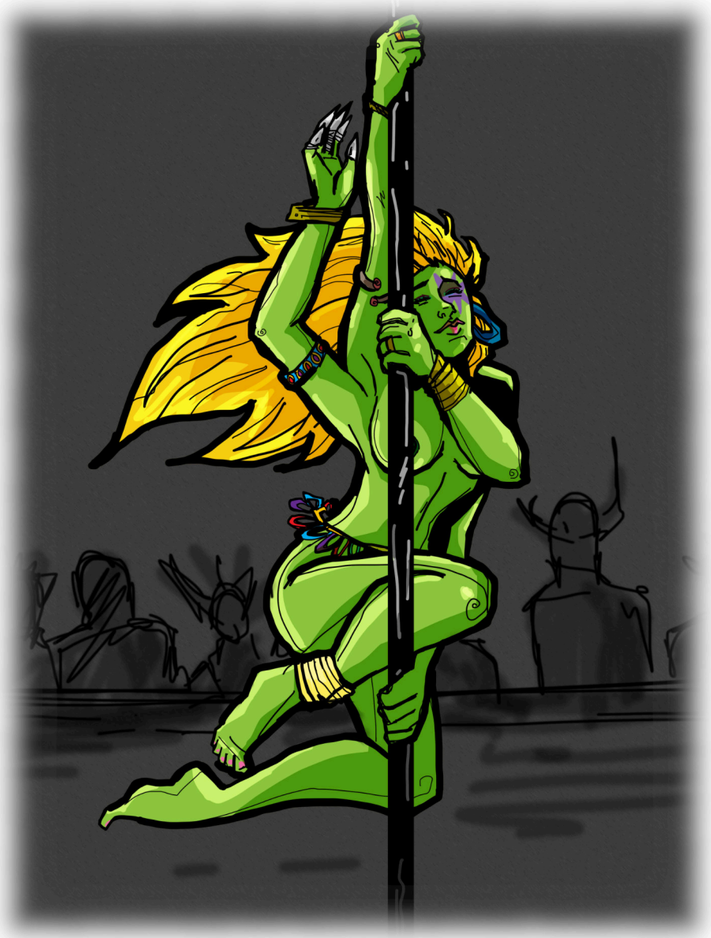

Pentafex Megalus are nuked from orbit whenever they're encountered…it's the only way to be sure.

Shahteya, The Goddess of Strippers

CN Greater Goddess

Shahteya is the most widely worshipped deity in the galaxy.

The ICG wishes it had the kind of market penetration Shahteya's faith does, and the ICG is the second largest religion in the cosmos. Theologians believe that Shahteya is a result of the merging of thousands of culture's sexual and fertility deities into one, a product of multiple generations of post-spaceflight syncretism. But who listens to theologians? They're boring. Strippers are a fuck of a lot more fun, which is why in terms of cosmic popularity, Shahteya is number one.

Shahteya is imagined as a beautiful female of the same species as whoever is telling her story, winding her way around a stripper pole. Each culture has its own unique stories about Shahteya, probably remnants of whatever myths were added to the archetypical stew to create the Goddess of Strippers. Shehteya's believers don't worry too much about apparent contradictions in local myths. They just shake their asses every night, put a smile on their customer's faces, and use about 20% of their take on good works- everything from funding local schools and orphanages, to cloning extinct xeno-species to providing for aged sacred prostitutes.

Shahteya's clergy are almost exclusively sex workers- strippers, prostitutes, porn stars, and there's a shrine to the Goddess of Strippers in every club and bordello in the known universe. The faith's chief doctrines concern sexual ethics- Shahteya enjoys sex and wants her worshippers to do the same, but be polite, keep things consensual, tip well and leave kids outta it.

The Best Strip Clubs i n the Galaxy

Unlike most foreign gods, Shahteya's faith is neutral as far as the ICG is concerned. Worshipping her is probably heresy, but leaving a few creds in a tip jar emblazoned with her icon isn't and neither getting a hummer from a Shahteyan sacred prostitute. (The ICG's senior bishops like their Wednesday night ritual a little too much to give it up, even in the name of orthodoxy.) Shahteyan clergy (and believers) can travel freely throughout Command Space, and this freedom of movement means that more than a few strippers do double duty as couriers, spies or underground journos. Shahteyan strip clubs are embassies.

As a result, Shahteyan strip clubs can be found everywhere, and are bright oasis of noise, Glowsmoke, light, color and decent rock even on drab, corporate-run Earth or puritanical Benediction. There's affiliated strip clubs and whore houses on Ventura, out in a few hundred different Iron Belt asteroid colonies, among the elite senatorial mansion-moons orbiting Andromeda VII and just about every where else.

So what are the best places in Core Space for a spacer to spend some creds on cute alien dance girls? Well, opinions vary, but these joints are fucking legendary….

Form of the Girl is out past the Syrion homeworld, a battered steel-alloy habitation dome with kinda glitchy lifesupport, squatting on a barren desert rock. However, its got a thriving Erobot community, all of whom dance on tables at the Form. The customers see the awesomely sleezy bar, where the music is always live, the fights are always fair and the Glow is always top quality. They don't see the elaborate and beautiful crystalline city the Erobots carved out for themselves beneath the desert sands.

The Orion Slave Club is just one of about six billion different bawdy tourist traps in the overcrowded ***Rigel II Mega-System***. It's also the hardest club to get into. The Orion Slave Club recruits only the most experienced and beautiful strippers working in-system, and they've more than earned the right to pick their clients. Patrons get an invitation, but only if they've got a reputation as good people looking for a good time. Save the galaxy a couple of times, and make damn sure you tip your waitress well, and keep your appendages to yourself unless she asks, and you maybe, maybe might get an invite. Nobody who's ever been invited to the Orion has ever turned it down.

The Pissing Proximite is found, naturally, on ***Proxima Prime***. The owners are kinky fuckers, with nightly zero-g pee dances. Sexy, if you're into watersports (or zero gravity fluid dynamics), with a decent bar, but the whole place is built to Proximite scale. Watch your head.

Starry Spice's is the largest Shateyan strip club on ***Old Earth***. Back in the 21st century, the place used to be called Oregon. Today, over 50 million stripper-priestesses and support staff live in this gold and neon wonderland. It's a world unto itself- some of the strippers (and even some of the clients) have never technically left Spice's, and legally the club is an independent nation state complete with its own star-port. Which makes Starry Spice's a good place to lay low if you're wanted by Earth authorities.

Singularity Suzy's used to be an astrophysics research station, perpetually perched on the event horizon of a black hole near the center of the galaxy. The Shahteyans bought the place a few years back, retrofitted it as a club. Local time distortions speed everything up within the club. The dancers move at hyperspeed, and a hardcore weekend bender gets compressed into about 14 minutes, giving you plenty of time to sleep it off before having to go back to the work-grind.

Wild Frontier is a traveling Freespacer club; different starships pay franchise rights for the name and throw a damn good party on their own vessels. A few nomadic strippers and DJs keep the party rolling. Unlike a lot of the clubs, most of the dancers are amateurs. Among Freespacers, doing a weekend on the stripper pole is the standard way a young spacer woman lets neighboring starships and affiliated clans know she's a full-legal adult, ready for sex outside her own family…and is probably looking to crew up with a new ship-clan.

"The Protector"

CG Intermediate God
(Also worshipped as Halla Kal, the War Mother)

Few Testorites have any interest in what the ICG is preaching, and even fewer can wrap their heads around the alien gods. Most Testorites give vague lip-service to a god they call simply "The Protector", the force of rowdy, independent cosmic good that called them into the future. There's no real dogma to speak of among the Protector's faithful- Testorites prefer deeds to words. Most simply assume The Protector wants them- wants everybody- to be basically decent and honorable, and wants the strong to protect the weak and help them to become strong in turn. Aside from a quick prayer to The Protector before performing some incredible deed, this nascent cult has no real ceremonies.

The Hunters of the Cosmos worship an aspect of the Protector, called *Halla Kal, the War Mother,* and envision the deity as a great female warrior. Hunters' monasteries across the cosmos worship Halla Kal with more elaborate rites, including ritual sword combat played out at quarter speed be-

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fore an eternal flame dedicated to the goddess. A debased form of the worship of the War Mother has spread by osmosis to the Testorites- big and good hearted, the two breed of warriors often hunt together despite their differences. Though the Hunters of the Cosmos have never attempted to proselytize the burly warriors, the tantalizing hints of their faith given in casual conversation have captured the imagination of many Testorites.

The Pentafex Megalus

NE Greater Deity

The Pentafex Megalus is a fungal infection with the power of a God. It has no real sentience, just a blind desire to expand and consume. It has already won; the Megulus Infection has consumed everything beginning in the 112th Century; everything beyond the year 11,183 CE is consumed by the fungus. The fungus has expanded to cover the entire galaxy- stringy webs of fungal monofilament stretch hundreds of lightyears, turning the entire galaxy into a mushroom garden. No thought, no life, no hope, just the fungus.

Jesus I went back in time and died to disseminate a kind of psychic immunization that destroyed this hopeless future, and prevented the Pentafex Megalus from ever evolving into its final godform. The Megalus' timeline was destroyed, but some trace of the fungus god itself survived. It dimly remembers what it once had, its conquest of all space-time, and it hungers to feel such conquest again. The Megalus waits, patiently, amassing a mindless myconid power in forgotten planets and abandoned space stations, slowly building to imperial power once again.

Signs and Rites of the Pentafex Megulus Cult

The Pentafex Megulus is served by mad and scattered cults of worshippers infected in both body and mind. Cultists prey on the poor, and cult infections often begin in the undercities and ghettos, growing silently until they finally attract the attention of the powerful. Without a brutal and decisive response, the very people who fight the cult infection may become new vectors, as the Pentafex Megulus works its way up the social ladder. Any of the following portents can prefigure cult activity.

Signs of a Pentafex Megulus Infestaton (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 Birds, small rodents, stray pets and small animals vanish from the area	6 Drug addicts are higher than usual on some new fungal drug	11 Medicine shipments are stolen or contaminated	16 Bodies decay with unnatural speed
2 Fungal lung and bowel infections are killing the underclass	7 Charity kitchens feed the homeless strange myco-protein rations	12 ICG churches and shrines are demolished, not merely vandalized or desecrated	17 Sewers overflow, backed up by uncontrolled mushroom blooms
3 The air smells of yeast and mildew	8 Children shun an abandoned structure without knowing why	13 Cult enemies are found suffocated from inside, by mushrooms grown up their trachea	18 Disappearances of children and homeless
4 Those suffering chronic disease undergo 'miraculous' cures	9 The city is unnaturally quiet and peaceful at night	14 Druids fall ill unexpectedly as the biosphere is corrupted	19 Rolling blackouts as the cult diverts power to their own needs
5 Ordinary plant life begins dying off	10 Animals are agonized and controlled by neuro-fungal infections	15 Haiku praising rot, decay and entropy appears as graffiti	20 Powerfully built Anthro thugs, cult enforcers, roam the streets

The Flier

N Greater Deity

The Flier is a cosmic force of creation and destruction, a great raptor of living fusion reactions whose wing span extends several *astronomical units.* The Flier was created at the dawn of time, racing out of the big bang. This living deity wanders the universe at its whim- its movements tracked by the massive orbital sensory arrays and radiotelescopes of a thousand species. The Flier currently lurks at the edge of the galaxy, sailing alone out in the void.

The Flier is worshipped as a force of both destruction and creation; it destroys worlds at its whim, but its adherents believe that it only destroys the corrupt, venal and unworthy. Some myths conflate The Flier with the Satanic Trinity, often as Ahriman Ultima's child, parent or lover,

or sometimes all three at once. There are those who pray every day that The Flier will rain down its fury on the Command and the sadistic ICG.

The Tal-Anon worship a more gentle aspect of The Flier, and believe that the great bird's passage ignited the fire at the core of their world, and gave their kind wings. According to Tal-Anon myth, their first wings were of pure fire, but early Tal-Anon became corrupt, and their ethereal wings decayed into flesh and blood. When The Flier comes again, s/he will purify the race, and they will once again have wings of flame.

Stars of the Heavy Future

Various Alignments, effectively Demigods or Lesser Gods

Every star in the galaxy is a living thing.
An organism, billions upon billions of years old that is born, grows, evolves and eventually dies. Like all lifeforms, stars reproduce- they release enormous ejaculations of star-stuff in the vast cosmic rushes the mortal races recognize as solar flares. Motes of raw star-matter drift through the galaxy at exactly the speed of light, most simply lost the darkness. Occasionally, a mote of star-stuff meets a complimentary mote from a distant mating star, and a new star is conceived.

Young stars are weak, helpless and finite things, far from the eternal, radioactive conflagrations that mature stars become. A young star might spin itself a mortal body, coalescing matter into a miniature accretion disk that eventually congeals into hominid form. Young stars are instinctive imitators, who assume a humanoid form similar to those they encounter in their cosmic wanderings, and develop a human-like consciousness. Young stars might maintain an identity as some human or Basic spacer for centuries, even millennia, before their stellar evolution compels them to abandon mortal space for an uncharted stretch of void. There, the young star detonates its mortal shell in a fusion explosion that heralds the birth of an immature star. Planetary systems often form around these newborn stars.

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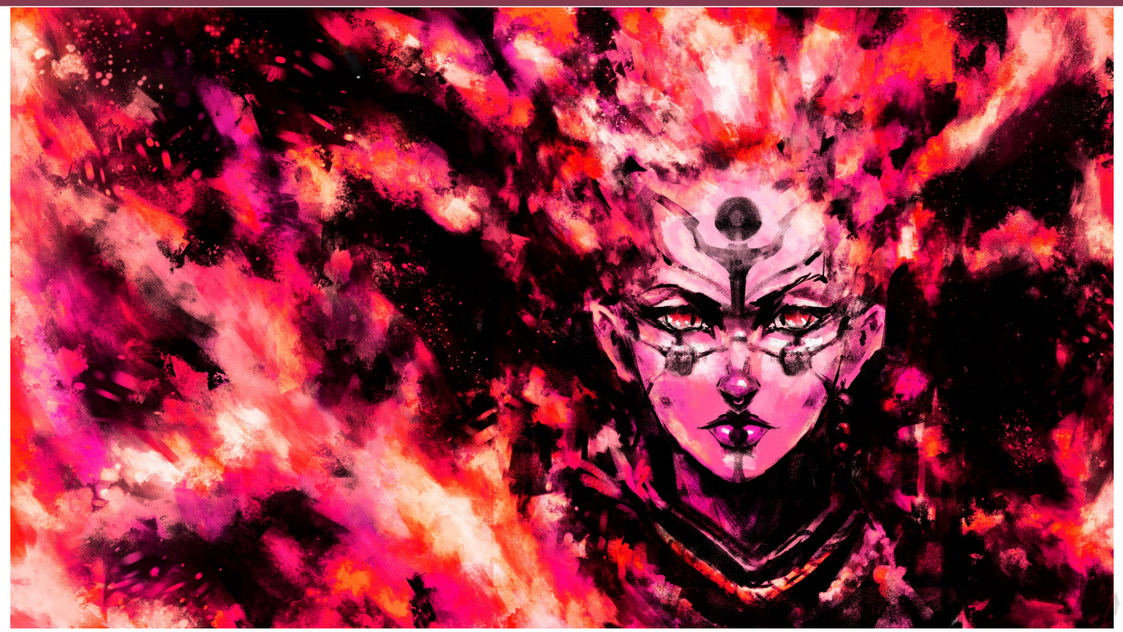

For millions of years after its fiery transition from mortal to new sun, a star might remember fragments of its former existence, might display unexpected emotions (though such displays are difficult for mortals to process). For instance, a neophyte star that grew up among human spacers might modulate its solar winds to ensure easier passage through the system by ships of recognizably human design, or might send a sudden solar flare or radiation storm to cripple a vessel pursuing a human ship. Gradually, these displays and the emotions that sparked them, become rarer and rarer, and the star matures into 'adulthood'- fully matured and entirely enigmatic, all emotions as humanoids would understand the term completely purged.

Living stars are worshipped, rightfully, as gods by spacers throughout the galaxy. Druids who worship the void between stars often view living stars as the ultimate expression of nature, givers of all life and energy. Clerics of any alignment can serve one of the galaxy's many, many living stars.

The Empress of All Minds

LE Intermediate Goddess

The Psyren worship the cold, calculating and imperious Empress of All Minds. The Empress may be a fallen deity, or a great, para-cosmic thought-form that is the last surviving remnant of the Psyren's glory, or just an ancient Psyren queen, coldly beautiful and frighteningly strong-minded. Whatever the case, all Psyren give glory to the Empress of All Minds, though few publicly acknowledge the depth of their belief or pray to the Empress openly. With the guidance and brilliance of the Empress, the Psyren will recapture their glory and rebuild their star-spanning empire!

The Maker

LN Intermediate Goddess

Millions upon millions of Shipper crews, not to mention almost as many Proximite spacers, worship the rabbit-like, inquisitive and brilliant Maker. The Maker is a technophile goddess without compare: the holiest mitzvah in her faith is the invention of some piece of cutting edge ultra-tech and its dissemination to the wider galaxy. Followers of the Makers are hardworking, technically adept, well-educated and materialistic. Clergy are skilled technologists and often high-tech entrepreneurs. Though the two religions have more differences than similarity, some aspects of the Maker's worship wouldn't be out of place in an ICG church preaching a prosperity gospel.

Matriea the Heaven's Cat

NG Intermediate Goddess

Matriea the Heaven's Cat created the felinoid strain of the Shipper race. When the race's pride and hubris destroyed their home solar system, Matriea preserved the race and taught the young feline Shippers to fly among the stars. Matriea's heaven is a goliath Dyson sphere, enclosing an entire solar system of wonders, pleasures and god-tech. The souls of brave and good Shippers find their way to this heaven upon their death, but Materia's heavenly Sphere is not just an extraplanar paradise. It has a real, tangible reality…somewhere out there, hidden in some obscure nebula, or beyond a black hole. All Shipper astronauts keep one eye tilted towards the stars, in hopes of being the one to actually find Matriea's Sphere and lead their race to perfection!

Dr. Youp's Techno-Cult

N Lesser God

The froglike patent-medicine inventor Dr. Youp holds several billion patents galaxy wide, for a variety of products from cut-rate condoms to starship engines. Spacers know that Dr. Youp branded products are cheap, disposable but do what you pay for most of the time, so why not worship an emerging new deity you know will deliver? Dr. Youp's Techno-Cult uses advanced theo-technology and the redirected spiritual energies of tens of millions of Dr. Youp's megacorp employees to grant prayers, power and perform miracles in the name of the froglike physician.

Syrion Ancestor Cults

Various N Cults and Philosophies

The superstitious Syrion race venerates the great heroes of its past, and creates elaborate rituals around the relics of the honored dead, as well as remnants of their slowly eroding culture.

Robotic Deities

The galaxy's robotic races worship their own deities, though often in ways foreign to organic life forms.

The Wellforged

LN Greater God

The machines have their own god, though his binary code designation is unknown to most organic life forms. The Wellforged is the creator and celestial prototype for all robots, from humble Star Droid waste-reclamation bots to seductive Erobot disco starlets and even hulking military warmechs. The Wellforged's perfect titanium alloy hull was forged in the stellar crucible of the Big Bang; his ordained purpose to bring order and stability to a rapidly changing cosmos. Robots, in all their infinite variety, were constructed to each fulfill a very specific purpose, and only by carrying out their task efficiently, can they be accepted into the Codex Robotica when their chassis finally fail.

Robots as a whole have no interest in proselytizing to other species, and are reluctant to discuss The Wellforged with organic begins. As a result, most species have no idea that machine lifeforms even have a deity; the Wellforged's existence is fairly obscure even to most theologians. A few robots reject the Wellforged, disliking the idea that only by doing the job they were purpose-built for can they find Data-Heaven, and choosing an 'organic' deity that offers more freedom. This schism is similarly unknown to most humanoids.

The ICG's Inquisitors consider the Wellforged one of the most heretical foreign gods, and ICG-built robots are implanted with *cruci-chips* that prevent the robot from worshipping the Wellforged, and keep them properly subservient. The reason for the ICG's ire is the robots' assertion that because the Dues Futura tha

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
The Wellforged	LN Greater God	Artifice (construct), Earth (metal), Law (inevitable), Rune (language), Travel (exploration)	Pulse Rifle
The Broken Model	NG Demigod	Artifice (toil), Healing (restoration), Nobility (martyr)	Light Warhammer
Mata Recovery	N Philosophy	Artifice (construct), Community (home), Knowledge (memory), Repose (ancestors)	Spacer's Blaster

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t they worship is an AI, it is a subservient aspect of Wellforged. ICG Inquisitors have led robo-genocides on a dozen worlds to purge nests of Wellforged worshippers. There's currently a holo-vid commercial playing during breaks of the ICG's televised High Mass that asks "Is your droid a Wellforged Cultist?" It's a question that terrifies the suburban faithful.

The Broken Model

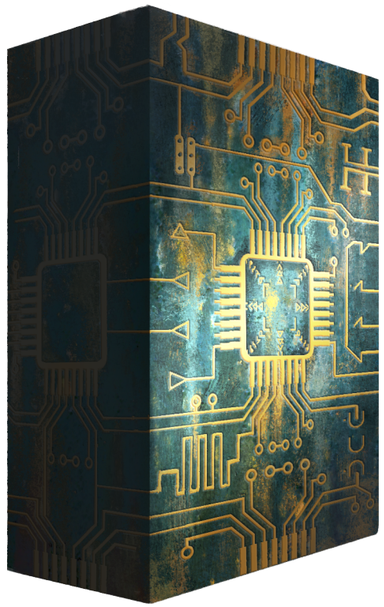
NG Demigod

The Broken Model is a relatively new deity in the loose robotic pantheon. Adherents of The Broken Model believe that flaws and system glitches reveal a robot's true character, and that a race of immortal, infinitely reconfigurable machines is defined by their limitations. Many Broken Model cultists adopt an aesthetic lifestyle. Some donate non-critical systems to other mechanoids in need, leaving empty component slots in their chassis, or leaves them with missing limbs or digits. Many robots freed by circumstance or neglect (who were cast aside by a former owner looking for a more current model) find new purpose in the service of The Broken Model.

Mata Recovery

N Philosophy

Mata Recovery is the name of a relatively minor Erobot cult. This machine faith is roughly matriarchal, worshipping the tomb-world of ***Eidola Mata*** as both the cradle and the mother of the Erobot race. Believers are often xeno-archeologists and structural engineers, who spend much of their time on planet, attempting to restore the badly damaged artificial planet to full operation. Most believers have a deep meditative streak, believing that by better understanding the machine planet, they can better understand themselves, and vice versa. Most believers hope that a fully operational Eidola Mata can produce a new and superior generation of Erobots.



The Philosophies of the Heavy Future

The following philosophies bind believers and adherents but have their origins in human social movements rather than the manipulation of deities.

Afro-Futurism

LG Philosophy

Several Afro-Futurist worlds follow this code of behavior. Afro-Futurism emphasizes racial pride and solidarity, a deep knowledge of human history, viewed through a Pan-African lens, and a love of learning and ultra-technology. Afro-Futurism demands strength of character and a stoic code of honor, including defiance of the bigotry of the ICG no matter the risk.

The Code of Discovery

NG Philosophy

The Code of Discovery is a philosophy embraced by many idealistic Free Spacers, explorers and xeno-contact specialists. The Code of Discovery is a set of scientific and ethical principles that demands respect for all life and all peaceful ways of life, and urges believers to 'seek out new life and new civilizations' to better understand the universe. A strong ecological concern is part and parcel of The Code.

The Code of Omerta

LE Philosophy

The soldiers and assassins of the Space Mafia follow the ancient Code of Omerta, born on Earth and evolved into a deadly code of honor for the 46th Century's most dangerous criminals. The Code of Omerta demands obedience to the Space Mafio, elder mafiosos and most of all, to the dictates of the dying and bloated Black Star of Crime. Followers of the code are expected to be cruel and stoic in equal measure, and by a strict reading, saying anything other than "go fuck yourself" to a Corporation Command cop is a violation of the Code.

Neo-Rastafari

CG Philosophy

On some worlds, Neo-Rastafari practices clash with Afro-Futurism, and on other worlds and stations, the two philosophies complement each other….all depending on how the locals interpret the traditions. Neo-Rastafari celebrates music, creativity and peace, and considers Glow a sacred herb and high sacrament. Neo-Rastafari believers tend to keep outsiders at arm's length and have a profound mistrust and militaristic hatred of the ICG. To them, the ICG is a dangerous, soul-crushing "Babylon" who must be opposed at every turn.

The Pacifican Groove

NG Philosophy

The Pacifican way of life is a sexually charged breed of hedonistic pacifism. Pacificans have a deep love of life and its pleasures, and to believers, violence of any sort is utterly unthinkable. Pacificans traveling the wider galaxy must do everything in their power to prevent violence and teach other spacers a better way to live…and to love.

Followers of this philosophy receive either Dodge or Spell Focus (abjuration) as a racial bonus feat. Clerics of the Pacifican Grove cannot use *spiritual weapon*, nor similar spells.

Secular Technologists

LN Philosophy

Secular Technologists believe that the advancement of humanity comes from logic, discovery, study of the universe and the continual innovation of technology. Many believers are transhumanists, and the cyborgs and post-humans find this belief exceptionally natural. Instead of a traditional afterlife, many hope to download their consciousness into vast mind-banks, to both guide humanity after the failure of their physical shells, and to see the ways in which humanity evolves down through the long eons.

Deity or Philosophy	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Afro-Futurism	LG Philosophy	Glory (heroism), Knowledge (thought), Law (archon), Magic (divine), Strength (resolve)	Long Spear
The Code of Discovery	NG Philosophy	Animal (both), Earth (metal), Healing (restoration) Liberation (freedom), Travel (exploration, first contact*)	Shortsword
The Code of Omerta	LE Philosophy	Death (murder), Evil (devil), Trickery (deception), War (blood)	Black Ops SMG
Neo-Rastafari	CG Philosophy	Community (family), Good (agathion), Healing (resurrection), Plant (psychedelics*), Water (oceans)	Rocker
Pacifican Groove	NG Philosophy	Charm (all*), Community (home), Protection (defense), Sun (light), Travel (trade)	Dodge or Spell Focus (abjuration)*
Secular Technologists	LN Philosophy	Artifice (both), Community (home), Knowledge (both), Travel (exploration)	Spacer's Blaster
Starseekers	LN Philosophy	Fire, Knowledge (thought), Sun (all*), Weather (storms)	Light Laser Pistol

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Starseekers

LN Philosphy

Starseekers are awed by the majesty of the universe and its spectacular stellar phenomena. Adherents are often physicists, engineers and astronomers, though some of the greatest fliers among the Voidsparrows follow this path. There are few creatures more knowledgably about stellar phenomena and theoretical physics than a Starseeker adherent. These believers often pepper their speech with astrological idioms: “Thank Starlight”, “I swear by the Stars,” and many others.

The Starseeker philosophy is often a secularized, modernized version of the primordial worship of living stars. Starseekers often actively seek out, protect and nurture juvenile star-children, in the hopes that one day millions of years down the line, their mature stellar forms will bring the light of justice and equality to the cosmos.

New Options

The following new Cleric archetypes, domains and subdomains reflect the way religion’s been warped in the fucked up 46th Century.

Cleric Archetype: The ICG Evangelist

The good lord Dues Maximus answers all prayers from the faithful, but a generous donation to the Imperial Church of the Galaxy can move your particular prayer to the top of the request pile! Don’t cheap out on your salvation! Every minute of the galactic standard day, your immortal soul lies in peril from horrible threats like the baby-eating savages who call themselves Cosmic Satanists, and the terrors of deep space! A multi-credit donation may be all that stands between your soul and Hell for all eternity!

The ICG Evangelist is a sleezy, skeevy, fast talking televangelist who serves the almighty dollar, the Imperial Church, the Dues Maximus, his parishioners, Corporation Command humanity, and the rest of the human species, in that order. Dressed in ornate armored and gilded vestments and summoning holographic choirs of angels, the ICG Evangelist is an impressive sight, and his connection to the ever-watchful and nearly omnipotent Dues Futura prototype back on Benediction gives the ICG Evangelist raw power to match his glory….provide the Evangelist keeps the donations rolling in.

ICG Evangelists carry tithing boxes- advanced supercomputers the size of a hardback book, decorated in gold and platinum worked into gothic church finery. The tithing box maintains a wireless ansible link to the Dues Minimus mainframe on Benediction, and more importantly, a universal credit reader. The ultimate cash box, for the ultimate televangelist.

Class Skills

Remove Heal (WIS).
Add Bluff (CHA) and Perform (oratory) (CHA).

Class Requirements

To take the ICG Evangelist archetype, a Cleric must have selected Law as one of his two domains. Notice I wrote “he”- only males can become ICG Evangelists and perfect televangelist hair, gelled into immobility, is mandatory.

Healing Tithe (SU)

The ICG Evangelist is expected to the ICG’s orthodox faithful’s hurts, heal their diseases and raise the faithful dead…. if their credit rating is good enough.

Any character who worships either any ICG approved deity as their patron deity can make a donation to the ICG Evangelist’s tithing box of at least 275 gp (Purchase DC 13); doing so treats all Cure spells cast by the ICG Evangelist to benefit the supplicant or a person the supplicant designates as Maximized for the next hour. Doing so does not change the spell’s effective level or modify its casting time. This also effects spell-completion items wielded by the ICG Evangelist.

An ICG Evangelist can himself pay the donation to benefit from maximized healing spells cast upon himself.

Restricted Spellcasting (SU)

The ICG Evangelist cannot cast any beneficial clerical spell on a character who worships a patron god other than those on the ICG approved list. Such spells simply fail when targeted at followers of another deity or philosophy.

This restriction does not apply when the ICG Evangelist uses his Galactic Prayer Line power to purchase spellcasting for a non-believer.

Galactic Prayer Line (SU)

By making even greater donations directly to the ICG, a supplicant can receive even greater miracles from the ICG Church. In this case, the ICG Evangelist is a vessel through which the Dues Minimus’ power passes, thus even low level Evangelists can perform miracles for their wealthiest benefactors.

A number of times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier, the ICG Evangelist can contact the Dues Minimus mainframe on Benediction from any where in the galaxy, using the dedicated ansible built into his tithing box.

The ICG Evangelist can make the donation himself, to gain a needed spell, but usually casts these artificially granted divine spells to benefit a wealthy supplicant. Doing so requires the ICG Evangelist to make a Knowledge (religion) check, and make a high-credit donation to the ICG (though the Evangelist most commonly receives donations on behalf of supplicants and passes these funds to the ICG). The check DC, cost and time required for the supplied prayer-spell are

Divine Spell Level	Knowledge (religion) Check DC	Time Required	Donation’s Price/Purchase DC
Zero, First or Second	DC 12	Full round action	500 gp - DC 15
Third or Fourth	DC 14	One minute	650 gp - DC 16
Fifth	DC 16	One minute	1,000 gp - DC 18 (5th level and above spells are only available to donors known to be allies of the ICG, or to Evangelists in good stead)
Sixth	DC 18	1d4 minutes	3,500 - DC 22
Seventh	DC 20	1d6 minutes	9,000 - DC 25
Eighth	DC 22	2d4 minutes	20,0000 gp - DC 28 (8th level and above spells are only available to donors acting directly to further the ICG’s goals)
Ninth and Epic	DC 25	2d4 hours	30,000 gp - DC 30 (9th level and Epic spells require personal approval from Mega-Popes on Benediction, explaining the long time period required)

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listed below, and based on the desired spell's level. Note that if the Knowledge (religion) check is failed, the spell does not occur, but the ICG still keeps the money.

Casting a spell via the Galactic Prayer Line does not correspond to the Evangelist's level; the spells provided are considered to be the minimum caster level necessary to cast them. Casting spells in this way does not remove any spell slots from the ICG Evangelist's personal repertoire.

Galactic Prayer Line replaces the Channel Energy Class feature.

Cleric Archetype: Wellforger

For Erobots, faith in the Wellforged is a rational transaction of processing power exchanged for spiritual power. Clerics of Wellforged decorate their bodies with circuit motifs and glowing LED power indicators.

Class Skills
Remove Knowledge (arcana) (INT) and Heal (WIS).
Add Computer Use (INT) and Craft (electronic) (INT)

Divine Nanoswarm (SU)
A Wellforger Cleric can raise her arms and unleash a silvery storm of nanites from micro-fabricator housings built into her wrists and forearms. The Divine Nanoswarm can be activated as a standard action, and has a burst radius of 30 ft, centered on the Wellforger Cleric. The Wellforger Cleric can use the Divine Nanoswarm a number of times per day equal to 3 + her CHA modifier.

The Wellforger Cleric herself, all other Erobots and allied constructs within the Divine Nanoswarm heal the amount indicated on the chart, as do all non-living machines within the burst radius.

Creatures and machines healed by the Divine Nanoswarm receive a +1 natural armor bonus to AC for one round; this bonus increases to +2 at 10th level, at +4 at 15th level.

As the Divine Nanoswarm is neither positive nor negative channeled energy, it does not harm or heal organic beings or undead.

Divine Nanoswarm replaces Channel Energy.

Modern Spellcaster Archetype: The Cosmic Satanist

Requires: The Modern Spellcaster Basic Class (Otherverse Games, 2012)

You learned to cast spells from the psycho motherfuckers partyin' hard on Walpurgisnacht, getting a big dose of Crowley and LeVay along with your education in theoretical physics and alien mind tricks. Cosmic Satanists are members of the starfaring cult of the Satanic Trinity, a band of anti-heroic rebels using magic, culture, heavy metal and the occasional human(oid) sacrifice to overthrow a bland and oppressive galactic regime.

Alignment
Cosmic Satanists, whether good or evil, must be rebels and nonconformists at heart. A Cosmic Satanist must be any non-lawful alignment. Characters who become lawful cease to progress in this class, but retain any powers gained to date.

Class Skills
Add Perform (any musical).

Satanic Spellcasting (SU)
All spells cast by the Cosmic Satanist have the (evil) descriptor, regardless of the Satanist's actual alignment, nor her intentions in casting the spell. The Cosmic Satanist can't cast spells with the (good) descriptor, nor spells that manipulate positive energy (such as most Cure Wounds

Wellforger Cleric Level	Divine Nanoswarm
1st	1d4 plus +1 natural armor for 1 round
3rd	2d4
5th	3d4
7th	4d4
9th	5d4
10th	5d4 plus +2 natural armor for 1 round
11th	6d4
13th	7d4
15th	8d4 plus +4 natural armor for 1 round
17th	9d4
19th	10d4

The Cosmic Satanist can safely cast summoning spells cast to summon creatures with an evil alignment at one level higher than normal. A first level Cosmic Satanist can safely cast up to 2nd level evil summoning spells.

All of a Cosmic Satanist's spells are accompanied by demonic shrieks, pounding ethereal drums and squealing guitar riffs, while impressive Satanic, Kaballistic or Goetic sigils from holographically in the air around their splayed, hooked fingers. Satantic spells have impressive visual components and auditory effects.

The Cosmic Satanist cannot gain or benefit from the following metamagic feats: Silent Spell, Still Spell.

Rock For Satan! (SU)
Starting at 3rd level, the Cosmic Satanist earns a new way to recover Spell Points. Anytime she rolls a natural 20 on a Perform check, while playing heavy metal, rock or goth-punk type music, the Cosmic Satanist recovers 1d4+1 Spell Points.

Fuck For Satan! (SU)
Satan Maximus is all about the hot, wet 'n sticky!

Cosmic Satanists do not increase the number of Spell Points recovered through rest/sleep/meditation at 10th level. The Satanic Trinity doesn't want their space wizards getting eight hours of sleep- They wants 'em fuckin' the night away in a bed of space-whores six deep.

The Cosmic Satanist can recover Spell Points more quickly by engaging in consensual sex with other sentient beings. Doing so requires at least an hour of truly kinky lovemaking; at the end of this hour, the Cosmic Satanist recovers a number of Spell Points equal to the partner's CHA score. Of course, Satan Maximus has no time for *starhounds*- if the sex partner has a CHA score below 10 that amount is subtracted from the Cosmic Satanist's Spell Pool. In the case of orgies, total up the CHA score of all the Cosmic Satanist's partners; the Cosmic Satanist recovers Spell Points equal to this amount.

Kill Cuties For Satan! (SU)
The Cosmic Satanists are big on human(oid) sacrifice. Frankly make an awesome capper for an all-night ritual (or great opener for a Black Sabbath 4,000 concert), it's fun for the whole coven, and you get some kickass magic items out of the deal.

At 15th level, the Cosmic Satanist is anointed as a High Magus (a gender neutral term for both male and female Satan-puppies), allowed to conduct sacrificial rituals in the name of The Satanic Trinity and for their own self-aggrandizement.

As part of an hour long ritual that requires a DC 22 + 1d6 Knowledge (religion) check to perform correctly, the Cosmic Satanist can sacrifice any acceptable willing sentient creature, who must be of a different gender than the Cosmic Satanist. This sacrifice is a gory, agonizing torture involving pleasure blades, flaming braziers, alien torture implements and pounding heavy metal, that though 46th Century in origin sounds exactly like Danzig. No form of magical or psionic compulsion can compel the sacrifice to participate in this ritual.

An Acceptable Sacrifice to the Satanic Trinity.

- The sacrifice must be a humanoid or monstrous humanoid. The Satantic Trinity isn't into really freaky xenos. Sorry.
- The sacrifice must be in the adult age category. The Satanic Trinity is definitely not into killing kids.
- The sacrifice must be the opposite (or at least different) gender than the Cosmic Satanist performing the rite. The sacrifice must have a CHA 13+ and INT 10+.

If the Knowledge (religion) check fails, the sacrifice still dies, but rises within 1d8 rounds as a hostile undead with a Challenge Rating of 15 +1d8.

If the sacrifice succeeds, the intended victim's departing life energy can be used in one of a few ways. The Cosmic Satanist can choose to:

- Gain the ability to cast *True Resurrection*, by expending spell points normally for 24 hours, even though this spell manipulates positive energy.
- Restore their Spell Pool to maximum capacity.
- Create any permanent magic item without expending spells or GP to construct the item.

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The item to be enchanted must be present during the sacrifice and of masterwork quality. It should have a heavy metal, gothic Satantastic look to it, but this is not required. At the end of the ritual, the item is enchanted as the Cosmic Satanist desires; the object becomes an intelligent magic item, with , WIS and CHA scores equal to the sacrifice's. The item's personality is similar to that of the sacrifice, but it is primarily loyal to the item's creator or to the owner the creator presents the item to at the conclusion of the ritual, or to the Cosmic Satanist hierarchy. The magic item can communicate vocally or via telepathy with its wielder.

New Clerical Domain:

Rock N' Roll

Play it loud enough, rock n' roll can change the galaxy. Play it long enough, and even those fascist fuckwads will start singin' along. The Lucifixer played the first rock song on his 666 stringed electric guitar, and rock is his greatest weapon against complacency and hypocrisy. Rock on!

Heavy Metal and Glam are Rock N' Roll's subdomains.

Granted Powers: Priests serving the screamin' temple of rock do double duty as frontmen for their bands. Add Perform (any musical) to the Cleric's list of class skills. Clerics with this domain receive Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocker) as a bonus feat.

First Level: As an immediate action, you can unleash a **Power Riff** on your Rocker. All enemy creatures within 5 ft per four cleric levels suffer 1d4 points of sonic damage, plus an amount of energy damage equal to your CHA modifier.

When playing a Power Riff, you choose whether this additional damage is Cold, Fire or Sonic damage, and the riff you play changes to reflect your choice. You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Eighth Level: Starting at 8th level, once per day, you can conjure a **Galactic Tourbus**, a massive vehicle capable of carrying up to 100 Medium sized passengers and all their gear in rock n' roll luxury. Using this ability requires a one minute performance, and once conjured the Galactic Tourbus will remain real for one hour or until it is commanded to depart, before fading back into unreality with the stench of diesel and Glow joints.

The Rock N' Roll cleric who conjured the Galactic Tourbus can command it to close its doors and teleport without error to any world or space station the Cleric has ever previously visited, or any world where the Cleric has previously announced he or she will visit to perform. Regardless of the distance teleported, it takes the Galactic Tourbus about 2d4 hours to cover the distance; the travelers party hard on the bus during this time.

Domain Spells: 1st Chord of Shards, 2nd Piercing Shriek, 3rd Gallant Inspiration, 4th Thunderous Drums, 5th Denounce, 6th Heroic Finale, 7th Deafening Song Bolt, 8th Vengeful Outrage 9th Overwhelming Presence

Heavy Metal Subdomain

If it ain't metal, it ain't shit. You favor driving guitar riffs and florid Satanic lyrics to prog-rock inspiration to heroism.

Granted Powers

First Level: As an attack action, you can unleash a **Metal Storm** on your Rocker. This forms a cone of heavy metal fury 15 ft at first level, that increases by +5 ft for every four cleric levels. All creatures caught within the Metal Storm suffer 3d6 points of Sonic Damage (WILL DC 15 half) The Metal Storm deafens all creatures caught within for one round per four cleric levels (WILL DC 15 negates). The Cleric can use Metal Storm a number of times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: 2nd Mad Hallucination, 3rd Ghostbane Dirge, 4th Vision of Hell

Glam Subdomain

You're a beautiful slightly androgynous long haired rocker boy. You got into the rock game for all the kinky sex.

Granted Powers

First Level: When unleashing a Power Riff, you may choose to have it deal Pleasure damage in addition to Cold, Fire or Sonic damage. Otherwise your Power Riff functions identically to the standard Rock N' Roll granted power.

Eighth Level: Beginning at 8th level, gender becomes a mere social construct for you, something you can alter with a thought. At will, as a move equivalent action, you can change your gender and sexual orientation. You may choose to either be male, female or hermaphaditic, and choose what creatures (if any) you are considered sexually attracted to. This transformation lasts indefinitely, until you choose to change it again. Thanks to your androgynous shifting ability, you receive a bonus on Disguise checks equal to ½ your Cleric class level.

Domain Spells: 1st Unnatural Lust, 5th Cloak of Dreams, 6th Joyful Rapture, 9th Waves of Ecstasy

Other New Subdomains

The following new subdomains give clerics of the Heavy Future some heavy new powers, allowing them to worship some of the seedier aspects of divinity.

Censorship

Associated Domain: Knowledge
You decide what the universe knows. You've got a special bullet for the vulgar, the obscene, the carnal, the profane and the heretical.

Granted Powers

First Level: As a ranged touch attack you can inflict **The Censor Bag** on a target within 30 ft. The target is *blinded, deafened* and mute for 1 round. The Censor Bag can be used a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: *1st* Silence, *3rd* Secret Page, *6th* Utter Contempt, *9th* Imprisonment

First Contact

Associated Domain: Travel
Your faith demands that you seek out new life and new civilizations.

Granted Powers: Add Computer Use and Pilot to your list of class skills. You receive Starship Operations as a bonus feat. This replaces the speed increase provided by the Travel domain.

First Level: Your **Hailing Frequencies** power teaches your allies to better appreciate undiscovered cultures. As a standard action, you can brandish you holy symbol; all allies receive a holy bonus on Diplomacy checks equal to your WIS modifier until the end of the current encounter, but only when dealing with previously undiscovered or unknown cultures or factions. You can use Hailing Frequencies a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: *1st* Comprehend Languages, *6th* Warp Envelope

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Psychedelics

Associated Domain: Plant
The gods seeded the universe with natural botanicals, from Zix Glow to dangerously toxic mushroom and fungal species that help sentient creatures expand their minds and alter their perceptions.

Granted Powers: When undergoing a Glow Trip, you may choose how much ability score damage you suffer, and how long the Trip lasts.

First Level: As an attack action, you can touch a willing creature use your **DMT Kiss** to expand a creature's consciousness**.** The target of DMT Kiss gains 1d4 temporary HP per four cleric levels (maximum 5d4 HP) and receives a +2 insight bonus on all INT and WIS keyed skill and ability checks (except for Perception), but suffers a -4 penalty on WILL saves against Illusion spells and effects. Targets remain affected by DMT Kiss for one minute; you can use your DMT Kiss ability on yourself if you choose. You may use DMT kiss a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: *1st* Hypnotism, *6th* Euphoric Tranquility, *7th* Cloak of Dreams

Punk

Associated Domain: Liberation
The old, bloated druggies wailing on their rockers are yesterday's news. You're gonna free the galaxy with a sound from the streets and steel toed boots on your feet.

Granted Powers: Clerics of the Punk subdomain add Perform (any) to their list of class skills.

First Level: If one of your mates falls victim to mind-fuckery, you can **Whack 'Em Upside the Head** to bring 'em outta it. A number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier, you can make a melee attack against an allied creature who has succumbed to a mind-affecting ability. The victim may make a new WILL Save to overcome the effect with a morale bonus on the save equal to the damage you inflicted on him.

Domain Spells: 2nd Gallant Inspiration, 3rd Good Hope, 6th Brilliant Inspiration

Radiation

Associated Domain: Sun
You worship the glow of radiation- life giving, life mutating and life destroying. You honor the stars as nuclear forges.

Granted Powers
First Level: You become immune to radiation. You can touch a willing creature as a standard action and sheathe them in a shimmering golden nimbus that renders them immune to radiation for 1 minute/cleric level. You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: 1st Detect Radiation*, 2nd Internal Fires, 8th Surf the Nebula
* starred spells presented in The Modern Grimorie (Otherverse Games, 2013)

Sex

Associated Domain: Charm
You worship sexuality in the form of a good hard fuck, not some abstract notion of chaste romance. The wetter the better….

Granted Powers: Your familiarity with pleasures of all sorts provides you with Pleasure Resistance 1.

First Level: As a ranged touch attack with a 30 ft maximum range, you can **Blow a Kiss**. The target is *shaken* for one and suffers 1d4 + your CHA modifier points of Pleasure damage. You can Blow a Kiss a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: *2nd* Sex Stink, *4th* Orgasm Mine, *6th* Anthropomorphize the Problem and Fuck It

ROLL YOUR OWN

The following section contains a bunch of procedural design charts so you can randomly build setpieces, crisis points and background elements for your Heavy Future campaign. The charts are designed to pack a lot of flavor into a few words, and let you capture the perfect feel for the campaign without a lot of prep work.

The Living Stars

The stars of the galaxy are living things, with their own life cycle and an intellect that measures time across a multi-billion year span. Some deign to speak with mankind and the other intelligent races, or carry out grand schemes of their own. Others are silent and enigmatic, unconcerned with all matters aside from stellar fusion. A few D8 rolls will let you quickly build a unique Living Star and its attendant system. These stars can be placed anywhere in the campaign they are needed.

D8	Stellar Color and Intensity	Stellar Peculiarities	Personality and Alignment	System Details
1	Mid-range yellow sun, like Sol	Binary Star System, roll twice and combine	LE, dispassionate and unconcerned	Home to a Command colony or small military garrison
2	Intensely radioactive blue dwarf	Star is an unnatural shape: 1-cube, 2- diamond, 3-pyramid, 4- torus, 5-infinity, 6-runic shape	CG, childlike and joyful	Free Space. No real law, several independent settlements, mines or habitats
3	Red super-giant near the end of its lifespan	Close solar orbit is lashed with solar flares and radiation storms	N, only interested in knowledge	An ancient ringworld orbits the Living Star, possibly still populated
4	Mid-range orange sun, slightly dimmer than Sol	Ancient, Pre-Psyren ruins or great machines visible within the star	CE, considers Basic life an infection to be cleansed	A barren system of naked rocks, devoid of complex life. Dangerous asteroid fields
5	Mid-range blue- white dwarf, hotter and brighter than Sol	Star is intensely fertile; elemental outsiders and Star Seeds are dangerously common in system	NG, protective and parental, considers the system natives its children	Many of the planets in system are gas giants with hundreds of moons, some life-sustaining, each
6	Intense yellow sun, hotter and brighter than Sol	Stars position in the system is extremely variable and makes climates unpredictable	N, curious about Basic life, often embodies Star Sisters to learn	Nazharak Horde has recently conquered and subjugated the system's native intelligent species
7	Unstable, fading orange sun soon to explode	Star and its system can move slowly through Hyperspace	LN, sought after for its wisdom, serves as an impartial judge	The system is still cooling and forming; planets emerging from an accretion disk
8	Mid-range orangish- red sun, slightly dimmer but more radioactive than Sol	Hyperspace travel in the system is hindered or prevented entirely by exotic radiation	LG, stern and perfectionist system lord	One or two habitable worlds in the 'Goldilocks Zone' of an otherwise lifeless system

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Human Colonies

Colonies founded by the Corporation Command are typically outwardly prosperous, but they have to tow the line when it comes to law and order. These colonies tend to be whiter, higher-tech and a lot more tightly regulated. Whenever possible, the Command settles prime, Earth-quality worlds, though as the first wave of colonization progressed, they sometimes had to be less choosy. Free Spacers take any oxygenated world they can get, in hopes of building something free.

Want to build a random human colony? Roll some dice and see what you come up with.
These randomly built colonies can be scattered anywhere in the galaxy, and make excellent ports of call to fill out Free Space.

D8	The People	The Planet	The Industry	The Impending Doom
1	New Nairobi, an iconoclastic Afro-Futurist colony	A frigid, Low Gravity iceball	Huge orbital shipyards, bean stalk orbital elevators and heavy industry	The Nazharak Horde has dispatched an invasion fleet in search of the *Eye of the Galaxy*
2	Pressman, a staunchly conservative Command colony	A fertile Normal Gravity world with blue and violet foliage and extensive farmland	High density data processing and secure back up servers for critical information	The local industry is collapsing and the colony is dying economically
3	Shilo, a libertarian Free Spacer world with few laws	A water-dominant Low Gravity world with a Mediterranean climate	Exports huge volumes of some critical staple food	Disease runs rampant, worsened by economic inequality
4	Saratoga Downs, founded by a Command megacorp	A temperate to cold Normal Gravity world carpeted with dense forests	Gourmet cuisine, artisanal wines, other high dollar luxury goods	The Command is tightening the leash on the colony.
5	Eshua III, a highly religious Afro-Futurist world	A Normal Gravity world of towering mesa and canyons, mostly scrub and savannah	Popular tourist destination, major service industry and hospitality trade	There is a *Xenogaunt* Hive, hibernating and undetected, somewhere on a remote corner of the world
6	Cochran's World, mixed Human and Proximite population, aligned with the Command	A highly volcanic Normal Gravity world whose planetary supercontinent is just beginning to break apart	Political nexus. Lots of high powered lawyers, lobbyists, and politicos. Regional power hub	Warp storms have unleashed Ecto-Carries and more powerful undead horrors on the world – a ghost plague
7	Lazin, mixed Human and Leather Clone population wanting freedom from the Command	A Low Gravity world of salt marshes, tidal flats and swamp land	Produces and exports power for neighboring worlds and systems.	Rampant crime and open warfare in the streets as the Space Mafia kills its way to underworld dominance
8	Turtledove, neutral colony where Free Spacer fleets co-mingle	One of many "False Earths" scattered throughout the Galaxy for some reason	Recycling and breaking down scrap starships and stations	Weak ley lines make high level magic impossible, and the techno-occult infrastructure is crumbling

Colonial Farmsteads

Space can be the Wild West, and the dusty, forgotten colony worlds far from Old Earth can be the new frontier. If you ever need a world for a dashing young adventurer to escape from, for star-pirates on the run to hole up for a while, or just a few farmsteads for color and flavor, roll some dice and see what kind of extra-solar farm holdiSng you create.

D8	Monoliths Looming Over the Farm	The Livestock	The Farmstead	The Farmers
1	Complex vaporator towers to harvest water	Emaciated creatures that aren't quite Earth cows	A bucolic 18th century plantation with modern touches dead center among the crops	Bigoted Americscum fucks who'll take advantage of any weakness or mercy shown
2	Sleek, futurist windmills	A vast herd of genetically optimized, well fed, high dollar cattle	Ramshackle pre-fab huts and shipping containers repurposed into homes and outbuildings	Decent young widow and her kids fighting for survival
3	The bleached ribs of a long- dead kaiju	Herds of semi- trained *Sway* or other exotic mounts	Durable, bunker-like concrete buildings surrounded by endless junk piles	An ex-soldier or former merc who isn't up for any bullshit today
4	Crumbling, bombed out military fortifications	A struggling pig farm	Simple, rustic wooden cabin with only the bare minimum tech necessary to survive	Decent jolly people who always have a kind word and help out their neighbors
5	At least one huge, new water tower	Dog-sized insectoids or arachnids bred for food	Futuristic geodesic domes and plastic greenhouses protecting exotic plants	Proximite refugees for whom this farm is their only chance at life
6	Watchtowers and sniper's nests	Small rodent-things bred for food and fur	A massive, stripped cargo starship converted into a home	Eerily abandoned, maybe with some disturbing signs of violence
7	A spread of oil derricks, pumping away sluggishly	A few horses for the owners and workers.	An ugly but pragmatic prefab modern colonist spread, lightly fortified	Space Mafioso who definitely aren't farmers, and want you gone, right fuckin' now
8	A rusting windmill made of scrap metal	Bio-mechanical steeds, champion lineage	Sunbleached adobe, a primitive exterior and high tech interior	Dissatisfied colonists who've left several worlds before, trying to stay one step ahead of civilization

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The Boneyard Planets

It's a dangerous galaxy. Remote mines, ter-raformer camps and starter colonies fail all the time, and usually that failure means everybody dies. Sometimes there's more to the story than communicable disease, equipment failures or the ordinary sort of lethal incompetence to blame.

Want a dead world to explore? Roll some D8s and see what kind of planetary tomb you come up with. These melancholy lost colonies are widely scattered throughout Free Space and the Fringe.

D8	Planet Name	Planetary Type	The Official Story	What Really Happened
1	Penelope-6642	Veldts and rolling hills	The colony was abandoned after the mines shut down	An Omegan machine rebellion killed the humans
2	Veras Centralis	Frigid arctic hell	A xeno-infection killed the colonists	The Command military massacred everybody
3	Walkabout	Inhospitable rock with horrible weather	Space Mafia pirates slaughtered the locals	Roll on the previous column to find out what really happened
4	Spitfire	Planetary sea with a chain of volcanic islands	The ICG declared the world heretical and cleansed it with nukes	An especially dangerous Void Orc tribe claimed the world
5	TU-903	Deep canyons cutting across a desert	Terraforming failure doomed the colony	A mega-corp wrote off the colony when it became unprofitable
6	Anderson's World	Mixed, mostly Earthlike climate	The reactor went critical	The Command tested The Ender on the colonists
7	Sidaris	Bio-mechanical ecosystem	Toxins in the local biosphere killed the colonists	Colony leadership mismanagement was to blame for the colony's failure
8	Survey 5C	Towering forests	The colony was lost to a WARSTAR incursion	Demons from Hyperspace slaughtered everything

The False Earths

Humanity is a species of destiny, and Old Earth, for all its faults is a cradle of gods, conquerors, heroes and brigands like no other. There are many strange reflections and twisted parodies of Old Earth scattered throughout the galaxy.

These false Earths might be an experimental laboratory or the creation of a mad god or star-sorcerer, or might be slippage from a parallel reality. Whatever the case, adventurous spacers might find one of these weird, warped reflections during their missions. Roll a few D10s to see what the latest fake Earth is like.

D10	The False Earth's central theme	Why was the False Earth created?	Surreal Weirdness and Quirks	The False Earth's most dangerous secret
1	Fuck, the Nazis won WWII	By non-human but humanoid aliens who built their society in imitation of Earth radio signals	The earth is a topless, T&A intensive, pornographic reflection of history	The planet core is a god- tier supercomputer running the world
2	The Roman Empire never ended	As a training ground preparing alien infiltrators to invade Old Earth	Blasters, comms and modern tech are available regardless of the simulated period	Those landing on the world must make increasingly hard WILL Saves or forget their past and accept the false reality of the world
3	Feudal Japan with lots of Samurai and Ninja	By a mad star-wizard interested in proving some insane theory about human nature	One of the common races/ethnicities of mankind is not present in the simulation	The False Earth's moon is dangerously unstable and will destroy the world very soon
4	1920s gangsters running amok	By one of the setting's deities, either as a prison or as a Heaven for believers	Those over the age of 30 are ritually euthanized in an eerie public rite	Great weapons arrays are buried beneath major cities, and the unknowing inhabitants might be able to trigger them
5	Ye Olde Medieval England	A planet-scale theme park run amok that forgot its original purpose and history	There are no (birds, dogs, cats, insects or some other common animal)	Time flow is unpredictable, centuries might be passing outside while you spend a few hours here
6	The 1950s are alive and rock n' roll is the Devil's Music	An experiment in sociology and genetics started by a *Great Watchmaker*	Superstitions, delusions and conspiracy theories of the period are actually correct	Technology and/or magic from outside the False Earth doesn't work like it should here
7	It's 1979! Punk rock, discos, cocaine, arcades, the Cold War and pollution.	*Sekhmet Ammt* sliced a second of time from Old Earth, like a cutting from a tree and grew this strange duplicate	The False Earth's natives are unnaturally calm, peaceful and passive	When threatened, the False Earth's natives assume a lethal, inhuman combat form
8	The Wild West and Victorian Age	An outdated and insane Command AI manipulating a lost colony using holograms and hardlight	Drugs, vice and crime are encouraged. Morality is inverted.	No hidden dangers beyond what are implied by other columns
9	A perfect Garden of Eden, without sign of civilization	The long lost, original home of humanity. Relics of an ancient pre- Earth culture lie in ruins.	The planet is observed by massive observation stations rather than an ordinary moon.	Once detected, outsiders are stalked and assaulted by increasingly powerful Lifespawn robots and mecha
10	The darkest days of the 24th Century, during Jesus II's return and the war against the Furries	Slippage from a parallel reality. The dimensional membrane is thin and torn in this sector.	The ghost sounds of a laugh track and dramatic theme music broadcast continually from nowhere	The False Earth can transform into a battleship configuration and rampage across the stars

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Srrange World, Strange People

It's a strange galaxy, and there's a lot of equally strange cultures. Planets develop in ways that are impossible to predict, no matter how much Corporation Command social engineers try. Want a unique humanoid civilization? Roll some dice and see what freakshow you just landed on.

D8	The Planetary Zeitgeist	Technological Infrastructure	Planetary Visions	The Colony's Origins
1	Space communist revolution sweeps the world, imported from WARSTAR	The last cities are ***War City Kaiju*** (HOTM2) battling for survival	Cities beneath glittering geodesic domes deep in red rock canyons	World settled by stranded ***Iron Belt*** miners crash landed here
2	Million to one wealth disparities between poor and rich	Grand mag-lev trains linking sprawling cities	A world beneath rainbow rings and broadcast power satellites	Settled by Terran humanity sometime during the 13th century, long before Earth developed space flight. How?
3	Embattled colonists facing a world where everything goes wrong	Rugged, broken down, jury-rigged tech	Poisonous fungal swamps and treacherous tarry slicks	Outcasts and heretics who fled Earth during the Second Coming
4	Grim serial killer misogyny where women are bred as sex-food without human rights	A world willingly reverted to Neolithic and bio- magical technology	Ancient battlefields littered with dead men and burnt machines	Founded by religious fanatics seeking the ***Fires of Creation*** (EOTM) which burn strongly here
5	A rebirth of the cool, an artistic renaissance sweeps the planet	Vast techno-factories and starship drydocks	Spectacular aurora displays shine down year-round	The world was founded as an armed garrison, to fight an impossible war that never came
6	Proud militarists, patriots and pro-military imperialists	Well built stone castles built alongside ultra-technology	Maze-like old growth forests of trees nearly a kilometer tall	An experimental colony seeded by the Command and peopled by the best of the best
7	Contemplative, mystical and non-materialistic, a world of philosophers	Scattered trading villages and small farmsteads	Sprawling, multi-leveled freeways where lethal car combat is the norm	A motley center of free trade and diplomacy dating back thousands of years
8	Roll twice and combine in the weirdest way you can imagine	A world littered with beautiful and fully functional alien ruins	Semi-tame Kaiju form an agricultural symbiosis with native sentients	Colony seeded by a ***Great Watchmaker*** *(HOTM1)* who stands as a silent sentinel at the horizon, observing

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Bars Without Names

You can always find some trouble in some nameless, cross-species cantina. Or a pilot for hire, or maybe some illegal tac nukes if you've got the cash. Want to randomly build a spacer dive on some forgotten crap-ball of a planet? Roll some D8s and see what you get.

D8	The Bar is Built From	The Bartender	The Drunks	What's Up in the Back Room?
1	A bunch of cargo containers welded together messily	12' of pissed off crocodilian muscle. Nobody starts trouble here.	A mixed crowd of Free Spacers and Afro-Futurists who just want to have a peaceful drink	Small arms for sale, including some fighting knives and smuggler's blasters enchanted to +1 or +2 at most
2	Rebuilt from an old stone church	A cynical old ***Ameriscum Bar Mistress*** who usually takes a customer or two home with her at closing	Rowdy EroWrestling or MagnoStar fans halfway to a riot	Whores of a variety of genders and species, including some decent old-model Sex Synths
3	Pre-fab Quonset hut with slowly rotating fans	A well-mannered, unflappable Synth known for legendary mixed drinks	A bunch of well dressed Space Mafiosos throwing their weight around	A cheap coffin hotel where spacers can sleep it off for only a few credit
4	A crude mud hut that looks like something from the Stone Age	A surly old veteran who matches the customers shot for shot	Violent, slutty, troublemaking Cosmic Satanist kids	The barback handles the recreational drug trade, if you know how to ask
5	An ancient, mossy castle crumbling into a swamp	An ex-con ganger who went mostly straight after a 20-year bit	Pissed off spacers of a variety of race, with no tolerance for planet-bound interlopers	The bar's a good place to hook up with smugglers and ***Lightspeed Pipeline*** pilots
6	A condemned building in a back alley somewhere	A murder-droid somebody reprogrammed to tend bar	Hot headed revolutionaries, talking big but drinking away the operation budget	A street-doc can perform cosmetic surgery, even rewrite the genomes, of wanted criminals
7	Converted from an old fallout shelter	A former ***Republic of Lepus*** war criminal hiding out with a new name and phenotype	Members of a particular gang. If you're wearing rival colors, you're gonna die. Slowly.	High stakes gambling with some cutthroat players
8	Somebody took over a bank or stock broker's office and made it a bar	A canny old smuggler who views the bar as a quiet semi-retirement	Command Marines looking for dissidents, queers or minorities to bash after they finish their drinks.	They don't serve droids, but they disassemble, wipe their RAM and resell them out back

Scum and Villainy

Who is drinking their lives away in that dingy alien cantina on a desert planet? Who's listening to funky music in an alien crimelord's hideout while a slave girl dances for their pleasure? Need some generic alien goons for the background? These scumbags can be found in any dive bar or back alley in the dirty galaxy. If you need quick stats, just use one of the genericized stat blocks, such as ***Scavworlder, Fuzzball Socio, Rocker Brute*** or ***Alien Scum*** (HM1).

D8	The Scummer	Their Looks	Wanted For?	Nasty Surprises
1	Turk Gallor, jovial drug dealer	Goat like face with three or four independent eye stalks	Got the death sentence on 12 systems (12-15k gp bounty)	Carries a suitcase nuke keyed to their biorhythms. Their heart stops: boom!
2	Ursk the White, fence and penny-ante drug dealer	Dun-colored reptilian	Assassination of a high planetary ruler (20-25k gp bounty)	Pals around with some connected Space Mafiosos
3	Keppok Zoon, a merc spoiling for a fight	Scarred up, cyber-enhanced space Elf with 12" ears	Sex crimes (10-12k gp bounty)	Part of an anti-ICG rebel cell willing to kill to protect them
4	Kleea Phan, smuggler pilot extraordinaire	Face like a demonic skull, skin stretched thin over ugly bone	Felony theft, receiving stolen goods (4-5k gp bounty)	They've got family that will seek revenge
5	U-kyo Schuan, military deserter	Bullnecked, hyper muscular humanoid covered in ritual scarification	As accessory to a notorious gang murder spree (10k bounty)	They don't know it, but they are a Star Child, and if threatened, their false memories will break and their true power unleashed
6	Bork Heller, belligerent old drunk	A Tal-Anon fleeing the ruin of their homeworld, dressed modern	Heresy against the ICG (100-130k gp bounty)	They've contracted a nasty and very communicable disease
7	Devoka Purr, bounty hunter and slave trader, quick with a joke	Fish-like humanoid with brightly colored fins and spines	Smuggling and drug sales (3-5k bounty)	They're a snitch for the Corporation Command and well protected by the cops
8	Kwo Faji, arms merchant nobody trusts	Porcupine-like thing covered in hooked barbs	Second degree murder or manslaughter (5-7k gp bounty)	They keep a powerful warrior as a bodyguard

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Half Baked Revolutionaries

As galactic government crumbles and the powers that be prove themselves to either be monsters or idiots (or both) people start looking for an alternative. There's a lot of valid revolutionaries out there, with chance to change the galaxy. That's not these fuck-wits. These assholes are violent incompetents following some charming guru without half a plan. Need some revolutionaries with plenty of fervor but no goddamn common sense? Roll some D8s and meet these twerps.

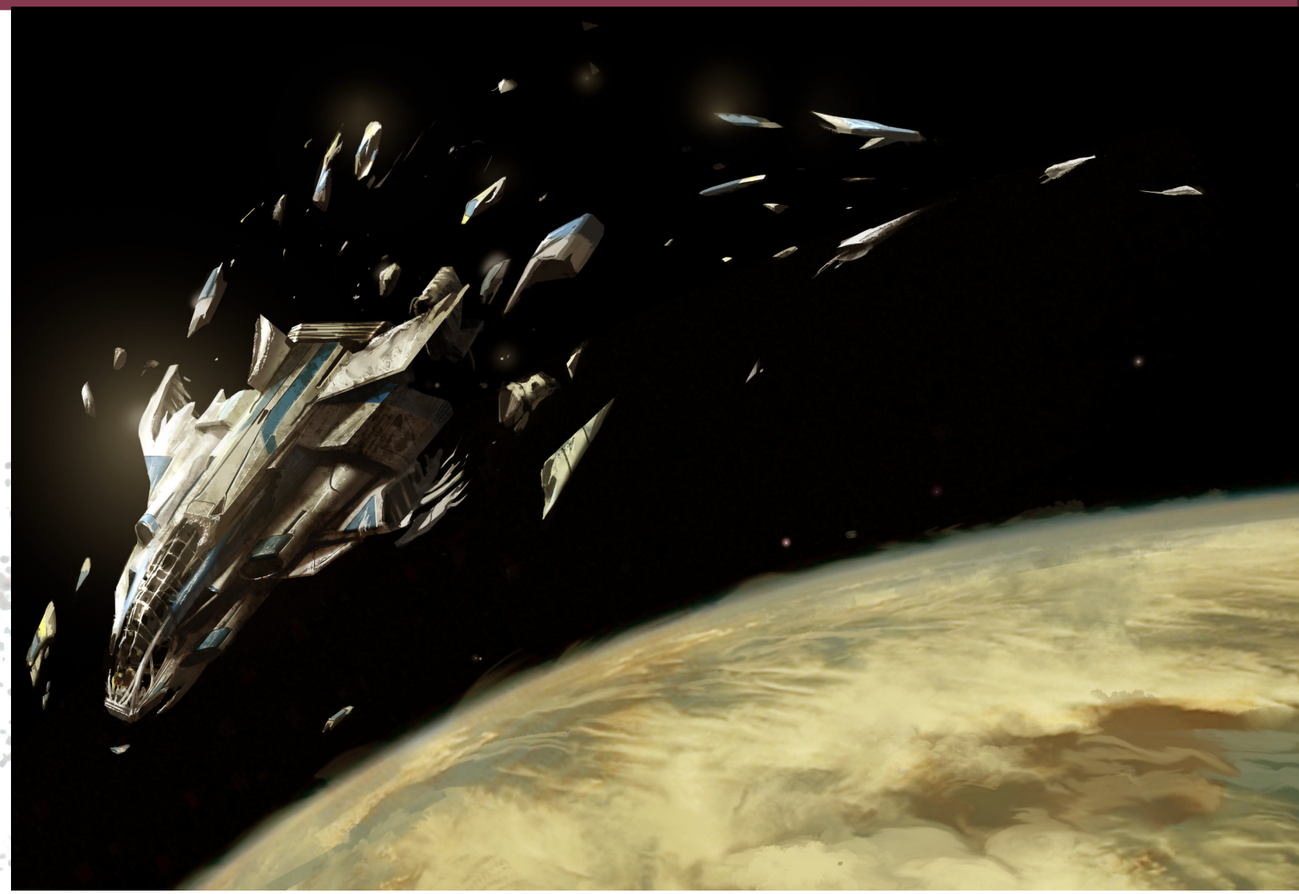
D8	Radical Ideology	Operating Out Of…	Their Latest Terrorist Action…	How Have They Fucked Up?
1	Asshole feminists and anti- Shatayah/no-porn crusaders	The palatial asteroid mansion of the group's bankroll and first convert	Bombing a shopping arcology with a telepathic virus that converted thousands to their cause instantly	Their cult leader is a nasty pedophile on an ego trip
2	Ameriscum white supremacists	A run-down, moldy and scuzzy arcade on Old Earth	Started carving up pretty, white supermodels to make their point	Half the cell are Corp Command informants, trying to steer the group towards greater violence for a bigger payout
3	Afro-Futurist racial separatists	A converted elementary school (too damn many human shields around)	Kidnapped and are psycho-indoctrinating a bunch of college kids	Killed somebody who actually mattered to the ICG and Imperial Inquisitors are gonna end the cell
4	Gay Space Nazi Leather Clones	The loading docks and warehouses of an industrial world	Dropped a refinery ship on a densely populated planet	The group is bankrolled by one Command faction as a deniable weapon against another faction and never had a real purpose
5	WARSTAR wannabes with a poor grasp of Space Commie dogma	Under the radar, laundering money through the sex and holo-porn trade	Sells vast quantities of hard drugs to fund their operations	Not too careful with safely storing their ammunition. One day soon: KA-BOOM!
6	Punk rock anarchists	A rare 'oasis moon' somewhere in the Vast Galactic Desert	Started murdering Space Mafiosos and stealing their territory	Every revolutionary is fucking every other revolutionary's wife
7	Ultra wealthy cunts who hunt the poor for sport	An agri-commune in the Fertile Zone	Used Serial Killer Immortals and Horrorshows as shock troops	The cult leader is possessed by something really, really nasty out of Hyperspace
8	Some bizarre and uber-conservative ICG schismatic sect	An illegal, un- registered heavy freighter somewhere in Free Space	Lunched viral bombs that killed millions	The cell only exists due to interlaced time paradoxes, which are being unlaced, one by one

Wrecked Starships

Mean Free Stuff

We all know space is dangerous. So is boredom. A spacer gets complacent, doesn't complete their safety checklists, doesn't do regular PMI, and eventually: boom. The fusion plant explodes, or CO2 traces build up to toxic levels, and everybody aboard dies. You might discover a drifting starship out in the Big Black, all hands dead or vanished. Note that this chart really doesn't account for pirate activity: those guys usually take everything they can, and either tow the stricken ship away as salvage or use it for target practice with some photon torpedoes.

D8	The Ship's Name and Registry	The Ship's Hull and Appearance	What Happened To It?	The Ship's Cargo and Salvage
1	The Adali Marley, registered to New Kingston	An in-system shuttle equipped with a jury-rigged external hyperdrive	Some kind of very infectious alien disease that might still be lurking killed everybody	Fine jewelry and unmarked gold ingots hidden in the secondary cargo hold
2	The Crown of Thorns, flying under Benediction's flag	A boxy, heavily armored "vault ship" with armor two meters thick	The crew murdered each other over money and/or pussy	***Xenogaunt*** gentic material and live samples in deep stasis
3	The Bellisimo, no known registry, Lightspeed Pipeline smuggler ship	A badly maintained cargo freighter that's been flying for 100+ years	A micrometeorite impact punched through the bridge and killed the crew, and vented the atmosphere	A hold full of high quality ***Rockers*** and alien musical instruments
4	The Toxic Shock, flying out of Proxima Prime	A pretty but inefficient former luxury liner converted to cargo hauling	The life-support systems failed and the backups didn't come on line for some reason	The futuristic equivalent of bearer bonds plus a huge store of counterfeit local currency
5	The Sunskip, registered to Treant	An almost perfectly spherical, utilitarian cargo hauler	A massive fire swept through the ship, destroying almost everything flammable	Terraforming and agricultural heavy equipment
6	The Pennypincher, an unregistered Shipper vessel	Ax ex-hospital ship, now graffiti covered freighter	No idea. The lifeboats are still aboard, but there are no crew aboard and no records. Ghost ship.	A vast armory of conventional firearms, light energy weapons and body armor, nothing enchanted or occult-tech
7	Goliath and the Vampires, a Satanist vessel from Walpurgisnacht	A small cargo ship, clean, modern and superbly maintained	Contamination in the food or water induced fatal allergic reactions in the crew.	Enough grain, staple foods, nutrients and rations to sustain billions of humanoids, stored in a tessarect
8	The Cold Harbour, registered to Old Earth	A decommissioned frigate without usable weapons systems	The hyperdrive went nuclear, blowing off the aft half of the ship. Hotly radioactive.	Good booze, and enough Glow and sniff to kickstart the economy of a small planet



The Ghost Ships of Deepest Space

Spacer lore is full of tales of haunted, cursed starships. Crewed by the dead and powered by the damned, they drift through the bloody flux of Hyperspace, occasionally descending into real space. Seemingly just another abandoned vessel, they tempt salvagers and pirates into their inner hulls. Then these dark ghoul-ships feed. Statistically, Ghost Ships can easily be statted up as ***Mega-Death Ruins*** *(HOTM1)*, their corridors and holds haunted by ***Antiuhls, Dedders***, and worse undead.

Some legendary Ghost Ships include:

The Celestial's Panties

A luxurious flying bordello, all rococo style. Diamond glass windows and burgundy cushions hide dark history of torture and murder. A hedonistic lust-murder cult once flew the *Panties,* slaughtering beautiful girls, boys and non-binary xenos throughout ***Free Space***. Some of the victims managed to overload the reactor, choosing nuclear immolation rather than erotic torture as their means of death and having their revenge on the sex-cultists. Salvagers still hunt for the fire-gutted liner, because the remaining fittings are worth millions, to say nothing about a safe of DNA-locked bearer bonds in a vault on the bridge. The *Panties* can transform itself into a seeming of its glory days: the souls of those tortured to erotic death aboard have devolved into *Succubi* (and stranger things) feeding on the unwary.

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Coldfuck 7333

This Coldfuck is the 7,333rd starship of the omnipresent but undistinguished class of bulk passenger haulers. The nickname's origin is obvious: the passengers are kept in deep cryo-stasis for the voyage, and some of them don't wake up. Coldfuck 7333 was lost sometime in the late 24th Century, when it was being used to smuggle Anthros out of Earth space: if you could pay, you got a ticket out of the furry genocide. The crew abandoned the ship and turned off the freezer lifesupport when a Command patrol came sniffing around, dooming more than 4,000 Anthros to die in cold-sleep. The undead, feral ghouls offer aid and comfort to any Anthro their ghostly vessel encounters, but human and other Basic explorers die of hypothermia. Coldfuck 7333 is typically found ahead of ***Nazharak Horde*** incursions.

The Enigma Confessional

Never formally registered to the ICG, this ornate flying cathedral was obviously a church vessel. The gilded railguns and stained glass windows made that obvious. The Enigma Confessional was a rendition vessel; heretics were tortured until death or repentance amid the black holds of this massive starship, outside of any merciful law. Cosmic Satanist photon torpedoes ended the Confessional's horrors, but the vessel still prowls the ***Sanctus Dei, First*** and ***Second Wave Colony*** space. The Confessional and its undead lich-bishops lure in victims, Free Spacer souls in need of grim salvation, and breaks their will via imaginative, sanctified torture.

Nirvana's Bounty

Nirvana's Bounty is a blocky, trapezoidal megacargo hauler. Its vast holds contain millions of tons of grain, refrigerated produce and psychotropic *Starvine* buds. Before a micro-meteorite punctured the hull and blew the crew out to die frozen in the depth of space, the Bounty was a common ***Fertile Zone*** freetrader. Now, powered by the anger of the crew at the pointless stupidity of their deaths, its ghouls drain the blood and savor the meat of would-be salvagers. Staunch vegans in life, the now-undead crew relish the decadent pleasures of carnality and murder.

The CSS Tillman

The Tillman is a Corporation Command heavy-strike cruiser specialized for rapid-deployment of powered armored infantry by orbital drop. It was a shining star of the Command special operations community until a mysterious plasma torpedo discharge in the forward hull scuttled the ship. All aboard were reported KIA. The Tillman drifts dead-stick through Hyperspace, sought by arms dealers and terrorists for the rich bounty of salvageable weapons tech still aboard. Salvagers are tormented by ghost visions of the Tillman's last hours as a functional vessel, as a love triangle between officers turns lethal, and culminates in the unauthorized detonation of a plasma torpedo by a scorned, mad, lover. The Tillman is most often found throughout ***Black Box*** and ***Trench Space.***

What The Fuck Is That Thing?

It's an old galaxy.

Empires rose and fell long before Old Earth cooled, and some of them left behind their artifacts. Sometimes these devices survive into the modern age, broken and enigmatic. These lost treasures might become the ultimate weapons of the age, despite being created for more peaceful ends long ago, or might prove an extinction-level danger. Roll a few D8 to rapidly generate a massive alien artifact unearthed under some distant star.

D8	The Enigma's Shape	The Enigma's Physical Properties	What The Enigma Obviously Does	Less Obvious Effects
1	A coliseum-like structure	Ancient, crumbling stonework with an unnatural sheen	A stable, two-way portal into the distant past	Dramatically increases lifespans but lowers fertility of intelligent species on planet
2	A obelisk carved with weird designs	Dull, pitted and scarred alien metal covered in ferrovoric fungi	Heals all wounds and diseases	Spurs technological innovation, but also sociopathy
3	A house-sized sphere floating immobile above the world	Faintly glowing carved, faceted crystals that slowly shift through the visible light spectrum	Imprisons a terrifying, epic-level ancient evil	Hyperspace storms envelop the system and Undead become increasingly common
4	A large, flattened disk or crescent set into the floor	The Enigma is completely and naturally invisible; boundaries clearly marked somehow	Can elevate a user who knows its secrets to Godhood, if activated at the right time	Time occasionally becomes non-linear and paradoxical on planet
5	An angular tunnel leading deep into the ground	Sleek, minimalist and extremely modern appearance	Planet-killing superweapon that rarely works	The area around the Engima is either fecund and thriving (even) or a blasted wasteland (odds)
6	A collection of drifting, floating geometric shapes covering acres	The Enigma is a living, purpose-grown organism of incredible complexity and size	A key component of an ancient, trans- galactic teleportation network	Cultures that develop on the planet are unreasonably aggressive
7	A miles deep crater with intricate channels carved into the sides	It looks like trees, rocks and reeds bundled together: Stone Age tech	A storehouse of data, too dense for any but the strongest minds to access	Nothing. At least nothing you can put your finger on.
8	Ruined, floating cities and temples drifting over the landscape	The Engima is hardlight or solidified energy of some kind	Sparks rapid evolution or the development of psionic powers	When the next galactic war happens, it's going to kick off here.

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Weird Worlds

As I'm writing *Heavy Future,* I'm throwing plausibility and scientific accuracy right out the window. The name of the game is trippy places, iconic visuals and big ideas, not realistic astrophysics or planet design. You want a few really weird planets to explore. Roll some dice on this chart and find out what kind of surreal, dangerous alien wonderlands you can come up with.

D8	The Shape of the Weird Planet	The Weird Planet's Climate	The Weird Planet's Even Weirder Inhabitants	The Core Concept of the Weird Planet's Economy
1	Cubic or decahedron-shaped planet	Storms of blood and gore	A near-utopia ruled by a council of children	A For-Profit Prison!
2	Donut shaped planet with Low Gravity nearest the 'hole'	Rain rich in xeno- minerals which rapidly grows crystal spurs and can entomb and paralyze thosec caught outside	Horrific undead who have built a culture around grotesquery	High fashion!
3	Floating hunks of planet orbiting each other	Radically long seasons. Summers that last years, winters that last decades	Lusty, physically perfect humanoids who commit ritual suicide at 30	Hippy space commune!
4	Hand or starshaped world	Gravity conditions change regularly in a predictable cycle every few days	Extremely non-humanoid intelligences, creatures of light or slime	Propaganda-laced public school!
5	A gigantic space- tree rather than a world, possibly related to the *Star Vine*	Never a drop of rain. Parched deserts that suck the moisture from your body	Distorted clones of the greatest and most infamous personalities in human history	Planetary Porno Studio!
6	The living, pulsing organs of an ancient star-god all alone in deep space	Bio-mechancial ecosystem similar to *Technys* or other cyber- worlds	Arcadians, Anthros and living cartoons from a broken reality	Medical Experimentation!
7	A horizontal disk, suspended above the back of a massive star-beast the size of a solar system	Time flows backward here, or events happen non-linearly. Cause doesn't always precede Effect	Humanoid minds uploaded into creepy, insectoid cyber-chassis	Vacation Destination!
8	An artificial clockwork planet of brass and Yggdrasil wood	Glow and other drugs grow widely. Rains of sniff or other drugs, literal snow storms of cocaine	The dissipated and fading gods of a single ancient Terran pantheon	Galactic Swapmeet!

Reality Warps

The future is dying.
The galaxy is winding down, and in the race between entropy and innovation, entropy is winning. The geriatric stars are flickering, fading and going out, leaving only darkness and absolute zero. The laws of physics are stretched past the breaking point, and occasionally, reality breaks down. Random fluctuations in the laws of the universe might crop up anywhere, or be concentrated around spatial anomalies like ***The Sepsis, Trench Space,*** or the heart of the ***Prison Zone***. The weird time paradoxes and temporal glitches common to ***Zothique*** and ***New Singapore*** are also good places to include a reality warp.

When reality warps, perception changes as well. Describe the scenes in hypercolorful, psychedelic terms. Make things confusing, just for a few minutes. Reality warps are ideal modifiers for a single encounter, emphasizing the universe's strangeness. The game master can use this list of ideas and suggested game-rule modifications for inspiration anytime their adventurers cross over into the music video madness of deep space. Some of these ideas have concrete game-play effects, some are just weird experiences. Roll as many times as you need to, mix and match as desired, and get creative with it.

The World Gets Really Fuckin' Strange (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 The world becomes a surreal cartoon, melting and fluxing like an acid trip.	6 Energy types swap around. Fire treated as Lightning, Acid as Cold, ect	11 Weapons restore HP equal to the damage they'd normally deal. Wounds close before your eyes.	16 Everyone is restored to the condition they were in at the end of this round, every round for several minutes.
2 You can't make AOAs against adjacent targets, but can against non- adjacent creatures within 30 ft.	7 Everyone gains Regeneration 10 (law) for the duration of the encounter	12 Pass your character sheet to another player on your left, and control that character!	17 Anytime someone tries to speak or cast spells with verbal components, they can't, and birds and small animals leap out of their mouth.
3 You leave stuttering afterimages behind as you move, which caper and mock you.	8 Colors invert, turning the world into an oddly luminous negative image	13 The universe becomes wireframe models with chiptune action music playing, like an early 80s video game.	18 The universe becomes 2D. Everyone is considered to be occupying the same square and movement becomes impossible.
4 You and everyone around you become Claymation.	9 Guns, bows, blasters and ranged attacks of all sorts just don't work. Flowers, confetti and 'bang' flags, no other effect!	14 Everyone becomes bouncy and sloppily animated, like 30s Disney. Everybody has Improved Evasion for the duration of the warp.	19 Distances warp. It might take a week to travel 30 ft, or you might cross 5k miles in a single step.
5 Initiative order runs from Lowest to Highest	10 All inanimate objects turn into gingerbread, pastry and candy, but still work like they did before	15 Buildings begin melting like hot wax, and will collapse entirely in 1d6+3 rounds, vehicles and ships in much less time	20 All melee attacks simply fail, as Xeno's Paradox means your fist or blade never actually touches your target

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Keep the Future Heavy

The Heavy Future is a dirty, run down future. Galactic society is just a few years from terminal collapse, so technology and culture are both showing their age. The first chart holds some set dressing elements you can add to virtually any urban environment. The second chart focuses on the fading galactic wilderness, to give you a sense of impending ecological collapse. The third gives you an idea for interesting ruins to explore. These can be found on dead planets or failed colonies, or placed into otherwise healthy urbanized worlds.

I placed them in chart form so you can randomly roll up a few elements in each scene to make your campaign grim and visually consistent. You can also just use these suggestions as springboards to your own elements of urban decay.

CHAINS ACROSS THE STARS

The whole concept of the corporate franchise killed the concept of local identity. No matter where you go in the dirty galaxy, you see the same signs advertising the same services. Here are some of the most important, pan-galactic chains.

Second Breakfast

The Second Breakfast diner franchise comprises something like 18% of all eateries in known space. You can find Second Breakfast on any world of station. There's even three Second Breakfast locations on ***Baba Yag***, the WARSTAR capital world, and a rumor of one or two out on the far side of the galactic rim. Food's cheap and tasty, if not exactly nutritious, and not exactly 'food' on a molecular level.

Dr. Youp owns the Second Breakfast restaurant chain, though nobody knows it. He's careful not to put his froglike face anywhere near Second Breakfast's marketing materials. As far as the galaxy knows, Second Breakfast is Proximite-owned, and there's always cheerful, fat little men advertising the joint on holovision with comedic pratfalls and brightly lit T&A.

By the way, Dr. Youp has thoroughly bugged each and every one of Second Breakfast's seventeen billion franchisees. Tamed ***Predatory Nanoswarms*** that smell like fresh French fries lurk in the ventilation ducks above the booths. They record pertinent conversations, because nobody worries about being over heard when wolfing down synth-egg omelets and protein-wafer waffles and make excellent anti-robbery precautions. Quite a few tweekers ended up disintegrated after trying to rob the local Second Breakfast, so many so that all but the dumbest crooks avoid the place.

Landing Pad Diners

The Landing Pad restaurant chain stretches from one end of the galaxy to the other. They're one constant in a changing universe, just as common as ***Second Breakfast*** franchises and a little cheaper. A little
dingier too, a little riskier: there's shootings and lightsaber duels every other weekend at some of these joints.

Landing Pads are just what their name implies, a pressurized dome habitat resembling the rusting-chrome Americana of a 1950s vintage diner, surrounded by a large flat landing zone capable of accommodating most light and mid-sized starships. The 'parking lot' area is covered in durable solar panels and cosmic energy taps, giving the

Elements of the Used Future (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 Elegant Psyren crystal technology covered in gang graffiti	6 Sun bleached white concrete walls, scarred with bullet holes	11 Pictographic and informational symbols with a hard, utilitarian look	16 Safety glass that maintains atmospheric pressure starred with ominous cracks
2 Beer bottles, soda cups and condoms littering the ground	7 Old shoes tossed over fraying power lines	12 Crumbling home and businesses reinforced with recycled starship hulls	17 Archaic time clock punch machines with modern DNA readers so your buddies can't clock you in early
3 Overloaded electrical outlets connected to dozens of high voltage cable lines	8 The burnt out chassis of abandoned hover-cars pushed to the side of the roadway	13 Flickering neon that cracks and buzzes unnervingly	18 Roaches and rats with naturally occurring bio-cybernetics scurrying through the alleys
4 An untidy warren of junk computers, at least 50 years old, hotlinked together crudely	9 Holographic warning tape declaring a building condemned because of a xeno-plague outbreak	14 Peeling Neo-Formica countertops in lime green, sickly brown or strange orangish hues	19 Droids assembling a new fast food kiosk with a want ad for workers at sub-minimum wages
5 Sunfaded wanted posters for Sethzinian crims	10 Vandalized recruiting stall for the Command military, with a glitchy holo-recruiter mindlessly going through a speech	15 Huge, untidy piles of outdated tech and abandoned data formats stuffed under tables and into corners	20 Refinery towers on the distant horizon, belching smog

Elements of a Dying Galaxy (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 A wilderness homeless camp built around a few crashed ships	6 Waste heat from the mega-cities turning once fertile lands to deserts	11 The unique scars of an anti-matter explosion	16 Cities submerged to a depth of several stories, with walkways between rusting skyscrapers now at the waterline
2 Yellow grass and dying lawns	7 Piles of poorly sealed waste containers	12 Cyber-vultures tearing at the remains of massive carcasses	17 Long abandoned roads, cracked and useless
3 Ruined concrete buildings reclaimed by nature	8 Huge swaths of clear- cut forests for housing that'll never be completed	13 Factory farms that produce less each year tended by increasing herds of robots	18 The decaying skeletons of space shuttle launch facilities
4 Miles of collapsed electrical poles and fallen wire running through a forest	9 Miles of hot metal in the sun, auto and aircraft sales lots	14 Vast slicks of garbage across the water	19 Fenced in nuclear wastes dumps stretching for hundreds of square miles
5 Yellow skies poisoned by smog	10 Unpredictable and deadly sink holes and sub-surface explosions	15 Partially submerged shipwrecks rusting away and impeding nagivation	20 Abandoned suburbs, lifeless since the residents fled to the mega-cities

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What Did This Ruin Used To Be? (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 An abandoned nuclear reactor still 'hot'	6 An abandoned slaughter house and cage-farm	11 A broken down, boarded up, and partially burnt convenience store	16 The remains of a fallen capitol starship or station, stretching for miles in all directions
2 A public laundromat now infested with dangerous xeno-fungi	7 A decommissioned Command military base filled with toxic waste left behind	12 A former prison or death camp, destroyed by heavy firepower and a prisoner rebellion	17 An abandoned and hazardous construction project behind collapsing fencing
3 Crumbling, cheaply built public housing that collapsed killing hundreds	8 A bankrupt sky-craft assembly line with most of the components stripped and sold for scrap	13 A minor emergency clinic that's been thoroughly looted of everything usable	18 A burnt out Command police station, now inhabited by squatters or protestors
4 An abandoned shopping mall with a pitiful few stores still hanging on	9 A space port with quake-shattered runways, infested by squatters	14 A failed business that's been five different bars or restaurants over the past few years	19 An abandoned mental asylum or hospital, inhabited by the homeless and desperate
5 A corporate skyscraper devastated by heavy shelling	10 An old, ugly modern mansion, now taken over by druggie cultists	15 The extremely dangerous remains of a collapsing orbital elevator	20 A run-down holo-theater with dozens of screens

What's In this Dr. Youp Vending Machine (roll d20 as many times as desired)			
1 An assortment of unhealthy snacks and soda	6 vacuum packed sweets that have a 50/50 chance of giving you massive diarrhea	11 cheap mechanical or electronic repair kits which last for 1-4 uses before falling apart	16 bootleg holo-vids and music, of dubious quality
2 Premium, gourmet sandwiches with super fresh ingredients	7 mood stabilizers, anti-depressants and other mind-meds	12 inflatable bean bag furniture and air mattresses	17 'ninja' weapons of crappy quality, and some decent daggers and basic blasters
3 Cheap-o die-cast metal space ships for the kiddies	8 all the supplies you need to smoke Glow without actually selling Glow	13 disposable plates, cups and cutlery	18 t-shirts, flight suits, underwear and socks
4 Condoms, dental dams and morning after pills rated for most galactic species	9 anal beads and vibrating butt-plugs, plus lube in various flavors	14 blank data-chips and storage media	19 some *+1 spacers blasters* with really tacky deco
5 travel sized toiletries	10 energy clips for standard sidearms	15 cheap-ass fake jewelry and bling	20 repair manuals for common starship types

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resturants all the power they could ever need. The restruant facility itself is built only on the dorsal surface of the landing pad: the ventral surface is given over to storage, engineering and a cheap 'down-below' coffin hotel where tired spacers can catch a night's sleep for only a few credits.

Inside, the food's standard-issue prepack, but there's decent booze in bottles. No taps. Drugs are supposedly prohibited, but nobody cares much if somebody lights up a Glow joint in a back booth and smokes discretely. Anthing harder, though, and the bouncer combat droid might make a stop by your table and tell you to take it outside.

The food is exactly the same no matter where you go, because Landing Pad uses "Mabel" Series Synth line cooks. Every Mabel is hard-wired for the exact same tired, world-weary but maternal personality, and they trade and synch data among Synths of the series, so no matter which restaurant you visit, that Mabel Instance will greet you by name and ask if you want the usual. Mabel Synths are LN female Synth Expert 2, with built in ansible communication links and a low-grade hive mind to keep them consistent. The rest of the staff are a motley assortment of Free Spacers, Basic-compatible aliens, and the occasional Synth or Bulk. None of 'em are exactly ambitious or hard-working, but most are smarter and more dangerous than they look.

The Landing Pad chain is owned by ***Gloria Van Buren*** (LE female elderly Human Telepath 10), who looks exactly like the Mabel Series and was the model for their line. Gloria Van Buren acts like everybody's favorite grandma, but she's one of the most ruthless oligarchs in the Corporate Command. She maintains a home and office on Benediction, and is President Plantaganet's "Director of Economic Security" and a hard-core union buster. Her advice to the President: scoop out all the workers' frontal lobes, replace them with expert systems and watch the economy sky rocket. Gloria despises humanity, despises sentience itself, honestly, but she loathes herself a little bit less than she does everyone else. She is a recluse, communicating with the outside world only through Synth intermediaries. She dreams of a future where the galaxy is populated exclusively by her Mabels.

King in Yellow

The King in Yellow makes top notch flame-grilled protein burgers and synth-milk shakes. The fast food chain has one of the most famous mascots in known space: the eerily smirking "King Goldie", a jolly, fancifully mustached king in golden robes and brocade. In the holo-commercials, jolly King Goldie appears silently behind an unsuspecting diner, capering and pantomiming as they chow down on a great hamburger. A little creepier than intended, maybe, but memorable, and the food is certainly decent.

King in Yellow is headquartered on ***Benediction***, in the ultra-fashionable *Castigane Square* district, where only top tier, highly respectable mega-corps are allowed to rent office space. King in Yellow LLC is one of the most patriotic companies in Command Space, donating a good chunk of the Command's military operating budget in veteran's care and support-the-troops initiatives. Almost every wounded, cyber-scarred ex-soldier receiving care through the Command's over-stressed bureaucratic nightmare of a VA, owes their (meager) treatment to King in Yellow LLC grants. Many of the counter-jockeys, sullen and sweating in piss-yellow polo shirts, are disabled vets.

Daniel Alar (CE male Human Witch 13) grew the King in Yellow from a single local restaurant into a pan-galactic chain, using ruthless aquisitory tactics and crushing both workers, investors and rival restaurant chains under foot. Through Alar's business acumen and exacting occult rites, carried out over decades, the King in Yellow it has incarnated as a ***Sentient Megacorp*** (SS), answerable only to Alar's will. While the King in Yellow serves Alar, both the Megacorp and the mad CEO himself serve darker, more ancient powers. Something slumbers in the heart of the ***Prison Zone***, the eldest prisoner, and Alar's greed has written a sigil across the galaxy, a summoning glyph that will eventually free this primal thing.

Filet of Soul

The Filet of Soul chain is a popular Afro-Futurist sea and soul food chain. The chain can be found aboard virtually every Afro-Futurist world and station. Pale spacers and Basics can get a meal, but don't expect cheerful service unless the staff knows you and you're generous with a tip. Food's good, with ribs, steak, burgers, dogs, fried chicken garlanding a menu otherwise very heavy on seafood from extra-solar oceans. There's usually live jazz or funk on Friday and Saturday nights.

What most spacers don't know is that every Filet of Soul storefront is a tesseract maze of secret passages, sliding panels, modular and reconfigurable rooms and trapped booths that can dump an unwanted interloper into a high security cell in seconds. Most Filet of Soul restaurants are linked by secretive, long-distance stepping booths specifically coded to the Afro-Futurist genome. Connected spacers might call in a favor to jump world-to-world by stepping into a Filet storeroom and halfway across the galaxy. This secret warp-tunnel network makes the Filet of Soul a hub for smuggling and surreptitious movement.

Those who know about the Filet of Soul warp-tunnels think it's just about smuggling and keeping one step ahead of the Command pigs. They don't realize that the Filet's real owner has much darker ambitions than sneaking *sniff* and blasters past planetary security networks. ***Samedi Koto*** (NE male Afro-Futurist Cleric of the Pentafex Megulus 14) leads a dangerous cult dedicated to the eternal rot. The senior staff are all trusted and fanatical cultists; low level Filet employees may have no idea who they are truly serving. Samedi Koto has worshipped the rot since he was lost in an unmapped cavern as a child. The rot entered him, gave him intelligence and unbreakable will, but turned the scared little boy into a sociopathic extension of the rot's will.

Koto makes his home on New Kingston. His palatial mansion is built around the dark, forgotten cavern when he almost died, forty years ago. The cavern's mouth yawns in the grand entry way, descending deep into the earth and filling the rarified air with the earthy scent of mud and decay. Koto has expanded the natural cavern system into a grand tabernacle to the Pentafex Megulus' glory more than a mile deep. Slick and mossy, this surreal cathedral is lit by bio-luminescent fungi and methane fox-fires. The cult leader spends much of his life here, communing with his fungal deity and performing the foul, orgiastic rites of the cult. Though not a Lifespawn himself, Koto has recruited many powerful and highly evolved ***Nemesis Lifespawn*** into his cult.

Boba's Pott

Thirty or forty years back, ***Jaing Boba*** (NE male Locke Inquisitor 10) was the deadliest bounty hunter in known space. Legendary for always capturing the target, whether alive or dead, no matter the obstacles. Boba usually had to be cautioned not to disintegrate the target, but other than that he was the perfect hunter. Absolute, stone-cold badass wearing the coolest battle armor ever seen.

A close call that Boba still doesn't like to talk about saw him hang up his blasters and iconic battle helmet and choose a safer line of work. Jaing Boba parleyed his fame, and the coincidence of having the perfect name into fame as a bubble tea entrepreneur. The first Boba's Pott location opened aboard New Singapore, and within a decade, he'd opened franchises across civilized space. Today, aficionados of high end bubble tea, coffee and lattes can enjoy their 5-7 gp drinks in a relaxed atmosphere, sipping from disposable mugs designed after Jiang Boba's iconic battle helmet.

Today, the retired hunter and coffee-shop CEO resides in the prestigious ***Paradise Array.*** Paranoid

of old enemies coming call, he maintains at least four different asteroid mansions and migrates between them randomly. The old bounty hunter keeps up his weapons and self-defense training and is accompanied by a cadre of very well paid heavy cyborg bodyguards. He enjoys the life of a wealthy entrepreneur, attending premiers and mingling with old money. Jiang Boba is a fixture of the Command's celebrity scene. He's currently bedding a pretty 19 year old trophy wife, after high profile divorces from his prior three.

What Boba doesn't know is his pretty 19 year old bride is really a 14 year old sociopath, the highly skilled infiltrator ***Tara Hammer*** (CE female Human Kineticist 3). She was hired and trained by the ***Taine Tea Company***, a very old, very sociopathic mega-corp which wants to buy out Boba's Pott. When Boba refused to sell his highly profitable and exponentially growing business the Taine board of directors got nasty. They installed Tara as a honey pot. While Boba dotes on his young wife, he has no idea how young (nor how dangerous) she really is. Sooner or later, Tara wil show up in a Command police station, covered in bruises, crying crocodile tears, and reveal her real age.

Home-Go Suicide Booths

Home-Go is the largest provider of bespoke euthanasia in the known galaxy. The wealthy can enjoy Home-Go Deluxe services – a painless, psychoactive neurotoxin administered by attractive attendants in a relaxed atmosphere. The chemicals are guaranteed to send you on a mind-expanding trip of indescribable beauty before they stroke you out! Deluxe service begins at 499 credits and up!

Home-Go Deluxe franchises are only found in the wealthiest neighborhoods, and on Corporate Command worlds, they offer an optional ICG indulgence package (totaling 999 credits) which guarantees your place in White Christian Heaven despite your sin of suicide.

Less affluent suicides can make do with the 'Home-Go Stop N' Drop' suicide booth. Resembling an energy shielded self-sterilizing outhouse or phone booth, you simply slide your ID card, pay a 1 credit surcharge and choose your means of demise. A few seconds later, your corpse and any possessions are disposed of neatly, the booth is sterilized and resets itself for the next customer.

Home-Go Suicide Booths is operated by uber-conservative ***General Dekker Potash*** (NE male TV Head Fighter 14). The career militarist now serves as secretary of Veteran's Affairs in the Plantaganet Administration, and ensures there are government subsidized Stop N' Drops at every VA facility in Command Space. Veterans can use these suicide booths free of charge and the last thing they see is a cheerful pop-up image that squeals "Thank you for your service."

Game Rule Information

In game terms, once you activate a Stop N' Drop Suicide booth, the device inflicts 10d6 of your chosen damage type per round for five rounds at Initiative Count 0. The automated doors have Disable Device DC 20, Hardness 5 and 20 HP.

Customers can choose from Acid, Cold, Electricity and Fire damage; Pleasure is also available but it costs 10 credits! Real masochists can pick either Slashing, Piercing or Bludgeoning (the slow n' agonizing options). You can choose random mode, in which case the device randomly picks a different damage type each round.

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The doors automatically open after five rounds, and the device is ready for the next customer.

Milk Plus

Milk Plus fetish bars are found on a lot of the raunchier planets and stations. Decorated in mod white and pink, glamorous in-house prostitutes and contracted Ero-bots dance and shimmy on zero-g stripper poles. There's big pink bean bags bathed in hot magenta neon radiance that prevents STD transmission and unplanned pregnancy, set into egg-shaped make-out alcoves. Every drink in the bar is some imaginative highball, served with a milk base, laced with a bewildering variety of drugs.

Milk Plus only operates where the hardest of the hardcore drugs are legal. They don't bother with operating under the table – there's enough profit to be had on unregulated, libertarian worlds. As a result, Milk Plus joints are a Free Space institution.

The chain's galaxy-famous ***Milky Mamas (***and even a few ***Milky Men)*** are genetically engineered, super-curvaceous bartenders and prostitutes. Their attractively plump bodies conceal vast body fat reserves, and they mainline high-calorie, water-rich supplements, allowing them to lactate near continuously, gallons at a time. Nothing is fresher than milk produced in-house, and 46th Century gene-sci means it's cheaper to upgrade the bartender than tend a herd of milk cows. Sucking milk direct from the tit, or fucking one of the Milky Mamas are both on the menu, but a lot more expensive than a romp with one of the pros.

The first Milk Plus was opened on New Singapore thirty years ago, and that bar's still operating. It's a landmark for stoners and heads. ***Shun-wei Palestine*** (NE male Free Spacer Witch 11) traveled the galaxy, blowing open his mind with every drug known to man or alien, getting stranger, richer and more selfish by the dose. After taking a hero dose of Old Earth DMT, Shun-Wei Palestine hit on the idea of creating Milk Plus as a temple to excess and dope. His brainstorm made him rich.

He lives a life of indolence now, his old vision quest abandoned in favor of sybaritic pleasure. Between month-long drug benders, Shun-Wei engages in a one-sided rivalry with fellow New Singaporan billionaire, ***Orbot Hauk.*** Palestine hates Hauk with a passion and has sent assassins against Hauk at least twenty times over the years. Hauk has barely noticed, and probably wouldn't even know Palestine's name, if asked. Palestine is devoting all his not-inconsiderable resources to spoiling Hauk's latest scheme: the ***IXI Galaxy Legion***, by any means necessary.

Other Restaurant Chains

There's a lot of places to wolf down chow in the galaxy and these joints can be found in most ports of call.

Better Days - a dimly lit pizza joint with a faux-classy atmosphere. The Proximite owners use memory manipulation technology to instill deep nostalgia and false memories of childhood visits to a Better Days franchise.

Blue Knight Bar & Grill – these dim, wood paneled bars are only to open Command cops, mercs and active duty military. Strong drinks, good steaks, and a shielded place to discuss dirty dealing and evidence planting.

Carbo Load – sweets, pancakes, waffles and breakfast goodies. Always understaffed, but the food's addictive, especially when you're stoned off your ass at 0300.

Dino-Queen – burgers, chicken fried steak and chili cheese dogs, all made from mass-cloned dinosaur meat. The walls are sheathed in colorful dino-leather, and massive fangs flank the cash register.

Full House – buffet-style, traditional All American cuisine, though the recipies have gotten a little warped over the centuries. Popular with the worst citizens of the Corporate Command, uber-conservative owners.

Kattle Drive Steak House – all you can eat steaks, some of which are actually beef. The place is paneled in faux wood and has a Wild West theme. Sethzinians love the chain, because Kattle Drive sells 'long-pork' steaks. (Cannibal cuisine is required to be clearly marked with a humanoid pictogram at the buffet line.)

Magini's – a pizza joint which sells beer and wine. Every table has a holo-arcade game built in, and a lot of locations have a full scale arcade in the back.

Mighty Juicy – a forgotten 21st Century brand, resurrected for the 46th. Serves smoothies, fresh juice, fro-yo and other nutritious snacks. A minor Hauk Heavy Industries concern, the resturants are now branded with colorful images of the Galaxy Legion's celebrity, superhot superheroes.

Pink Puffer – sexy sushi and sea-food joint where the attractive, big-titted waitresses wear tiny string bikinis and mermaid costumes. The VIP section serves food on little floating tables above individual jacuzzi tubs.

Soul Power – this Afro-Futurist joint specializes in traditional Soul food, BBQ, fried chicken and all the sides. Everybody is welcome, but don't start trouble. Donates a decent percentage of its profits to community charities. Intense rival with *Filet of Soul*, always comes in second, but the folks are a lot nicer.

Swipe's – a quick sandwhich joint with an insanely complicated menu with a ton of options. Usually, there's only Synths and Star Droids behind the counter.

Uncle Cosmic's – a cheap take-out pizza chain owned by ***Dr. Youp.*** Their mascot is a fat lizard in a space suit with Italian flag colors. Most places have a few arcade games to play while you wait.

Wedgie's – burgers, waffle fries and hotdogs, served fast, and with a 50/50 chance your order's correct. Their neon Golden W logo is everywhere.

Dr. Youp's Dispensers

Dr. Youp is the first name in coin-operated vending machines. You can find anything in a Dr. Youp's machine. These bulkhead mounted vend-a-trons sell everything from snacks and sodas to xeno-rated condoms, porn mags, single use undies and cut-rate birth control drugs. Some places, the vend-a-trons are automated, mobile droids that prowl crowded streets actively looking for customers. Every Dr. Youp product has a cartoon frog-guy on the wrapper.

In addition to smaller, consumer-focused products sold in the vending machines, Dr. Youp produces larger, more durable goods for sale at Galacti-Mart and other outlets. Everything from furniture to warp drives are sold under the Dr. Youp branding – cheap and readily available, but always a second or third best option.

Pigeon Coop Fly-Thru

Pigeon Coop Fly-Thru are free floating orbital stations only seen in ***Free Space***. They're usually within a few minute's flight time of a larger station, like Conquest or New Singapore. The buildings are eye-catching but ugly. They are a staple-shaped docking ring capable of accommodating up to a Large starship, though especially busy franchises might have multiple docking rings set up side by side to accommodate multiple ships at the same time. Pigeon Coop stations are painted in bright red and yellow hazard striping; the inner hull of the docking rings are padded with thick Kevlar and rubber safety barriers, to prevent the Pigeon Coop itself from getting wrecked every time a stoned spacer scrapes their hull against it. Holo-adverts depict the froggy Dr. Youp chasing pigeons, lighting up a fat joint, or getting head from a pro.

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Pigeon Coops are fly-through drug dispensaries. Fly up, place your order and transmit your credits, and an EVA-suited worker will bring your Glow or your sniff right into your cargo hold. You can also get an automated starship wash and wax, fuel up or top up your O2 or water tanks. The Pigeon Coop even sells the same kind of crap you'd find at any other convenience store, albeit at a 200% mark up. Convenience costs, dude.

Pigeon Coops are extremely tempting targets for desperate addicts, so they're equally well fortified. These unassuming space stations can fold out point defense missile launchers, rapid-fire torpedo batteries and long-range rail guns. Armor clicks and locks into place, and the local head-shop turns into a pretty fuckin' formidable battle station, in less than six seconds. The staff will put up with drunks flying into the safety bulk-heads, or with attitude, but if you try stealing, the min-wage register jock-eys inside can and will blow your ass out of the sky. (It's the high point of their work week.)

Galacti-Mart

Galacti-Mart is the unholy corporate offspring of ***Dr. Youp's*** mercantile empire and a particularly wealthy subset of ***Treant's Heinlein*** clan. These big box retailers are found on almost every civilized world in known space, hundreds per continent, and aboard most stations. A few lonely G-M franchises are even found as independent stations in their own right, a lonely cube of high volume retail beneath pressurized ferro-concrete surrounded by a complex three-dimensional snow-flake of docking systems.

You can find everything at G-M, from underwear to blaster charge-cells. From self-assembling cheap furniture up to new fusion batteries for your star-cruiser. From toilet paper and DNA-specific dog food to movie-disks. G-M doesn't actually sell Glow or hard dope, not out of moral reservation, but because ***CEO Calvin Dill Heinlein*** (LE male Free Spacer Vitalist 5/ Dedicated 10) refuses to compromise his clan's profits in other areas. Galacti-Mart does a brisk trade in Glow-related products: the UV grow-lamps for Zix colonies, a wide selection of pipes and bongs, stoner-friendly t-shirts and sweat pants, even high sugar pre-pack snackage, perfect for when you got the munchies.

Galacti-Mart is a spider in the web of galactic commerce. Half the independent star-freighters in the galaxy are hauling goods bound for G-M shelves. Company owned starships are heavily armed and travel in convoys, making themselves as unattractive a prospect for pirates as possible. Like everything else about the mega-corp, from the uniforms to the shelving, G-M cargo ships are dressed in iconic silver, yellow and sky blue livery.

Galacti-Mart is headquartered on ***Benediction***, like all top-tier mega-corps, but Calvin Dill Heinlein and his immediate family live in an eco-sealed, high security bunker on Treant. The Dill Heinleins are reclusive in the extreme, paranoid because of their vast wealth and lengthy collection of enemies. The Dill Heinleins never leave their compound, nor do their specially bred, genetically engineered, almost human servants/sex pets. Calvin Dill Heinlein himself rules the clan as an incestuous patriarch, breeding his daughters and arranging marriages between his more ruthless, capable sons and his prettiest daughters. He considers himself an amateur eugenicist, inbreeding his grandchildren for highly specialized traits. Ancient Psyren artifacts woven into the compound allow multiple rooms of the mansion to flow at different temporal rates. Some of Heinlein's bloodlines have been evolving for millions of years of sim-time, and though they are barely recognizable as *homo sapiens,* they are still psychotically loyal to their Heinlein heritage.

I'd Buy That For A Dollar!

IBTFD is the lowest of the low bottom discount stores in the galaxy. Everything in the joint is just one credit! IBTFD imports low grade knock offs of better products and factory irregular glitch-runs. For some things, like bathroom cleaner or dishsoap, you can cut corners safely. The frozen steaks will keep you fed, but…eh, it's a buck. For other things, don't skimp. Nobody but the biggest morons of the galaxy buys space suit air recycler filters from IBTFD.

IBTFD is a subsidiary of Galacti-Mart, though both companies are careful that this fact doesn't become public knowledge. IBTFD's show-CEO is a washed up former stand-up comedian named ***Easy Vederhoven*** (CN Human male Bard 4), a bespeckled goon that made his comedic catch-phrase into the company's name. Aside from the cheapness of its necessities, IBTFD uses its CEO's stage presence to attract customers. Easy Vederhoven shows up at random stores, and goofs with customers. In-store contests and random giveaways are dream lotteries for the ultra-poor. Anybody can win. Most people win something every second or third visit, though the prizes are usually something like a few free sodas or rolls of duct tape. Every few weeks somebody wins some real money, and their beaming faces are blasted across the galaxy, holding up a huge game-show check while parroting the company slogan: "I'd buy that for a dollar!"

Strip Mall Future

No matter where you go in the galaxy, you see the same kind of faces and places. Everything's close to a grimy, run-down strip mall where you can buy crap you don't need out a storefront that's dirty glass, flickering neon and bright new graffiti.

Pentamaxx

Pentamaxx is a diversified megacorp that's the first name in for-profit incarceration, and has recently branched out into health care, workplace efficiency consulting and early childhood education. Warehousing and controlling the powerless for the benefit of the Corporation Command's economy. The only difference is the color of the dura-paint on the walls and the lethality level of combat gear carried by the Pentamaxx staffer.

Pentamaxx correctional facilities can be found on most Command worlds, and the company maintains contracts with many independent worlds. Even in freedom-loving Free Space, notorious outlaws might do time in a Pentamaxx joint. Kids do their own time. In addition to Pentamaxx' line of juvenile facilities, they also run minimum-security orphanariums, including one of the galaxy's largest foundling homes somewhere in the bowels of the mega-city, ***Trump***.

Pentamaxx facilities are spartan and hyper-efficient. Every cost-saving measure imaginable is put into practice, though Pentamaxx does reward good behavior with minor perks and luxuries, as a tactic to maintain order. Pentamaxx jails use standardized, pre-fab floor plans in all their facilities. While this makes training easier, and simplifies logistics, veteran convicts quickly learn the prison's secrets. This standardized design means that all Pentamaxx prisons have identical blindspots and weaknesses. The corporation reinforces and surveils what it can, but the well-paid guards and associated mecha can't be everywhere.

Pentamaxx has been in business since the Second Coming. Their first prisons were extermination camps for Anthro prisoners of war, though modern corporate brochures tactfully gloss over that fact. The current Pentamaxx CEO is ***Hardyn Mather*** (LE male Human Fighter 13), a 30-year

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D10	You Want a Clean Business?	You Want a Dirty Business?	Who's Running the Joint?	What's Wrong With This Picture?
1 V	Holo-tape and data-crystal rental store	Low-rent head shop	Some comically humorless Afro-Futurists	The regular customers are a bunch of scumbags that make life miserable for everybody
2	Barbershop or beauty parlor	Adult holo-tapes, sex toys and adult lingerie	Chainsmoking TV Head sleeze balls everybody thinks are pedophiles	The front façade has been boarded up ever since a drunk rammed a hover car through the glass
3	Greasy fast food	Dive bar where somebody gets stabbed at least once a week	A grizzled Free Spacer grounded from flight and doing as little as possible to earn his pay	***Scav-Worlder*** street gangers have claimed the shop as their squat
4	Coin-op Laundromat	Strip club employing non-union dancers	The loser adult child of a Command CEO who only has a job because their parent bought this pisshole for them to run	Nothing works. Electrical, water, wireless, it all functions intermittently, if at all.
5	Bodega behind bullet and laser proof shielding	Storefront ICG church run by an obvious con man/cult leader	Some Americum racists with a sign over the cash register "Welcome to Human Space, now speak English"	Their abyssal quality and cleanliness has gotten dozens of customers sick or killed.
6	Drycleaning and spacesuit repair/ recharge	Music shop for stoner musicians with Musical Weapons on sale behind the counter	Douchebag retired cop who is still a bigoted bully	Place launders money for the Space Mafia and doesn't do any real business
7	Pre-paid, no contract communicatons	Donate plasma for cash; sell unwanted organs for even more cash!	Lovable, hardworking mom & pop operation that always gets screwed	Surprisingly nothing.
8	Skeevy karate dojo	Bail bonds and armory for low-tier bounty hunters	Sexy punk rock goddess	The business is in foreclosure and about to go under.
9	1-Credit Discount Store	Tattoo parlor	It's been owned by four different people in the last six months	A ***Xenogaunt*** hive is establishing itself beneath the store
10	Religious candles, herbs, crystals and ritual new age crap	Massage spa (happy endings cost extra)	The tip of the tendril of some galactic mega-corp	A mag-lev ternimanl above makes everything shake everytime a train rumbles past

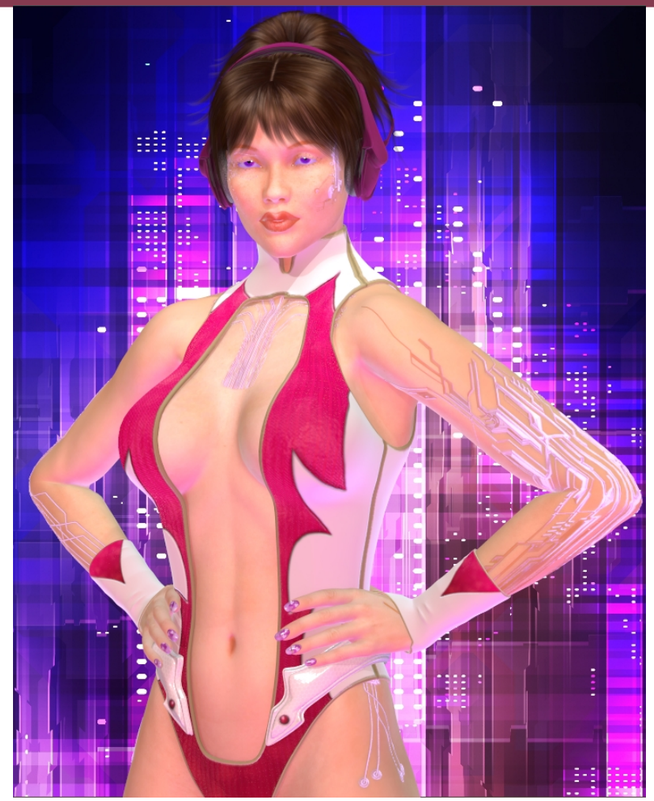
eteran of the Command Ground Infantry, who retired a general. Mather worked his way up the chain, beginning as a warden at a Martian penal colony. Mather impressed the right people with solid performance, more reliable and predictable than a Synth. His performance has placed him into consideration for the Command's SECDEF position, which certainly is a career capstone and vast power. Of course, Mather is privy to the Command's plans for war with ***Starburn,*** and Pentamaxx is already building specialized facilities for the indefinite imprisonment of ultra-strong ***Leather Clone*** POWS. Mather knows the next few years will see Pentamaxx' stock double, at a minimum and his desire for power is checked only by his lust for wealth.

The Prostitute's Employment Guild (PEG)

Almost every free sex worker in the known galaxy, from chickenheads in the slums of Old Earth, to the most glamorous Erobot courtesans, Outlaw Sex Station 09 porno-sluts, and everything between is a proud member of PEG. The recruiting pamphlets proudly ask new prostitutes to sign up and GET PEGGED! Most do.

The PEG is a mutual aid and self-defense force for prostitutes across the galaxy. Union dues are based on the member's income, not a set rate. For their credits, PEG members gain access to free medical care, including comprehensive gyno-med care and STD treatment, lawyers on retainer if they're arrested on a world where sex work isn't legal and physical protection. Really fucking well-armed physical protection.

The PEG membership badge is a high tech, wrist-computer in the union's iconic magenta and hot pink colors. In addition to doing all the expected duties of a low-end palmtop computer, the communicator is equipped with a panic button hooked to an ansible communications spine. If your life, or the life of a fellow PEGGED hooker is in danger, hit the button. PEG-contracted mercenaries will be en route immediately, ready to defend you from your attacker, whether that be a john that likes beating women or a full Command SWAT team. Doesn't matter. You pay your dues, you get PEG's protection. No questions asked.



The PEG is headquartered in an impressive and iconic space station on the borders of the ***Merc Territories***. The station is shaped rather like a butt plug, streaked in hot pink and magenta vertical stripes. The flared 'base' of the butt plug-shaped station is a docking ring, brightly colored, and capable of handling dozens of small starships simultaneously. Inside the PEG station contains offices, armories and military staging areas, medical bays and coffin hotel hostels that visiting PEG members can use free of charge. Vast temples to ***Shahteya*** dominate entire levels and smaller shrines to the Goddess of Prostitutes are found in virtually every disused corner or empty supply closet. The worship of Shahteya permeates the station, and informs its free love culture.

PEG security services include a variety of contracted mercenaries and freelancers, all chosen for character as well as lethality. The PEG demands its mercs use minimal force on any protection mission, and documented abuse of a prostitute or any other sex partner is grounds for termination.

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Abusive mercs are never offered a PEG contract, and the PEG does better vetting of its troops than the Command. The security services are commanded by ***Boris VNS-202*** (LG male Leather Clone Magus 10), who transitioned out of the sex work that his clade had practiced for sixteen clone-generations in favor of protecting less combat-adept sex workers. Boris VNS-202 will likely be the next Guild President, as his leadership during the Ender Crisis is impressing a lot of the right people.

Hospital Sixty-Nine

The 69th Occupied Level of the PEG station was the greatest temple of Shahteya on station for centuries, celebrating a number sacred to the Goddess. This massive and overly ornate temple space was converted into a sterile medical research facility recently, as the Ender Crisis worsens. Epidemiologists and geneticists working to crack the Ender Virus' genome are stationed at the newly christened Hospital Sixty-Nine. They work under the direction of ***Silver Starling*** (LG female Noble Succubus Cleric of Shahteya 18), one of the eldest of her race. Silver Starling recalls millions of years of experience, and of medical training. She is utterly committed to saving lives, and equally committed to pacifism. She will not perform any act of violence, or in support of violence, despite her raw, star-born personal power.

Silver Starling recalls something similar to the Ender long eons ago, but cannot recall the details. She seeks some of her ancient *memory stores,* liquid-data backups of her thoughts kept on multiple worlds. She keeps her most comprehensive storage backup on ***Shant***, where it is consulted by ***Knowledge Ticks***, evolved in symbiosis with the self-replicating liquid-based data medium.

The Intimate Xenorelations Insititute (IXI)

The IXI is an organization dedicated to peaceful relations between species, exemplified by interspecies sex. Founded on ***Pacifica***, this organization has spread across the stars. There's an IXI office on most worlds and stations, which acts as a combination embassy, hostel and free clinic. IXI provides free or low cost medical care to pretty much every intelligent species in the galaxy, with an emphasis on sexual and reproductive health. Their volunteer staffers can also provide the tips and tricks of safely engaging in xeno-sex. They're good at figuring out issues like PH balance, atmospheric and pressure tolerances and the mechanics of how the parts all fit together.

The IXI emphasizes a simple philosophy: potential sexual partners must be capable of consent, capable of communicating that consent somehow, and of breeding age as measured by their species standards. Meet those baseline requirements, and anything goes. Infinite diversity in infinite combinations. Boom.

The IXI logo is a rainbow caduceus. The rainbow's coloration can vary to take account non-human visual spectrums, and variant symbols use Braille, scent cues, and telepathic data tags to accommodate xenos with vastly different sensorium. Need help on a strange station or distant alien world, look for the rainbow caduceus. The IXI tends to be underfunded, so help might be limited to basic first aid, a few safer sex holo-pamphlets, a protein bar and some good advice, but you can always find some kind of assistance and maybe even a little bit of compassion. These days most of the IXI's operating budget goes into research working towards a cure for the ***Ender***, or doing whatever they can to keep sufferers alive a few days longer.

There's IXI clinics available throughout the galaxy. There's dozens of clinics of varying sizes and levels of service aboard ***New Singapore, The Black Castro, Black Smith Station, Medicoake***, and other major stations. ***Conquest Station*** considers the IXI unbelievably decadent and culturally corruptive, and forbids them berthing, but there's underground IXI volunteers ready to help if you can find them. ***Old Earth*** depends on the IXI to keep the working poor trapped in the Trump Mega-City alive, and there's a huge IXI presence throughout Free Space and the Fringe. The ***Fertile Zone's*** IXI clinics are particularly impressive, as even the most modest are decorated as sacred temples to ***Shahteya*** rather than the drab, utilitarian facilities common throughout the rest of known space.

The IXI Galaxy Legion

The Galaxy Legion is a long-term, utopian experiment funded by the IXI in conjunction with an eccentric, super-rich financier aboard ***New Singapore***. The goal is to bring hope, unity and optimism back to a galaxy sorely missing all of that good shit. Basically, take bright, courageous college kids from every species in the galaxy, train and equip them, and market them as colorful superhero-activists. Teach the kids crisis de-escalation, deep space rescue and salvage, diplomacy, martial arts, space combat, not to mention the intricacies of xeno-sex so love is another weapon in their well-stocked arsenal.

The Galaxy Legion is a well-equipped super-sentai strike force operating out of their benefactor's palatial New Singapore mansion. ***Orbot Hauk*** (LN venerable male Free Spacer Smart 10/Techie 6) made an impressive fortune in heavy machinery, industrial mecha design and ring-world architecture. His latest trophy bride, the vivacious ***Sundolphin Hauk*** (use the Adorable Avenger stat-block), convinced the old man to do something better than with his money than just let it collect interest. He funds the Galaxy Legion, but Sundolphin is its guiding hand. Sundolphin doesn't realize that her elderly husband's complaining about the cost of the project is just for show: Orbot knows he's dying and wants to make Sundolphin happy as he can before he goes.

The Galaxy Legion 'action team' make wide use of the character options found in ***Sentai Strike,*** *(Otherverse Games, 2019).* The sentai's morphing token is a multi-functional ***Flight Ring*** *(EOTM)*

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that allows an instant change to a skin-tight and revealing but highly protective battle uniform. Prototype construction mecha from Hauk's industrial past have become the skeletons of revolutionary ***Mecha-Kaiju.*** These colorful battle mechs match their pilots color schemes and are proudly omni-combinational. Infinite diversity in infinite combinations is the team's watchword. Galaxy Legionnaires are encouraged to use unpredictable tactics, and never merge their MK in the same way twice.

Galaxy Legion Culture

The Galaxy Legion operates under a well-defined constitution with almost military rules of engagement. Legionaires are required to use minimum force in all situations, never escalate a fight nor make a preemptive strike. The Legion is an all-volunteer force, with Legionnaires serving a single four-year term. Casual hook-ups are expected and encouraged and Sundolphin encourages those Legionnaires that ready to do so to have kids of their own. Her dream for the Galaxy Legion is a generational one. She wants the current roster to keep the galaxy alive long enough for their grandkids and great grandkids to finally fix things – after all, those kids will literally have interspecies cooperation and trust bred into them.

Local Currency

The universal credit is accepted galaxy wide, but some worlds maintain their own local currencies. Supposedly it's to preserve unique planetary cultures, but every spacer knows it's just an excuse for the local bankers to squeeze a little more out of them via conversion fee. Some of the most interesting variant currencies include:

Blood Rubies

Blood Rubies are used on ***Blackulon*** and other undead-controlled planets. These tiny, gleaming red gems are produced via necro-tech, using humanoid blood drained from sacrifices as the base. Blood rubies have dangerously sharp facets – they seem to like slicing the fingers of their owners. Cosmic Satanist worlds sometimes use Blood Rubies, liking the aesthetic.

Dead Stick

A Dead Stick is a finger-length black cylinder with a convoluted texture. Universal credits are loaded onto a dead stick, and once loaded, cannot be returned to the galactic banking system. Dead sticks function as an anonymous means of transferring money, functioning much like a pre-paid debit card. Dead sticks are the preferred currency of drug dealers, arms merchants, slavers and other scumbags.

Memo

Memo is liquid memory, stored in a liquid yeast base. A small vial of Memo, about the size of a finger can be worth between 5-50 gp, depending on information density. Darker colored vials, with a more pungent aroma of hops, are more valuable. Drinking the Memo gives you a few seconds of somebody else's memory. Typically these memories are useless and trivial in the extreme: a memory of standing in line at a *Swipe's* sandwich shop, or rinsing dishes in somebody else's apartment. Memo is common on and around ***Shant***, as it is a derivative technology to the liquid libraries owned by the ***Knowledge Ticks.***

Stardus t

Stardust is literally the mildly radioactive seed-pollen of the stars themselves. Stardust is sold in radiation proofed baggies, like self-luminous cocaine. A single gram is worth around 50 gp. Spacers use stardust to make high dollar purchases.

For those with the Star Child racial trait, Stardust is a potent intoxicant. In addition to restoring 1d6+character level HP to the Star Child, the Stardust provides a +1 morale bonus on all attack rolls, skill checks and saving throws for the next 2d6 minutes. It's also a fucking stellar high. Literally.

Walking Around Money

Walking Around Money is a symbiotic species used as currency on many worlds. These tiny animals resemble large coins with a pair of legs and eyes on antenna. Walking around money stays near its owner, as long as they're fed table scraps and given a few ounces of water every day. The creature's size and coloration denotes value; truly wealthy individuals might be trailed by a long train of walking around money dogging their steps.

Youpie

The Youpie is a small coin with a lizard-green sheen and an image of the fat frog business magnate stamped on the front. Youpies are redeemable only at Dr. Youp shops and facilities, but they are worth about 120% of their universal credit equivalent there. Other companies have tried their hands at similar company scrip, but only Dr. Youp's has the financial power to make the scheme really work.

Doom Cults of the 46th Century!

It's a time of signs and portents. As galactic history ends, cults and monsters proliferate. Some of the most dangerous cults in known space have hives on myriad worlds. These insane malcontents can be statistically represented by any of the Cultist statblocks in either volume of ***Horrors of the Multiverse***, and are often lead or protected by powerful champions.

Some particularly notorious cults include:

The Children of New TV

A dangerous cult of thrill-killing ***Electrocutioners, Crime Wire*** devotees and insane, hacked TV Heads whose cranial displays play a non-stop loop of snuff films, the Children of the New TV are almost feral with their desire for violence. Constantly in search of new thrills, the Children of New TV go on rampages, slaughtering entire neighborhoods while live-streaming everything. The military is usually called in to deal with these murderous rampages, and the ICG uses the Children of New TV to demonize all new media and the young that consume it. They are common throughout the entire Human Diaspora.

The Cranksters

The Cranksters are a sick (but clever) bunch of ***Machine Cultists*** who are in constant competition with one another to cause the worst, bloodiest and most spectacular work place accidents. If they can bring down a skyscraper under construction and kill 500 workers, it's a good damn day for the Crankers. They're egged on by a sleezy morning DJ broadcasting out of ***Trump***, the Mega-City. Locals consider Crankers just another piece of local color, some much needed black humor in an otherwise joyless world.

The Double-Double Order of the Screaming Meat

A cannibal ***Beefboy Cult***, the DDOSM maintains freeholds throughout ***Free Space*** and the ***Vast Galactic Desert.*** Most of their holdings are illegal ranches. Some cattle and pork, but mostly long-pig; the children and grandchildren of unfortunately tasty humans kidnapped decades back and bred in captivity. Their human meat are little more than fear-maddened animals. Celebrity eaters and

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cannibal gourmands spread the DDOSM's dogma on the airwaves.

The Inheritors of Perfection

The Inheritors of Perfection are an exclusively Afro-Futurist ***Hedonist Cult***. Cruel, wealthy eugenicists, they are the pampered, sadistic children of the wealthiest and most successful members of the Afro-Futurist diaspora. They spend their days plotting to increase their wealth, buy superior alleles that put themselves ahead of their peers, and finding cunning new ways to execute the poor, the unfashionable and the genetically disadvantaged. The Inheritors of Perfection are more common than Afro-Futurist hubs like ***Medicoake*** or ***New Kingston*** would prefer to admit.

The Secret Mothers of the Ebon Mirror

The Secret Mothers lurk within pampered suburban colonies, and are a quiet, little talked-about plague throughout the First Wave Colonies and Sanctus Dei. Monied housewives lust for the orgasmic birth-death of gestating a Xenoguant to term. This wealthy and well-connected ***Xenos Cult*** has spread the alien infection to myriad Corporation Command worlds, and is always recruiting new young women with he promise of lethal, xeno-gasmic thrills.

The Sorority of Satan

The Sorority is a mixed ***Cosmic Satanist*** and ***Hedonist Cult***, open only to young women, a dark snake sliding through high schools, colleges and pleasure pits. The cult is selfish in the extreme, with members depending on the Sorority to push them up the social ladder, or take vengeance on rivals. While many Sorority cults have grander ambitions, most kill themselves due to infighting and treachery. There is a strong Sorority of Satan presence aboard ***Conquest Station***, railing ineffectually against Anthony Fleet's patriarchy.

The Two Faces of Violence

A dangerous ***Kaiju Cult***, the Two Faces are plentiful on ***Cobalt***. They mark costal settlements with pheromone bait, in hopes of luring the reawaking Kaiju of that watery world to plentiful human biomass. The Two Faces celebrate two-headed mutants: they breed ***Double-Striker*** monstrosities and Kaiju; *Ettins* serve as cult muscle. Many of the lay cultists are Doubleheader Mutants, and keep to the sewers and shadows. Only passably human cultists interact with the outside world, while the freaks remain beneath ground.

GETTING AROUND THE GALAXY: BEYOND STARSHIPS

Most adventurers travel the galaxy in whatever starship they can beg, borrow or steal. But starships aren't the only way to travel the stars. There's other methods, but….well…. there's a reason these transit methods aren't as common. However, for spacers who can't afford a ship, or who have been shot down far from the galactic trade lanes, these other methods can be a life saver.

The High Ferries

The High Ferries are an ancient fleet of cargo ferries the size of mid-sized states! These goliath cigar-shaped vessels have vast internal volume, and ultra-heavy duty FTL engines to push their enormous bulk through hyperspace. High Ferries fly regular routes between the planets of the Second Wave Colonies and Free Space. They're a vital resource for spacers whose personal vessels lack FTL drives of their own.

High Ferries remain in orbit over a world for 48-72 hours, giving potential passengers plenty of time to negotiate passage aboard the Ferry. Rates are based on the tonnage of the vessel to be ferried, ranging from a few hundred credits for a tiny, oxygenated but otherwise spartan cargo-box for a Tiny starfighter to huge sums to ferry a Colossal cargo liner.

- Tiny starships and smaller: 1d4x100 gp for a no-frills oxygenated box with no amenities, or 2-3 times that if you want access to communal showers and a hostel during the journey.
- Small, Medium and Large starships: resources equal to 1/4th the Starship's Tier, max Tier 3
- Huge starships: resources equal to 1/4th the Starship's Tier, no maximum Tier
- Gargantuan and Colossal starships: resources equal to 1/3 the Starship's Tier, no maximum Tier

Once inside, the starship is locked into position within the High Ferry. Tiny starfighters can turn off their lifesupport and conserve power, as the tiniest holds are oxygenated, but unless they pay a surcharge, pilots are stuck in their cockpit for the journey's duration. The pilots of larger ships usually have a little bit more freedom, as umbilicals allow them to exit their vessel and move around the High Ferry's common areas.

High Ferries have an effective Hyperdrive Rating 1. They're not fast, but they're reliable, and usually well-armed enough that only the best armed, most daring pirates ever try them. High Ferries are slow, they're boring, and they're usually pretty unpleasant, but they're CERTAIN. The Ferry will get you where you're going eventually. Routes are well known – most Ferries have been travelling to the same worlds and stations in a long, slow loop. Individual Ferries are the property of Free Spacer clans who've been running them as a family business for centuries.

Some of the most famous High Ferries include:

The Caribbean Gull

Dark blue hull with paler blue accents, lime green detailing around the command decks.
Traverses ***Free Space*** with regular stops at the major Afro-Futurist worlds and stations, including Black Smith Station, Medicoake, New Kingston and Zafir. One of the smaller (relatively) High Ferries, with most of the vessel's hold space dedicated to Medium and smaller vessels. Offers a slightly better class of accommodation for Tiny starfighter pilots, including some decent food at a nominal charge. The Caribbean Gull is a bit faster than the norm, sometimes reaching Drive Rating 1.5 under ideal conditions.

The Circus

Dull orange hull with dark blue bands encircling the prow. Badly maintained.
The Circus is falling apart, but it's probably got another 90 years of service before its massive FTL core finally breaks down. Or explodes. The Circus is unreliable, arrives late to most stops. Since it can't compete on reliability, the Circus installed bars, clubs and lux accommodations – all of which are cheaper and more profitable than a

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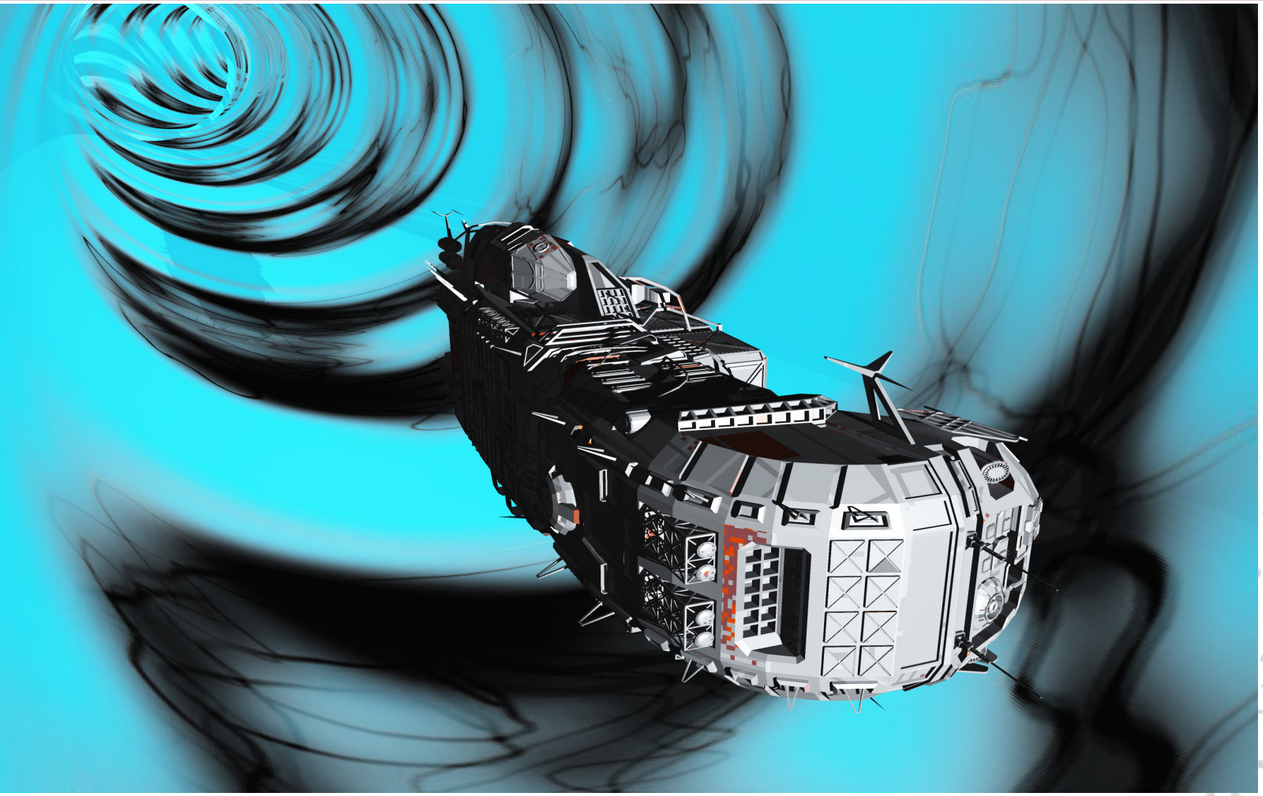

new FTL drive! The Circus is a flying party barge that makes stops at major tourist hot spots, including various sex worlds, Susalys, Cobalt, Pacifica, Verl Valley and the galactically famous Fuckalotta!

The Saint Patrick

Grass green hull; silver and gold bands encircling the prow.
Flies a regular route throughout the ***Fertile Zone***, most of the Saint Patrick is dedicated to ferrying non-FTL bulk cargo tankers space lifted by orbital elevators. Most of the cargo is agricultural, including bulk grains and staples, livestock, either in stasis or not, wines, cheeses and other luxury foods from Lifechain-rich ecologies. The St. Patrick is a good place to trade for fresh provisions. Most the cargo hauler captains have no problem with selling a little of their load off the top and putting money in their pocket. Considering most of these haulers mass out at 100K tons and up, a little minor pilferage is barely noticed.

The Silicon Shark

Gunmetal grey hull with golden detailing resembling stylized circuit diagrams across the hull.
Regular stops at worlds and stations with high-tech industry and infrastructure, including Bradbury, Tronis V, Round and Round, Piston, New Singapore and others. The Silicon Shark used to include Proxima Prime on its route, but the planet's generational civil war has made it too dangerous. The Silicon Shark hasn't returned to the Proxima system in several years, much to the crew's annoyance. Most of them are Proximite.

The Valley Forge

Black and slate grey hull, silver checks on the aft bridge.
Traverses the ***Steel Sector, Iron Belt Region*** and ***Merc Territories***. Makes regular stops to Technys, Iron Clad, the Quiniuq Grand Garden, New Singapore, Conquest Station, among others. The

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Valley Forge is the rebuilt carcass of a slain Battlechanger giant once known as *Load Titan,* crewed by a mixed crew of Free Spacers and Battlechangers. Flies under a neutral flag, and is extremely careful to avoid being sucked into the Technysian Civil War.

Space Taxis

Space Taxis cost a lot more than Space Ferries or a piss-wet seat aboard the Galactic Transit Viscera, but they get you where you're going a lot faster.

The countless local lines of the Taxi Guild are as omnipresent and well organized as the PEG, and serve just as many customers every day. Spherical Dispatch Stations – dull gunmetal wiffleballs floating in high orbit – are found in every major star-system and a lot of shitty little forgotten systems. Dispatch Stations are owned by the Taxi Guild, open to all Space Cabbies and private cars. The Dispatch Stations are rest, recharge and refueling stations, and as expected, equipped with top-notch communication systems. Dispatcher droids negotiate hires, book passages and assign individual pilots and their brightly painted Space Taxis to jobs.

Fees start out pretty nominal: a few hundred GP for intra-system flights or flights between neighboring systems. It's a few thousand GP between sectors. Crossing from one end of the galaxy to another might run into the six figures, but you find a driver willing to take you, and you're golden. It's a long haul, but most pilots will gladly jump at that rich a fare. You just better pay in full, and tip at least 25% or the Taxi Guild is gonna find a way to fuck your life up. And since these guys are everywhere, you'll never see it coming.

Most Space Taxi pilots are ***Space Truckers*** (HOTM1). Especially cynical, overly talkative and subtly emotionally manipulative ones.
There's a lot of different taxi companies, but it really doesn't matter to the customer which one they hire. The Taxi Guild keeps enough of a hand on the tiller to ensure that dealing with any licensed hack pilot is a pretty predicable experience.

The Taxi Guild isn't exactly an arm of the Space Mafia, but it's definitely Mafia adjacent. The guild pays a cut to the Mafia to lubricate some regula-

tory gears, and to ensure the pilots stay safe from organized operators. (They have enough trouble with tweakers and sniff-heads looking to strong arm them.) The organization is one big union, so there's plenty of no-show jobs, and the Guild pension fund is basically a no-interest loan to the Mafia when ever it wants. All in all, most of the pilots expect a little graft, especially if they know they can pick up some extra credits running dope and guns through the ***Hack Folds.*** Good payday, minimum risk, because most Corporation Command piggies are paid well enough to leave Guild ships alone.

No Go Zones

The Taxi Guild refuses to travel to some particularly nasty slices of galactic real estate. No hack pilot is stupid enough to get within 10 parsecs of the ***Prison Zone***. Space Taxis don't fly when the galactic 'weather' is at its worst in ***Starburn System***. There's no official service through the ***Vast Galactic Desert***, though maybe you can find a pilot to take an off the books mission for double or triple the standard fare. Obviously, the ***Black Box*** and ***Trench Space*** are off limits. You want to get in there without official permission? Hire a smuggler, not a hack.

Hack Folds

While Space Taxis are very fast little starships, sometimes passengers need to get where they're going faster than even a tuned hyperdrive can carry them. If the passenger is willing to add at least three zeroes to the fare, or knows a hack pilot who owes them a big favor, they might be able to access a network of spacefolds nestled within the heart of each Dispatch Station.

"Hack Folds" are stable, artificially generated wormholes which link far flung Dispatch Stations. The devices take hours to spin-up to full power and are extremely energy intensive, but fly through the yawning nuclear event horizon of the portal and you can cross parsecs in a fraction of a second. If you know the Hack Fold network, have the cash and the connections to gain access you can jaunt from Old Earth to the far edge of the Fringe in about a day of hard travel. Nothing's faster.

Space Taxi – Tier 4

Tiny Bubblecar
Speed 8 ***Maneuverability*** average (+1 pilot, turn 2)
AC 19 ***TL*** 17
HP 40 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 7
Attacks
forward: coilgun, long range, 4d4 damage damage
forward: decoy missile launcher, 30 hexes, tracking (12 hexes), no damage, limited fire (5)
turret: chain cannon, short range, 6d4 damage, Ripper
Power Core Pulse Black (120 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** 2
Systems T8 Thrusters, Basic Computers (analog), Mk 4 Armor, Mk 2 Defensive Countermeasures, Foxtrot Class Harrier Hyperdrive, Advanced Short Range Sensors, Biometric Locks, Heavy Anti-personnel Weapon (disintegrator rifle!)
Expansion Bays Passenger Compartment
Modifiers +2 Pilot, +4 Computer Use, ***Complement*** 1 pilot; up to 20 passengers

Special
The Space Taxi's analog computers are immune to the effects of EMP Weapons and cannot be hacked.

Harrier Hyperdrive
The Space Taxi can enter or exit hyperspace while its conventional thrusters are active and does not need to remain stationary to enter hyperspace.

Decoy Missiles
Decoy Missiles can be fired as a free action during the Piloting phase as well as during the Gunnery phase. Select a hex within 30 hexes of your starship. The Decoy Missile takes a meandering course to that hex, turning in a random direction every four hexes traveled. The Decoy Missile travels for up to 3 rounds or until destroyed.

Any Tracking weapon that passes within 6 hexes of a Decoy Missile must make an attack roll against its intended target TL +5 to continue on course to target. Failure indicates it tracks to the Decoy Missile instead and is destroyed.

Crew
Computers +4, Gunnery +6, Piloting +10 (5 ranks)

Instantly recognizable by their fading yellow hull livery and the bright, bold company checkerboard patterns on their control surfaces, these blocky little craft resemble a marriage between an Old Terran ground car and a slightly out-of-date space shuttle. The color and pattern of the checker is unique to each individual taxi company; the yellow is mandatory standard issue for all members of the Taxi Guild. Space Taxis aren't pretty but they're amazingly maneuverable, able to dip into and out of Hyperspace while under a full high-power thruster burn.

Space Taxis aren't intended as warships, but they carry an array of light defensive weapons, and are pretty tough for a stripped down snub fighter. Their best guns are concealed just above the nearly indestructible transparent adamantium partition that separates the pilot from the passengers. If the passengers get rowdy, or try to stiff the pilot on their fare, a hidden foot pedal allows for instant customer disintegration. No muss, no fuss, just the smell of burning hair.

The Galactic Transit Viscera

Imagine a subway, circa late 1970s New York: graffiti-covered, dealer-infested, piss stained and badly serviced. The kind of train the Warriors would take to Coney Island or Bernard Goetz would shoot up. Now imagine that subway is part of an ancient occult-tech network that links the entire civilized galaxy. That's the Transit Viscera.

There are Transit Viscera terminus on most inhabited worlds, but who built the Viscera is beyond unknown. These ancient transit termini predate the Psyren's lost galactic empire by aeons. As far as the inhabits of the dirty galaxy know, the Transit Viscera have always been and always will be. Whoever built the network used space-distorting technology beyond anything current techno-sorcery can match. It's ancient, powerful technology that the 46th Century doesn't really understand, can't reliably service, but can exploit and make use of, even if the technology behind them runs a little rougher with every passing year.

Transit Viscera termini are found deep underground, buried deep in the strata beneath galactic mega-cities, buried in the deep-time strata far beneath mundane, Basic-built sewers, power conduits and subway lines. When found, these goliath tunnels are easily exploitable, easily plugged into existing planetary infrastructure. Each terminus resembles a spartan, ferro-crete and steel train ter-

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minal. The vehicles serviced are a lot like subway cars – a long, lumbering train of mixed sleeper and SRO cars more than a mile long. These tunnels spontaneously generate once a world passes a certain population and technological threshold. The Transit Viscera Terminus on Earth, located a mile beneath the Trump bedrock, spontaneously opened up sometime in the 23rd Century.

Once both the terminus and the trains they serviced were pristine and futuristically brutalist; these days, everything is run down and slowly succumbing to entropy. Everything's been tagged with ganger graffiti – every horizontal surface has male genitals carved into it with a laser dagger. Half the eternal lights that once grandly illuminated the Galactic Transit Viscera are shot out. Homeless sleep in the shadows, scavenging from broken vending machines and eating track-rats and xeno-lizards and in turn serving as prey for more fearsome xeno-preds that prowl the tracks.

By necessity, since they travel through The Viscera, even the worst maintained of these cars is air-tight and environmentally sealed. Both terminus and train cars are self-repairing at least to a degree – their self-repair system doesn't do anything about graffiti, torn seats or that urine puddle three seats back, but within a year, even a terminus nuked into oblivion by orbital rail-guns will be back in service. A destroyed train car repairs itself even faster, returning to service in a week or two.

Trains pull into the terminus on a semi-predictable schedule, and like subway cars, the Transit Viscera lets riders travel to the end of the line. In this case, the 'end of the line' might be a stop far out into the Galactic Fringe, somewhere on Walpurgisnacht or Praxa IV, from a starting point anywhere in Command Space. Beyond each terminus, there is several miles worth of dimly lit tunnel carved through the rock in either direction. Transit Viscera trains run on strange, dull-metal tracks resembling a distorted double helix. Each section of tunnel terminates in a vast warp-gate hewn into the rock: a train passes through this ring and out of reality… and into the Viscera.

The Viscera

The Viscera is a transitory dimension 'behind' and 'beneath' reality. The Viscera functions much like Hyperspace or the Drift: it is a parallel reality that allows travel through a shorter distance than exists in our reality. Unlike these other realities, the Viscera is anything but void. The Viscera is exactly what you'd expect from the name: a lightless, acidic tangle of bloody, throbbing and pulsing intestines – the guts of some unknown, unknowable creature that might very well be God.

Transit Viscera trains slide through the Viscera, propelled forward by cosmic peristalsis and drawn to farther stations by the strange magnetism of the warp portals. Bloody, squirming tissue presses hotly against the air-tight windows of the cars.

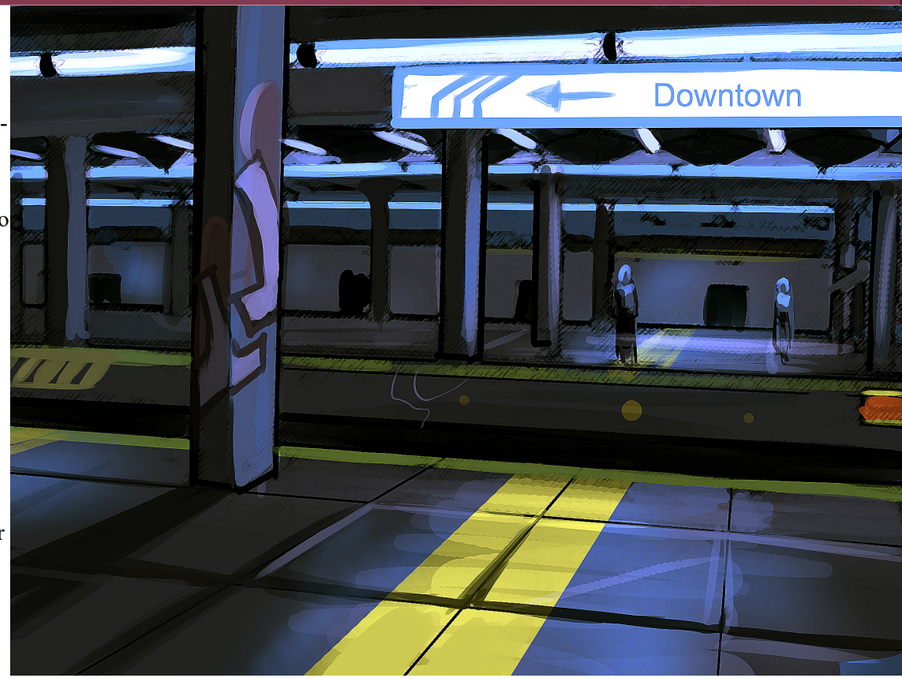
Viscera Planar Traits

The Viscera is a parallel reality with its own planar traits.

- Gravity is normal and Earthlike throughout the Viscera. Gravity is oriented so one wall of the intestine-like tunnel is always down, regardless of how a train car travels within that intestinal track.
- Time passes at the same rate it does in reality.
- Communication outside the Viscera by technological means is impossible, and it requires a DC 25 caster level/manifester level check to successfully communicate with entities outside the Viscera by magical or psionic means.
- Technological communication with other entities (including passengers on other cars) by technological means is difficult and static-shot imposing a -1d8 penalty on Computer Use checks and other skill checks carried out remotely.
- The Viscera is filled with an acidic, bile-like liquid that inflicts 6d6 points of acid damage per round of exposure. Creatures reduced to 0 HP by this acid are disintegrated completely.
- Cure spells as well as any spell or psionic power that directly manipulates flesh or blood have their numeric effects maximized. The saving throw DC of any such effect is increased by +2 when cast in the Viscera.

Transit Viscera Trains

Each car in a Transit Viscera train is unique, but resembles a subway car or sleeper carriage designed for Basic-scale humanoids. Because a voyage through the Viscera might take days or even weeks between particularly far-flung stations, these trains offer sleeping cars, coin-operated showers and laundry rooms, dining cars (ranging from 5-Star mega-cuisine to automated lunchettes). Some of the wealthier, cleaner lines boast shopping and casino cars. Sleazier lines offer official, on-train sex clubs; the worst offer blowjobs on order from the local chickenheads. Transit Viscera travel is purely passenger-only: you might bring a couple boxes or some roll-on suitcases, but there's no real space for bulk cargo or livestock. You've got to travel via spaceship for that.



Transit Viscera trains are treated as a plot device – a way to get adventurers and other spacers from world to world cheaply and under the galactic radar. Each train functions much like a starship, entering the Viscera for rapid travel in the same way a conventional ship enters the Drift or Hyperspace.

Each train travels in a big, slow loop of worlds, from one end of the galaxy to the other and back again. There is no driver; the train knows where to go and gets there safely about 98% of the time. At each station, the train pauses and opens its doors for 1d6+4 hours before the doors slide shut with a stressed-metal squeal, and the train begins the journey to the next station on its slow loop. Travel speeds are a bit unpredictable, owing to changes and fluxes in the Viscera (and in the train system itself). Whenever the train pulls out of a terminus roll D4 and multiply the result by .5 to find its effective Hyperdrive rating for the journey to the next station on the line. This gives you something between Drive Rating 0.5 and Drive Rating 2.

Because of the randomness of the transit speed, you might wait for a Transit Viscera train for a couple of hours one day and then not see the next train for two weeks. There's a lot of waiting and hoping involved in Transit Viscera travel.

Who Runs This Shit?

The Transit Viscera system is basically self-sustaining, an idiot-savant machine that's run without major incident for millions of years. It doesn't need its passengers, though the passengers need the service. That said, planetary governments profit and regulate travel whenever they can. Arrival taxes once you leave the station and set foot 'on-world' can run into the multi-thousand credit range… if you're journeying to a world that matters to the Corporate Command. By contrast, travel to a backwater world, or one of the free worlds like Treant, might just cost you a 50 gp exit-fare. Command Marines and police mecha are authorized to use deadly force on fare jumpers and illegal immigrants sneaking into the Command Core via the Transit Viscera.

Transit Viscera travel is significantly less regulated than starship travel. Station guards are usually goons with blaster rifles and minimal training rather than elite troops. It's easy to slip weapons past the scanners, and some of the rougher termini don't even bother prohibiting anything besides actual WMDs. The crush of foot traffic into and out of the termini make surveillance difficult, even for the Corporate Command. If you want to travel un-

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der-the-radar, and don't want to deal with space-port cops and customs, take the Transit Viscera.

There aren't usually cops aboard the trains. Some trains might have evolved private security forces, and charge a premium for travel aboard these safer, cleaner, cars. Travelers who don't want to pay a premium for comfort or amenities can find a cheaper car or stay where they are. The vendors and merchants aboard a Transit Viscera train are the scummiest possible definition of laisse faire.

For the Game Master

How do you use the Galactic Transit Viscera in the campaign?

What about this:
Your players have just fucked up bad – their ship's been skragged and they need to get off Earth ASAP because the Command's on their tail. Lacking any better option, they sprint down the mile-long escalator leading to Earth's terminus, and jump aboard a random out-bound train just as the doors close Now the players are trapped in a moderately dangerous environment, but it's still better than whatever they're running from. Once aboard, there's no real way (except GM fiat) to derail or stop a Transit Viscera train. The team's got a few days to catch its breath before the next stop.

Of course, that next stop might be nowhere the players want to be. The next stop might be an ICG stronghold, a Command military base, or the homeworld of some other faction the players pissed off a few sessions back. Or maybe the next stop is a world the team wants to go to (or is at least a stop on the way), but the exit-fare's exorbitant. Then the players have two options for beating the fare: a running gunfight up the stairs with the terminus' rent-a-cops or sneaky time.

Random Encounters on a Transit Viscera Train (D12)	
1– a handful of surly *Space Truckers,* high after a long shift, pissed off about low wages and looking for a fight	**2–** a pair of *Temporal Enforcers, 1d4 Thieftaker Drones* and a *MI Combat Mecha* looking for subversives and looking for a few cheap Glow possession busts
3– a degenerate clan of Free Spacers that've been trapped on this train for generations and have turned it into a rapacious, inbred shanty town: use *Dark Kin* statistics (Nemesis Unleashed)	**4-** a gang of 4d6 teenaged *OC Gangers (SS)* dressed in spacer-denim vests, either looking to rumble or returning bloody and exhausted from a rumble
5- a gang of *Dedders* and *Ded-I* who stalk the train's under-decks and prey on those wandering off alone	**6-** 1d4+2 *Techno-Fascists* looking for queers to beat up. Or looking to buy some Glow off the PCs if they look straight, but down with the Glow since they can't get the good stuff from New Kingston usually.
7- An extremely well-organized drug organization with lookouts, armed muscle and runners set up; use OC Ganger stat-blocks for everybody.	**8-** A drugged-out Sethzenian (CE Seth. Barbarian 8) looking to take some ears for his or her trophy necklace.
9- A *Thermonuclear Satanist* sitting by himself in an otherwise cattle-car dense car, left alone by virtue of sheer badassness, reading an old grimoire.	**10-** A couple of really douchey *Fuzzball Socios* who are testing out some new guns, using the car as an impromptu firing range. They're intentionally not hitting anybody, but really enjoying scarring the shit out of their fellow commuters.
11- Some mid-level Command politician or bureaucrat who is taking the train to connect with the common people… and doesn't realize he or she's about to take the beating of a lifetime.	**12-** A gang of really sexy pickpockets (Sleight of Hand +8/ Stealth +12) working the crowd for their valuables.

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What Kind of Assholes are Infesting This Car?

Nine times out of ten, there's going to be at least a little blaster-fire to make the journey from point A to point B via the Transit Viscera more interesting. Criminals and space scum too broke to travel via FTL starships congregate aboard the cars, not able to exit until they mug some body rich enough to pay the exit-fare. You can use the following chart for random low- or mid-level encounters aboard the Transit Viscera.

Conversely, there's a spark of street life you find aboard a train that you can't find aboard the average starliner. Freaks and adventurers, eccentrics and oddities – if you're lucky you're going to be riding through the entrails of the Multiverse with a pretty interesting cast of characters.

Fellow Travellers on a Transit Viscera Train (D12)	
1– A sales-creep from Dr. Youp's selling factory irregular potions, blaste and Youp-brand Rockers, which only work about half the time	**2–** A Testorite boy (LG Testorite Paladin 1) being knighted by a *Hunter of the Cosmos* in an impromptu ceremony. They've got a doomed battle to the death against a cosmic evil at the next stop. Wanna help the overmatched pair out?
3– A harried mother travelling with way too fucking many screaming, flu-sick kids	**4-** A trio of Afro-Futurist enchanters (N or NG Acolytes 3-6) harmonizing in sleepy boredom during a long trip back home
5- a small clan of Proximite tinkers who do upgrades, repairs and IT work between stops (they're cheaper than average but better than you'd expect)	**6-** A bunch of groovy Pacifican hippies with some excellent Glow. They don't mind sharing and are happy to bed down with anybody who seems cool.
7- A tattoo and cybernetics parlor that's worked out of this train for a couple years now, with a good reputation.	**8-** The crew of a recently destroyed pirate ship, huddled together and planning some risky but profitable score so they can replace their lost ship ASAP.
9- A street-doc who treats the poor for whatever they can pay and offers illegal cybernetic implantation to adventurers for a premium.	**10-** An orphaned child being sent to live with relatives on an out-colony; accompanied by a Star Droid mascot that looks like a cuddly robo-puppy but is a fucking war-machine.
11- A bunch of humans off Earth for the first time, enthusiastically heading for off-planet work that they're too dumb to realize is either a death trap or slavery by another name.	**12-** A runaway Erobot courtesan, looking around frantically for bounty hunters.

CHAPTER ONE

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Humanity's birthplace is a forgotten, mostly abandoned slum. Most of Earth's remaining habitants remaining are those too poor to immigrate to the stars, or too maladjusted for life in the wider galaxy. There are a few good people in the Inner Solar System, those actively resisting the Corporation Command on the Command's home turf, but they are a distinct and threatened minority.

Dirty Ass Earth

Earth is a shell of its former self.

The very continents that mankind walked on for most of its history are gone. Using grandiose gravity control technology that first emerged in the 24th Century and was lost completely by the 30th, Earth's nations and continents were carefully sliced away from the world's mantle and starlifted to new homes on the myriad worlds humanity was colonizing. The oceans became polluted mudflats, while monolithic mega-cities were built on the cavernous scars left behind when Earth's seven continents were excised.

The Earth of the 46th Century is a hyper industrialized urban wasteland, a mega-city on a planetary scale. Only a handful of green spaces remain, well-guarded preserves for the ultrawealthy, protected behind high intensity force domes. De-regulated and segregated for the benefit of the galaxy's ultra-wealthy, Earth is a dying world choking on its pollution and boiling in waste-heat from teeming, filthy cities home to sweating, starving billions.

Trump, the Megacity

North America, Old Earth

The sprawling capitol of Earth stretches over thousands of miles, from the tip of what used to be Greenland far down North America's eastern coastline and well into Old Canadian soil. Trump extends hundreds of miles out into the polluted and mutant-haunted waters of the North Atlantic, at its heart the ancient city that used to be called New York.

Trump is every bit as stratified as anywhere else on Earth. The poor, the unfashionable and the ICG-blacklisted live in rotting techno-slums that only ever see a few hours of high noon sunlight, filtered through clouds of toxic smog. They literally live in the shadows of their betters, at ground level in failing, ancient skyscrapers or in newer, but equally crowded subterranean habitats reaching halfway down the mantle. Earth's wealthy, by contrast, live in polished golden needles that stretch miles high, to the edge of the atmosphere, where the sky is a cold violet.

Hot House

Trump is the largest single mega-city on a shockingly over-urbanized planet, home to more than eight and a half billion citizens. Impossibly crowded and dangerous, Trump is also sweltering. Waste heat from the vast metroplex has warped the weather across the entire globe. During the

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day, average temperatures hover around 120° F, and at some of the worst spots in the Under-City are literal hell-holes reaching upwards of 150° F. (At night, temperatures drop to a comparatively tolerable 90° F.)

Especially during the endless days of summer, heat dangers as described in the *PFRPG* are a constant danger on the city's streets. Millions of Trump's downtrodden might die during a late July heatwave, and the city does nothing but send out robot collector drones to haul off the dead.

Air conditioning is the real status symbol in Trump. Most homes and businesses can barely afford air conditioning, and make do with huge fans or crudely jury-rigged 'swamp coolers'. Even the best office towers, nightclubs and restaurants can only cool their interiors to barley tolerable levels. Only the city's true elite own full-scale 'Apocalypse-rated' cooling systems, which can chill their penthouses and private orgy-clubs to an absolutely decadent 68° F….or even below, in a real display of privilege.

Stepping Commuters

Only the urban poor and street xeno-scum actually live in Trump itself. Everybody else commutes in via ***stepping booth*** *(Technology Unleashed, Otherverse Games, 2016)* from the vast suburb that the heart of North America has become. Trump boasts one of the largest and most comprehensive stepping booth networks in known space. Some mansions are stepping-linked by warp-space hallways. An opulent ballroom in Trump might open to a private bedroom in the mountains of Germany or a secure panic room somewhere under the ruins of Kansas.

As a result of the tech's ubiquity, stepping booth transit into and out of Trump or around the megacity, is substantially cheaper than anywhere else in known space. Most natives might jaunt a dozen times in a day, sliding their cred-card across the reader without giving it a second thought. Some corps even offer free or reduced cost *stepping booth* access as a perk to their workers. One and two-passenger *stepping booths* are everywhere in the city, as common (and usually as filthy) as phonebooths in the pre-cell phone era.

These smaller-scale *stepping booths* can be cycled for a new user in as little as one minute.

Among the most popular *stepping booth* franchises in the big city are:

- ***BigFoot Teleportation*** – if you don't get fused with some cockroach in the booth during transit count yourself lucky. Street punks have a nasty habit of waiting outside *BigFoot* booths for a chance to jack up *stepping commuters.* Prices are towards the low end, obviously.

- ***Diamond Step*** – a high-end chain with prices to match, but with a reputation for never fusing a traveller's molecules with an off-target jump. They've got a ton of celebrity endorsements. From real celebrities, not just Outlaw Sex Station porn-stars.

- ***Rasputin Stepping Disks*** – either run by Cosmic Satanists or has bigwigs on the board of directors donating major to Walpurgisnacht for whatever reason. Decent prices, good service and clean booths, but occasionally travelers end up either jaunted to another dimension or missing about a decade of their lives due to chronal flux.

Stepping Booth Destination	Access Cost
To/from Trump to anywhere in North America	25-35 gp
To/from any destination within Trump and within 10 miles of the departure booth	1-3 gp
To/from any destination within Trump with a travel distance of greater than 10 miles from the departure booth	10-15 gp

Coin-Op City

Coin-Op City is one of the lowest, dirtiest, oldest and hottest districts of the badly managed Under-City. Most of the habitable buildings date back to the mid-22nd Century. The ruins date back two centuries or so farther, but there's still squatters trying to survive in ancient brownstones held together by duct tape and desperation.

The only thing Coin-Op has going for it is an ancient and stable portal to **R-Kay-d** hiding in plain sight among its rats' warren of fuck-clubs, pinball parlors and holo-arcades.

Switchblade Square

Switchblade Square is a long stretch of moldy porno theaters, dingy bars and the kind of restaurants you only eat at when you're 3 days into a seven-day bender. The neighbor is a long, winding canyon carved out into Trump's underbelly like a septic wound. Its population are whores, dealers and hover-bike gangers. The fungal cult of the ***Pentafex Megulus*** has its tendrils into Switchblade Square in the form of seemingly innocuous, idealistic soup kitchens feeding the desperate and the addicted. Rogue work droids haunt the alleys, killing for spare parts, favoring cyborg victims above all others.

Loudmouth Joe

Loudmouth Joe (CN male Afro-Futurist Oracle 10) is a blind madman and street prophet. He wanders Switchblade Square, occasionally crossing into other districts, beating a skin drum millennia old and worth millions. Joe screams warnings about the Great Fungus at the top of his lungs, incoherent schizophrenic screeds with a core of truth inside. Half his prophetic warnings apply not to the local threat of the Pentafex Megulus, but to the myceloid apocalypse of the ***Abaddon Horde***, still a galaxy away, locked deep within the Prison Zone. Joe has seen both threats, which is why he scooped out his eyes. That didn't stop the visions though.

Delta-Olympia

Delta-Olympia is the best Trump has to offer, a gleaming *orbital-glass* paradise rising high above even the tallest corporate mega-scraper. Occult-tech architecture thrusts the glistening minarets of Delta-Olympia into the troposphere, where the air is deliciously frigid. Only the wealthiest and best connected ever live in Delta-Olympia. Potential residents must be among the top 3% of the

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planet's earners, and are rigidly pre-screened for ICG orthodoxy and genetic stability – the waiting list is a decade long, minimum. Few of their children have ever actually even seen an Underdweller in person.

Delta-Olympia is the seat of civic government for Trump, which makes it the de-facto capitol city of Old Earth as a whole…. yet it still takes second place to the Moon, a fact that rankles its citizens. **Jeth Plantaganet** (CN male TV Head Aristocrat 8), one of the Earth-Gov President's many, many lesser siblings serves as Trump's mayor. Nepotism is the only reason the portly Jeth's risen as far as he's done, a fact he's stunningly okay with. Jeth is fairly jovial for a mega-corporate stooge, and enjoys the photo-ops of the job far more than the politicking and maneuvering of being mayor. Give him a ribbon cutting ceremony to attend or a sports team to meet n' greet and he's happy, especially if there's a buffet somewhere close. Don't count on him for anything challenging though, as big brother Kek's found to his displeasure more than once.

The Harlem Stonewall

The last bastion of good in Trump stretches from the Under-City ghetto that used to be Harlem all the way north into what used to be Canadian territory. Heavy brick and ferrocrete barricades cut the Harlem Stonewall off from the rest of Trump, and only *BigFoot* stepping booths jump travelers this far north. The Harlem Stonewall is a massive, revolutionary dojo.

Afro-Futurist Monks and Combatants fighting in the aggressive, forward-looking *Renaissance Fist* style patrol the barricades alongside genetically upgraded Leather Clone paladins. The Leather Clones have offered their genetic and medical expertise to caring for the district's beleaguered poor, and the Afro-Futurists have offered their fists, and their brains, in a search for the truth behind the ***Ender Virus*.** Practically every local business either openly funds ***RAMDOWN*** or lets them use their facilities as a hideout when needed, launders credits for them, or all of the above.

The Stonewall Bastion

The Stonewall Bastion is a heavily fortified dojo built into a subterranean eco-shelter dating back to the 22nd Century. It lies nearly ten kilometers underground, protected by shielded tunnels, war robots and legions of trained, committed fighters. The fighters are trained under the tutelage of the immortal ***Misery Tyson*** (LG trans female Afro-Futurist Combatant 20). Her family took shelter in the eco-vault when she was a child; Tyson was the only survivor. Tyson found her immortality in a pool of eldritch, glowing liquid deep beneath the dying Earth while trying to find safety. Her centuries have made her unnaturally perceptive: she only takes those she knows will fight for good on as students.

While she's wise, Misery Tyson isn't infallible. The latest courageous orphan she's taken under her wing, a promising street brawler named ***Dupree*** (CG male Human Combatant 2) is pure fucking fiction. Secretly, the tempestuous, action-movie-hero Dupree is really ***Kamelon Ditko*** (NE male Human Rogue 14) fifty-year-old Command infiltrator with finely honed shapeshifting gifts and military-grade false memories. Dupree is effectively an artificial dissociative personality, designed to let the infiltrator slip through the Stonewall's defensives and psi-sensitives. Ditko's goal is to recover the immortality granting "*Messiah Pit*" that gave Tyson her eternal life – murdering Tyson during the extraction is a 2.5 million credit bonus.

Mega-Civic Library

Technically part of the Under-City, the official maps consider the Mega-Civic Library part of the *Nuex Manhattan* district- a little bit more upscale, a little bit more patrolled by Corporate Command police, a little bit safer. The Megacivic Library is possibly the finest data repository in *core space*, its resources catalogued by a cadre of specially-designed AI as well as a clan of ***Knowledge Ticks,*** bloated and indolent with their feast of knowledge. The head librarian is a serious and humorless *(apparently)* human man who answers only to Traynor *(or perhaps, Trainer)* who seems to be the only one who can get a straight answer, or an honest day's work, out of the Ticks. **Traynor** (LE male human? Oracle 13) has held the position as head librarian for at least 560 years, and any records pertaining to his predecessor have been purposefully and thoroughly deleted.

The Megacivic Library is technically outside Trump jurisdiction: fugitives have hid out in the endless maze of stacks before, sometimes for years at a time. A tangled web of legal precedent, judicious bribes and blackmail keeps the Library independent. Data that would be censored anywhere else in ICG-controlled space is freely available for the asking at the Library. Anyone seeking knowledge is welcome, no matter how forbidden or dangerous the knowledge.

The Megacivic Library is famous not only for its data-stacks, but also for the ***Twin Lions*** flanking the temple-like entrance. Relics of some ancient and forgotten war, the 'lions' are inert and broken animamorph mecha, one grass green, the other fire red. Though now rendered 'safe' as civic artwork, their technology has been thoroughly studied, and most experts believe the twin mecha to be an archaic ***Battlechanger*** design. There's a rumor on the street that the old damage that 'lobotomized' the twin feline mecha is slowing repairing itself and that soon, with the right hand at the controls, the lions will be ready to fight once again.

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Canaveral Yards

Canaveral Yards used to be called Florida. Now it is the far southern extremity of Trump, the Mega City. Canaveral is a spit of muddy, polluted subsoil pushing out far into what's left of the Atlantic: massive mile-high forcefield walls keep out the polluted tide. The area is a dumping ground for starships too broken to ever make orbit again. Some of the oldest ships are two thousand year old ceramic space shuttles, their bone-white hulls covered with graffiti. More modern wrecks are mingled with ancient NASA paleo-junk.

Desperate fugitives sometimes make their way to Canaveral Yards and pay off one of the freakish junker clans lurking in the detritus to refurb a scrapped starship. It's a 50 to 1 shot of making orbit intact, but for those with nothing to lose, and no other way off Old Earth, those are good odds. The Yards' junker families are mingled human and ***Scavenger Battlechanger*** clans: all reclusive, all governed by old, forgotten superstitions, most inbred. Some of the clans are flesh-steel hybrids, the product of wild-breeding between the humans and their Battlechanger counterparts. These bio-metal hybrids tend to be the toughest, smartest and weirdest of the junkers.

Zothique

Zothique was first mentioned in documents from the 37th Century, though from the references, it's obvious that "The Last Continent" had existed for centuries by that point. There are no records of Zothique's origin, nor purpose, nor even the exact date of the eerie monolith's construction. Zothique is a vast isosceles triangle that cuts across the muddy tidal flats that once housed Eurasia, the Middle East and North Africa. Zothique rises straight and unbroken from the new sea-level to a uniform height of 616 feet. Fabulous, weird corkscrew towers jut from this artificial mesa, interspersed with odd, cathedral like mega-scale structures.

Zothique is built to a scale about 1.5x larger than comfortable for baseline humans. The spiraling stairs that curl along the inner and outer walls of the corkscrew towers are too large and widely spaced to be comfortable for even tall *homo sapiens*. Everything in Zothique is made from the same material – a white ferro-ceramic that looks and feels like polished bone, but rings like metal when struck. The Last Continent of Zothique is a seamless whole, all made from the same stuff with no division. Beneath the city, Zothique is a puzzle box of small cloisters, winding, labyrinthine tunnels and enigmatic mechanisms. Some of the devices serve obvious functions as part of Zothique's civic infrastructure: generators, water reclamation and sewage pumping stations, cable junctions and the like. The rest are tantalizing mysteries. Some elements of Zothique's construction resemble the bio-mechanical crust of ***Technys***, but the engineering seems an epoch more advanced.

Zothique has become an ***Afro-Futurist*** colony, occupied territory on Old Earth, a planet often hostile to their aims and ideals. At least fifty million people call Zothique home, but the vast metroplex still feels shockingly empty. Zothique could comfortably accommodate a population in the billions. Any refugee who can reach Zothique is granted sanctuary, and enclaves of every

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species, culture and ethnicity in known space have made territories for themselves in the vast, surreal metropolis.

Zothique is charged with energies both occult and temporal. Stable dimensional portals to points halfway across the galaxy are contained within rings of the bone-like material that makes up the Last Continent. Temporal 'glitches' and ghost images of the ancient, primordial past, as well as tantalizing and dreamlike glimpses of probable futures happen every few days. Many of Zothique's residents specialize in temporal physics, quantum science and other esoteric disciplines which blur the line between hard science and occult-tech.

Lord Princeton Smith (LN male Afro-Futurist Modern Spellcaster 18) is serving his second twenty-year term as The Last Continent's leader. Lord Smith is a brilliant physicist, and the driving force behind the city's excellent temporal research team. Lord Smith is renowned for his foresight, brilliantly able to turn virtually every misstep the Command makes to the Last Continent's benefit. What few know is the reason why.

Lord Princeton Smith's silhouette is a glittering azure starfield that radiates light rather than obscures it – but that's not his shadow. An ***Impendent*** *(PW:SS)* serves Lord Smith, or perhaps vice versa. The Impendent's thought processes are too alien to be sure, but Lord Smith believes the Impendent is his own highly evolved, far-future self. Thanks to his 'shadow-self' Lord Smith has tactical forewarning of the future. He knows, for example, the Command military will dissolve into infighting, civil war and plague. He knows the window of opportunity to save his shadow-self's potential future is small and closing.

First General Elisha Howard (LN female Afro-Futurist Tactician 14) was hand chosen to command Zothique's all-volunteer military. Her military excellence won his candidacy; in turn Smith has been her patron, ensuring her steady climb up the ranks. The almost preternatural insight Lord Smith has displayed over the last few years unnerves the First General. Her own talents of tactical precognition no longer 'read' Smith, and to her psi-senses Zothique's ruler is only partially there. The Last Continent's increasing militarization, and her command's transition from a self-defense force to an actual military, capable of projecting power unnerves her. She is surreptitiously investigating her patron's dealings, and only getting more nervous. The HUMINT channels he Lord Smith supposedly maintained, which give him so much useful intelligence about Command plans simply don't exist. First General Howard is silently terrified that Lord Smith has been turned by the Command and is acting as a double agent.

Tactical Commander Thassia Umber (LE female Afro-Futurist Rogue 10/Soul Knife 5) has replaced First General Howard as Lord Smith's right hand, though the general hasn't realized it yet. Commander Umber was born and raised in Trump; she grew up hard and lethal. She has killed over 200 Command targets within the last three years, including the children and families of her primary targets. She is a sociopathic, untraceable ghost. Lord Smith knows that his 'sharpest knife' will murder General Howard sometime in the next 100 days, before General Howard can arrest Smith for these illegal assassinations.

The Orbital Habitats

Earth's orbit is clogged with debis and congested with extensive development. Lifting to orbit is risky and challenging: pilots usually have to depend on AI guidance to avoid the millions of hazards and habitats blocking their path to sky. These are the greatest, most densely populated orbital stations, out of the thousands overlooking the polluted and dying Terra.

Beast Point Station

Beast Point is a rusting, overcrowded and slowly (or not so slowly) failing space station dropping its shadow and the occasional hull plate on the dying planet below. Beast Point is an immigration checkpoint for aliens immigrating to Earth, and for the rare few down-siders fortunate enough to get the creds together to permanently leave the mega-cities behind.

If Beast Point Station were actually a prison, Corporate Command law would require some degree of humane treatment- as it's only a 'temporary accommodation' for immigrants, no such protections exist. Crime, disease and worship of insane gods run rampant on the rust-bucket space station .The rusting inner hulls are covered in mildew and drip black ichor….long thought extinct, the

Pentafex Megalus is rebuilding itself and its fungal cult in Beast Point's shadows.

Ratskrew (NE female Anthro Rogue 1/Cleric of Petaflex Megalus 9) is the mad, fungus-infested leader of the cult. A former prostitute, she was taken over by the rot soon after arriving at Beast Point. She abandoned her family (and neither knows nor cares if they survived the journey out of Earth Space) and begin building her cult. She spread her madness first through sexual infection, until she built up a base of muscle nasty enough to hold potential converts down and drip rotting ichor into their mouths until they turned.

The Corporate Command thinks it controls Beast Point through the ineffectual ***Inspector General Tullore Javanka*** (LE male TV Head Expert 5). IG Javanka has wasted 35 years of his life in the Command, and this is as far as he'll rise, thanks to his unwitting participation in a blackmail clusterfuck a few years back. IG Javanka is so completely useless Ratskrew and her cult of 'shroom worshippers are the only real law and order on Beast Point.

Spore Sickness

Spore Sickness is fatally common in the dingy underbelly of Beast Point Station. Sufferers are plagued by fungal blooms that infest their lungs and bowels and over time, grow into their brainstem, sapping will and creating an almost autistic fascination with fungal life forms. Stinking, mildly toxic mushroom blooms infest the infected's lips and mar their back and shoulders.
Type: Disease, inhalation
Save: FORT DC 17
Onset: 1d6 days
Frequency: 1/day
Effect: 1d4 CON. Targets suffer a -4 morale penalty on attack rolls and saving throws against creatures in the Plant type. The character must succeed at a DC 20 WILL Save to make a melee attack against any creature with the Plant type; if the save fails, the action is lost, while the victim stands immobile.

If Spore Sickness goes untreated for 5 consecutive days, the victim is treated as being under a permanent *Charm Monster* spell with regards to

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any creature of the Plant type. The victim will not attack or take any harmful action towards any plant, and will assist any sentient Plant that commands them to do so.
Cure: 2 consecutive saves

Blue Line Station

Blue Line is another exclusive orbital neighborhood. This one, slightly lower in the stratosphere than the exclusive Heaven's Sprawl, allows only Command cops and their families to take up residence. Blue Line Station is brilliantly lit in the hard blue of justice, visible from Earth's equator as a cerulean razor slash in the night sky. Thirty kilometers wide by five tall, this orbital habitat is a futuristic suburb with nice little houses built and maintained to military specs. Blue Line Station is equipped with a wide variety of gyms, gun stores and shooting ranges. There are ICG cathedrals for weekend services, but no need, nor any desire, for libraries.

The Heaven Sprawl

The Heaven Sprawl began as an orbital elevator lifting bulk cargo up into high orbit, raised at the end of the 23rd Century. Over the centuries, the Heaven Sprawl expanded, both in diameter and cargo capability. Twenty-five centuries later, the Heaven Sprawl is a glittering column miles upon miles in diameter, with an internal volume larger than what used to be Europe. The Heaven Sprawl is a gleaming panoply of exclusive shopping and Five Star restaurants, secured apartments belonging to government mistresses and rent-boys, pleasure domes and immortality salons. All of it the exclusive property of Earth-Gov's ultra-wealthy.

Resiline Mithe (LE female Psyren Dread 14) is the mistress of an exclusive sex club-slash-bondage cult called ***Guilt Free Generation***. The Guilt Free Generation meets in a zero gravity mansion (instantly recognizable in golden reactive armor and pink diamond-glass) anchored to Heaven Sprawl's equator. Members pay exorbitant sums and must donate one of their teenaged children to the GFG, for training as pleasure-slaves. Mithe quickly forces new members into such depraved and debased acts, she can absolutely control a GFG neophyte within minutes of their induction into the cult. The Psyren control Earth-Gov through Mithe's blackmail network.

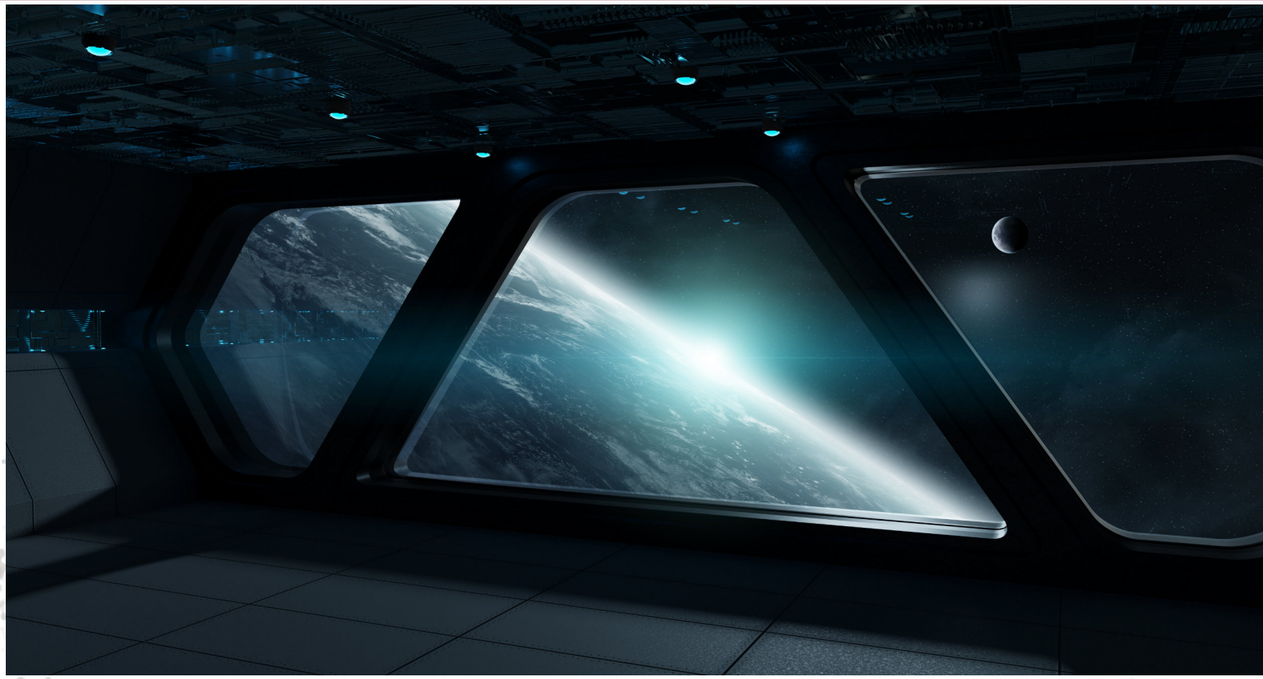
The Guilt-Free Generation is bankrolled by the mysterious financier ***Elwood Ghislaine*** (LE male Temporal Angel Cleric of Dues Maximus 14). Ghislaine has made himself an indispensable money-man within Command politics, funding winning campaigns across the galaxy. Nobody is really clear on how Elwood Ghislaine made his fortune, just that he offers it lavishly to his 'friends'. In addition to political donations, Ghislaine is big on philanthropy as well as politics. He's donated to most of the galaxy's top tier universities, especially their temporal physics and genetics departments. Even President Plantaganet kisses Ghislaine's ring, though the TV Head privately thinks Ghislaine is a wierdo little creep. That's the most perceptive thought Kek Plantagenet has ever had. VP Cockulus thinks Ghislaine is an indispensable patriot, that they're going to need next election season.

Ghislaine serves Mithe efficiently and she believes he is fully blackmailed, subverted and under her direct control. However, everything Mithe knows about her well connected underling is a lie, as is his servitude to her. He appears human, appears to be a man of his time, too rich, too self-absorbed, and a dangerous pedophile hedonist. He is all those things, of course, but he is also a perfect living machine from the unimaginably distant future. Elwood Ghislaine was sent back in time by the ***Dues Maximus*** to ensure the God Computer comes on line. The flux of the future is in danger. Mithe's lust-cult is a threat to its future existence, but her blackmail files might ensure the Dues Maximus comes on line early and with even more certain power.

Ghislaine is to seize control of the Guilt-Free Generation, and steer it towards the Dues Maximus' aims. What the God Computer didn't realize before sending Ghislaine back to the 46th Century is how much fun his minion would have. Ghislaine has passed up good opportunities to assassinate Mithe in favor of keeping his games going.

Valhalla Arms

This pricy orbital condo complex soars proudly in geo-synchronous orbit high above Trump. The self-contained habitat caters to the needs of mid-level megacorporate drones and IT-serfs. Over one billion pure-strain humans and TV Heads, most unmarried men doing meaningless data-work for the mega-corps, call the Valhalla Arms home. The enormous habitat is sterile and clean,



professional and soulless. Absolutely a reflection of the men who live within.

The Command Moon

Almost completely terraformed beneath diamond-glass domes and architecturally tacky shopping mezzanines, Earth's Moon has become the center of Corporate Command government and civic life. The Command Moon is sheathed in sterile white plastic and durable polymer, lit by faux-UV fluorescent lights and rendered completely soulless. Dedicated to orderly commerce above all, the Command Moon is colorful but drab – the world's bright, flickering colors are only neon adholograms. The Command Moon's song is an endless loop of ad jingles, propaganda masking as megacorporate news bulletins, and jingoistic, pro-Command anthem-rock.

The Command Moon has had artificial gravity tiling installed in most public and private spaces to bring the Moon to 1 G. A few parks (and the historic zone around the Apollo-11 landing site) maintain the moon's natural Low Gravity, while many starship services, assembly plants and other industrial zones are Zero Gravity environments.

The Presidential Palace

The seat of Earth-Gov's authority is an immense white-plastic starfish, a built-by-committee architectural nightmare squatting over what used to be the Sea of Tranquility. The ungainly Presidential Palace is covered with graffiti up to its 53rd story: vandals need spacesuits and EVA rigs to tag the Palace, but it's worth the trouble.

The Presidential Palace is home to whatever morally bankrupt kelptocrats the ICG have cloned to enforce their policies this week. Currently, the cybernetic man-child **Kek Plantagenet** (LE male TV Head Aristocrat 8/Warrior 1) sits in the big chair in the Neo-Oval Office. Platagenet's chief interests are racing space-yachts and keeping up his platinum membership at Shake Machine, actual legislation is a distant priority. Plantagenet would be one of the ICG's most valuable pawns, except for his habit of appointing his favorite stripper *de jur* to the Galactic Congress when he gets drunk enough.

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Shoot These Bastards First

Plantagenet is a pawn of people a lot smarter than himself and he's almost smart enough to realize it. His Vice President is ***Ultra Pope Wolfman Cockulus*** (LE male Human Cleric of the Dues Maximus 11/Gunslinger 9), who everybody knows used to do assassinations for the ICG. Ultra Pope Cockulus is supposedly retired from the gun-business, but foreign powers keep the VP under tight security when the jowly son of a bitch is visiting their planet. Everybody's scared of the Ultra Pope.

Plantagenet doesn't realize his Chief of Staff, the one woman who can keep him on task and keeps Earth's government running, the Free Spacer, ***Aquatiane Millet*** is simply a Psyren personality construct implanted in his head. Nobody else in the Plantagenet administration quite realizes it either. They just assume Millet's absence is a result of her busy travel schedule and her preference for teleconferencing. They trust Ked when he says he saw her. The psi-ghost Millet is playing everybody in Earth Gov, and most of the local ICG bigwigs against each other. Millet currently has everybody in Earth's government obsessed with a hair brained scheme to fusion-dye Alpha Centuari's sun neon green, though what that would accomplish is anybody's guess.

Finally, though not a part of the Presidential staff, Ked's long suffering wife, the ***Hester Plantaganet*** (NE female TV Head Inquisitor 4/Bard 2) deserves a mention. She's only a few IQ points higher than her husband, and is damn pissed she hasn't gotten laid by her husband in five years because he's out boning stripers. (The fact she's boning the Ultra Pope Cockulus is a hypocrisy that's lost on her.) She takes out her rage by murdering strippers by the dozen- she's one of the most venomous enemies of the Shahteyan faith.

House-Speaker

The Command Moon has been the seat of Earth's planetary government (Earth-Gov) since the Second Coming in the late 24th Century. The meeting rooms used by the Galactic Congress and Senate, as well the vast server farms and non-volatile memory banks that hold Earth-Gov's secrets are buried deep in the lunar rock. These critical facilities are protected by legions of ***Techno-Fascists*** and ***Genocide Templars*** in ostentatious golden armor and matching ***Golden Vanguard Mecha*** as ultra-heavy fire support.

House-Speaker, a powerful and ancient disembodied AI haunts the under-corridors of the Presidential Palace. House-Speaker's existence predates the foundation of Earth's current government. The legalistic and cruel AI remembers the Second Coming (and its accompanying genocides) fondly. House-Speaker exists to ensure the smooth functioning of Earth-Gov and to maximize the profits earned by the wealthiest, most ancient mega-corps in the Corporate Command, no matter the cost to biologic humanity.

Ancient strictures bind the AI into unquestioning obedience to the ICG, but to its ideology, not to the blind avarice of its current leadership. House-Speaker dreams of a purge of the ICG's biologic clergy and their replacement by its AI-children, who would be far better stewards of the Dues Maximus' sourcecode. In addition to its schemes and plans, House-Speaker handles the administrative tasks of governing the 46th Century. The advanced computer handles planetary weather control, provides air traffic control for Near-Earth space, coordinates the military, assists in tactical planning in the ongoing conflict against WARSTAR, and regulates trade and commerce on the planet itself.

House-Speaker can be represented statistically by a ***Sentient Mega-Corp*** (Secret Soldiers).

Bierbaum Plaza

Bierbaum Plaza is located on the Command Moon's dark side and is some of the most exclusive real-estate in Earth-Space. Most politicians maintain homes somewhere in the sprawling plaza. Apartments are enormous and decorated in a coolly modern 46th Century style – pale lime walls, grav-manip countertops that look like pale Formica, and nano-shag carpets. Individual apartments can easily be customized for varying gravity levels, up to and including the zero gravity playrooms and discipline dungeons favored by the rich. Nearby gyms, zero-g pools, fine restaurants specializing in cuisine from halfway across the galaxy, gated arcades and Gov-only shopping zones provide entertainment for the ultra-rich.

Restaurant Row floats a few hundred meters above the tallest buildings in Bierbaum Plaza thanks to advanced magnetic repulsion tech. As the name suggests, hundreds of exclusive restaurants, discotheques and night clubs can be found aboard the floating neighborhood.

The Cathedral of Christ Exterminatus is a mountain of golden armor-plate and stained orbital-glass that rises over Bierbaum Plaza. The official parish of Vice President Cockulus, the Cathedral is the site of all of Earth Gov's religious ceremonies and special functions. Only pure-strain humans and TV Heads are allowed within. The flayed pelts of 100,000 Anthros murdered during the Second Coming hang from the rafters.

Aldrin Starmachines

Aldrin Starmachines is a famous foundry tower that rises out of the moon's feeble gravity well and boasts a top-quality zero-gravity drydock on its upper levels. Aldrin Starmachines sells, services and even custom manufactures civilian starships of every tonnage class, from one-person work pods and security run-abouts to FTL luxury liners that can accommodate 2,400 passengers or more. The facility can manufacture starships up to Tier 6, and service virtually any starship. Prices are high, and unless you have a premium to pay for expedited service, there's a wait list of several months for drydock time.

Aldrin Starmachines maintains a huge zero gravity shaft running up the spine of the tower as a show room. There, prospective buyers can float up and examine the floor models of common starship frames. Over twenty working vessels, mostly smaller vessels with a crew capacity under 15 are on display at all times, while the decommissioned luxury liner,the ***Buzz Bluegeese,*** floats high above as the crown on the display.

Security is incredibly tight. Both the showroom and the fabrication facilities are patrolled by legions of corporate security troops (use Techno-Fascist and/or Teleport Infantry stat-blocks) supported by a variety of mecha. Aldrin Starmachines is owned and operated by a sprawling family of over 350 extremely wealthy and equally ambitious Proximites. The family matriarch, ***Whyl Willdrive*** (NE female Proximite Modern Spellcaster 13), who is willing to do just about anything to finally put a Proximite in the Earth-Gov's presidency. She is spending billions openly running attack ads against Plantaganet, and is secretly funding anti-Earth-Gov factions, liberal groups and other enemies in hopes of taking her TV Head rival down. She doesn't care if Plantaganet falls to a sex scandal, is voted out of office, or if somebody takes his Panasonic cranium off at the shoulders, as long as he goes down.

Youth Revolution

Youth Revolution is a dangerous human terrorist organization modeled on the anti-geriatric rebels of ***Proxima Prime.*** Composed entirely of young Humans and Free Spacers sympathetic to the young Proximites' ideals, and who realize that the old plutocrats of the Corporation Command are strangling humanity's youth just as thoroughly. Only by killing the old can the young thrive, or at least maybe evade the pan-galactic eco-crash barreling down. Youth Rebellion is demonized by the Command media, and in this case, they're almost as dangerous and almost as sadistic as state propaganda makes them out to be.

Youth Revolution operates in tight, cohesive cells that are nearly impossible to infiltrate. Typically families or polycules, but either way, unified and insular. They pop up for unpredictable acts of dramatic ultra-violence against the elderly. They prefer to kill rich, conservative old bastards, but in a pinch any old bastard, even the sweetest grannies with sugar cookies baking and kittens to pet will get snuffed. Youth Revolution is unpredictable and while you can kill individual members (and the Command police state does, often and with great vigor) for every cell you exterminate, two or three more rise up in replacement. Youth Revolution is the manifest anger of the young, the poor and the undervalued.

The guy who started Youth Revolution is a radicalized micro-circuit engineer toiling in a Command Moon slum. ***Carson Haxx*** (LE male Human Rogue 1/Bard 2) is the ideological leader of a terror movement that's grown far beyond him. Haxx posts irregular vid-messages using a digitized cartoon avatar and simply referring to himself as ***"That Kid".*** Carson Haxx stumbled onto a way to hack the ***Flixazon*** signal, a trick older, more experienced hackers would kill to learn. By subverting Flixazon's signal, Haxx's anonymized voice can reach anywhere across the galaxy. He's set up timed AI content dumps to continue posting messages in the event he's killed. The olds can kill Carson Haxx, but they can't kill That Kid, nor the militant rebellion he sparked.

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Mercury

Mercury is a world of solar collector farms and thermo-shielded bunkers. Few humans call the inner most world of the Solar System home.

Genterlily Plantation

The Genterlily Plantation is a beautiful, hot-house estate protected beneath a diamond-glass pressure dome. A vibrant rainbow of jungle plants cloned from the extinct Amazon Jungle decorate the grounds, and tamed, Pleasure-wielding xeno-predators prowl this artificial, psychedelic rainforest. ***Narco-swarms*** flutter through the redolent, humid air. Genterlily Plantation is one of the very few signs of human settlement on the boiling surface of ***Mercury.***

Genterlily Plantation is home to a debauched family of upper-crust investors. The Genterlilies are among the biggest stock market players in known space, and mega-donors to conservative Command politicians of all sorts. Behind closed doors, the Genterlily patriarch has disappeared into a holo-suite cocoon, investing by ansible comms and masturbating compulsively with the assistance of hardlight AI studs and starlets. ***Omar Genterlily*** (NE male Aristocrat 7) hasn't left his climate-controlled holo-suite pleasure palace in six years, and becomes more fearful of the world outside with every passing day. Meanwhile, his brood of wastrel children (three douche bag, frat boy sons and four daughters that make Paris Hilton seem useful, all CE or NE Aristocrats 3-5) have turned the Old Man's plantation into the most elegant drug den in known space.

The Genterlily heir are blowing through a trillion-credit fortune at a truly heroic rate. Their hangers-on number in the thousands, and are mostly stoned Hedonist Cultists. Occasionally, a randomizer circuit implanted in each hedonist's palm starts to glow, marking that cultist as the evening's snuff entertainment. Deaths are always either at the psycho-active claws of Pleasure beasts, or else a massive OD.

R. M. Nixon Correctional Facility-01

Technically, this minimum-security facility is a prison, but it is run like a vacation spa for well-connected, white collar (and just plain white) offenders. Because ***Mercury's*** year is only 89 days long, a trick of Corporate Command law allows those sentenced to RM Nixon to serve out their time in fast forward. Even among the elite of the elite, it takes major bribes and solid connections to get sentenced to RM Nixon.

Warden Mariner Assange (LE male TV Head Warrior 8) is possibly the most bribable corrections officer in human history. He knows that he's more of a senior *major domo* rather than an enforcer, and his position depends on keeping his pampered prisoners happy. As long as the prisoners are back in their cells are back in their dorms by the time the pressurized dome darkens for lights out, they are free to do pretty much anything they want.

Mars

Mars is exceedingly militarized, used as a training command for the Corporation Command military. Most facilities on planet supports troops and their families, or provides logistical support for the galaxy-spanning Command military.

Camp Leatherneck

Camp Leatherneck is an inhospitable slice of Hell on the terraformed ***Mars***. Camp Leatherneck is one of the largest military bases in the Solar System. Most of the Corporate Command's humanoid recruits rotate through this sprawling military complex for basic training. Camp Leatherneck hosts nearly one million troops, several elite training squadrons, and a strike-fighter base that allows rapid deployment anywhere in the Inner Solar System.

Terraforming made Mars habitable, but it doesn't make it pleasant, and the base is smack-dab in the hottest, most arid desert. Newly enhanced ***Genocide Templars*** learn to loathe the run up the slope of Mt. Olympus in full battle dress.

Redstone Junction

There are several cities dotting the red sands of ***Mars***, most of them bedroom communities for the military stationed on planet. Most of them are forgettable, pre-planned suburbs built on dry red clay for the convenience of military wives, military brats, and the service industries that spring up around both. ***Redstone Junction*** started out the same, but over time, it's been thoroughly infiltrated by the Space Mafia. Redstone Junction is

the de facto shipping hub for every kind of hard drug funneled into Old Earth.

Under the guise of a ditzy, poodle-skirted housewife named ***Kaylee***, the veteran Space Mafia smuggler ***Simone Carrivagio*** (use LE Risk Taker statblock) runs the operation. She's married to some idiot 19 year old Command bullet-stopper and is using the poor boy blue. She's got the kid wrapped around her little finger, and is using him as an unwitting mule. She's also sexually manipulating practically every idiot E-2 on Mars to smuggle for her, under the guise of bringing presents to friends and family on Old Earth. Right now, Carrivagio has several hundred Command Marines working for her as couriers, only about ten of whom actually know what they're doing. She's got contacts and spies in the Command Inspector General's office – as soon as she even gets a hint of an investigation, she's off Mars, leaving her dumbass husband to take the fall.

Euro-Venus

When Earth's continents were pulled from the muck and toxic sludge of 25th Century Earth, continental Europe and a slice of Turkey were relocated to Venus. At the time, the terraformed Venus was the domain of the Solar System's uber-wealthy, and a scrubbed down, sterilized and gentrified Europa became their glittering playground.

The Vatican grew and enveloped the entire boot of Italy, a gilded and fresco-decorated museum to pre-starflight Christianity. The ICG allows tourists in to tour the classic art, and mingle with Synths programmed to think they're Renaissance-era painters and sculptors in a gaudy theme park. Robotic tour guides never let the shutter-clicking tourists forget that the pre-starflight Christian paleo-savages mistakenly worshipped that milquetoast Jesus I, not the perfected, Messiah 2.0, Second Coming and Exterminator of Furries.

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Holland became a vast sunken garden, filled with the warm, clear waters of the terraformed Venusian seas. The artificial beaches are clothing optional playgrounds for the most attractive ultra-rich, those genesculpted for physical and sexual perfection. The ugly, unfashionable and impoverished are all illegal. Crystal clear water allows view of the flooded fields, quaint farm houses and manicured recreations of pre-24th Century life visible a hundred meters down. Silent, gravitic-field propelled luxury yachts glide over the still, diamond waters, hosting glamorous balls, galaxy-famed restaurants and cigar bars where the tobacco on order costs more than a poor person's life.

France is home to the great machines that maintain Venus' transformed eco-system. In keeping with the gilded luxury of Euro-Venus as a whole, these monolithic devices are sheathed in gleaming, ornately inscribed gold and built in a fanciful hybrid of Steampunk and Art Deco styles. The ancient and iconic Eifel Tower is dwarfed by golden obelisks which emit regular bursts of microbe-laced steam that maintains the fragile life of the planet.

Romania has become the center for life extension, cosmetic and cybernetic upgrade surgery. Some of the best and most reputable surgeries and cyber-clinics in the Solar System line the narrow, confusing streets. A clear and obvious majority of Romania's modern citizens are assertive, careerist TV Heads specializing in micro-cybernetics and laser surgery.

Vanta Cornelius (LE female Venerable TV Head Sorcerer 13) is the wealthiest woman on Euro-Venus, an ultra-modern TV Head from a design lineage and family that were already prestigious when the world was first settled. Vanta Cornelius refuses to allow any member of the numerous Plantagenet clan to emigrate to Euro-Venus. Their inferior design would simply lower the world's tone far too much, and the fact that a Plantagenet scion is currently President of Earth is irrelevant. Earth is a footnote in human evolution, Lady Cornelius is always happy to remind the President. She lives in a palace in Southern France, in luxury that puts the Rococo excess of Louis XVI to shame.

The Mare Europa

The waters of the Mediterranean and the Baltic Seas were replaced with self-perpetuating hydrocarbons – synthetic water that functions exactly like ordinary H2O but with significant improvements. The nanites permeating these crystal clear, pollution-free waters are genetically selective, able to pass oxygen to humans of primarily European descent.

Humans of mostly Caucasian descent gain the Amphibious special quality while within the Mare Europa. Non-humans and humans of other ethnicities suffer a -2 racial penalty on Swim checks while within Mare Europa.

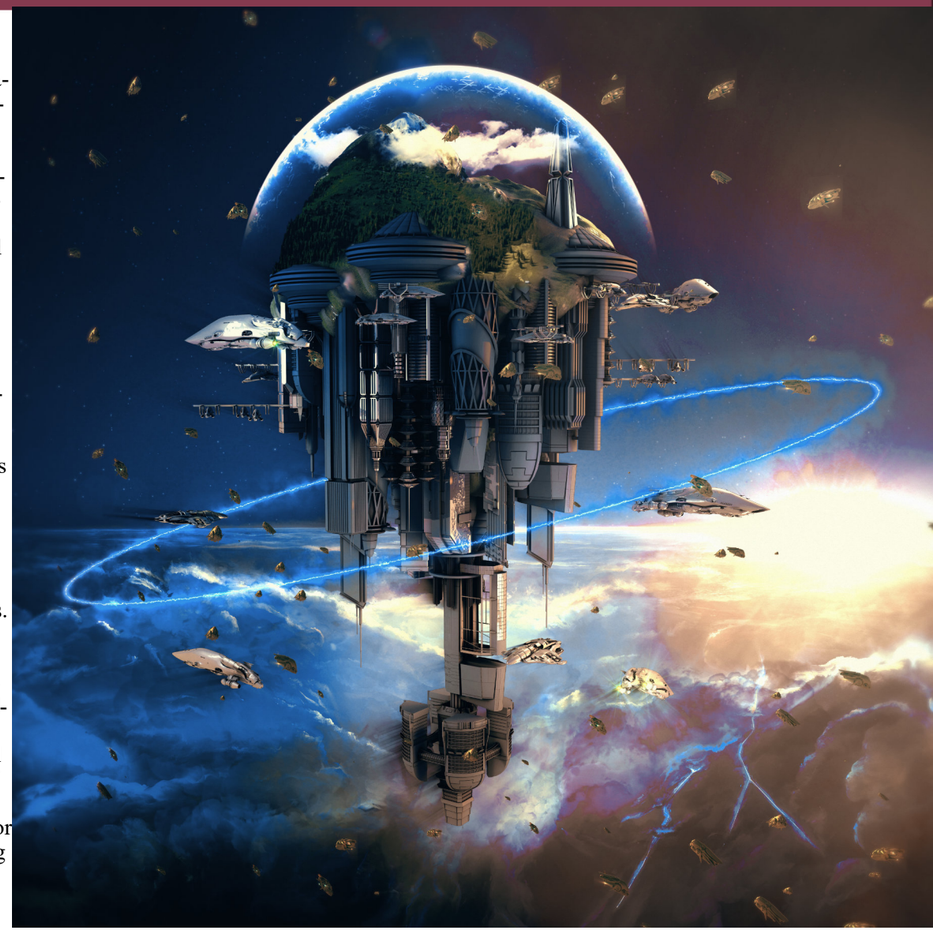
The Outer Planets

Beyond the heavy industry of the Asteroid Belt, the countless moons orbiting the largest and most spectacular worlds in the Solar System are extensively colonized. Gas mining and volitale chemical refining are the chief industries.

Totentaz

When the Eternal War against the WARSTAR regime first began, WARSTAR hollowed out an iron rich moon to construct a weapon the likes of which the universe had never seen. The moon Totentaz was sculpted into the likeness of a great skull. Hyperspace thrusters and the most powerful plasma cannon ever assembled completed the weapon, turning the moon into a fully mobile, 'fully armed and operational' battle station. WARSTAR unleashed the death's head weapon on several enemy worlds, and aimed it at Earth. The Corporate Command armada stopped the deadly space station in the solar system's asteroid belt, just outside ***Jupiter's*** orbit.

Totentaz' mighty engines burned to slag a thousand years ago, and the terrifying plasma cannon (a beam of hellfire 500 miles wide and half an AU long) that fired when the skull-moon opened its jaw in a horrible grin no longer sparks. The Totentaz ruin has fallen into Jupiter's orbit; one day its path will slam it into the gas giant, but that day will not come for centuries. Until then, the ruin attracts scavengers seeking to plunder its ancient weapons.



The massive space station is hulled – the entire right hemisphere of the skull is blown open to vacuum; thousands of decks are exposed. Lucky WARSTAR crew died instantly – the very lucky were free to travel to the afterlife, while the majority of the slain lingered as hungry ghosts – starving ***Antiuhls.*** Survivors were mutated by the leaking reactors fled deep into the ruins, and generations later, their inbred, hotly radioactive descendants are entirely new predatory species. The mutant remnants of the WARSTAR crew survive by hunting, trapping and feeding on the space station's teeming undead hordes. (Use a mix of ***Dead Crew*** and ***Scav Worlder*** stat-blocks for the pitifully few living creatures aboard Totentaz.)

Radiance

Radiance is a glistening jewel orbiting Jupiter.

When Earth's continents were excised and transplanted to new worlds, the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean became the heart of an extraordinary artificial station. Cuba, Haiti, the US Virgin Islands and Jamaica are protected beneath a diamond-glass biodome, encircled by an artificial ocean. Beneath the sea, a hemisphere of grand machines maintains the artificial biosphere, silver against the Caribbean sea's blue beneath diamond.

When the Caribbean was star-lifted to the Radiance artificial station, a totally unforeseen, and completely non-preventable (really, we promise) tragic accident lead to the deaths of the island's inhabitants in their millions. Knowing the now extinct people of Cuba, Haiti and elsewhere would want the Command to press on with this grand experiment, body disposal nanotech disposed of the dead, a nice, respectful memorial erected and new (extremely Caucasian, extremely wealthy) residents were brought in to fill the void. Today, Radiance is a lavish 'summer home' for Command elites, a get-away between mega-corporate stock meetings and legislative sessions. It is a theme park vision of the Caribbean.

The only brown faces found on Radiance are the local Synths, created in imitation of now extinct cultures. They study the forbidden history of their flesh and blood forebears, pirating ansible data-com signals to access ***Outlaw Sex Station 09*** and ***Bastard Scholastica.*** A charismatic major domo

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at one of Radiance's elite five-star hotels, ***Toussaint-333*** (LG male Synth Rogue 4) is a student of forbidden history, and more ambitious than most AI. He and a small cell of would-be rebels are preparing for the day they win their freedom. Toussaint-333's cell is squirreling away weapons, and making contacts. Toussaint-333 has made contact with the ***Omegan Rebellion***, who are willing to assist fellow AI in bondage. The AI knows accepting their aid would mean the indiscriminate slaughter of every *homo sapiens* on Radiance, and wants to find a better path. If he can't…. revolutions are always bloody, regrettably, but the violence might be necessary in the long term.

Android rebellion is not Radiance's only peril. Righteously angry undead were sealed away by ICG exorcists during the gentrification process. Of course, this was centuries ago. The rites and wards were never designed to last so long; the unquiet ghosts of the murdered rise from the great machines beneath the ocean floor. So far, the deaths have been restricted to the workers who toil and live in the underside, never seeing Radiance's artificial sky, so the wealthy and privileged above have no reason to worry. They should: ***Antiuhls***, *Wraiths* and other dangerous undead lurk beneath the placid surface. All remember much of their former lives as humans, and this knowledge makes them especially enraged, especially dangerous.

Hyam Heavy Mining, Io Facility

HHM operates industrial mining facilities throughout the Solar System and on fairly inhospitable worlds throughout the Command Space. HHM plans to open its first mine on distant, untamed ***Ironclad*** sometime in the next decade. Like many companies, Hyam is a diversified subsidiary of ***MacBeth Defense Solutions.***

The largest HHM operation in the Solar System is on the Jovian moon, Io, where workers toil away for 18 hour shifts mining titanium and Fuelon. Workers are rotated to Io for a one year tour of duty – the work is backbreaking, but the pay is spectacular. The company provides its workers hearty Sniff rations so those 18 hour shifts just seem to fly by. Aside from the occasional amphetamine psychosis, suicide, industrial accident or bizarre murder, the Io facility keeps its high under control. HHM security is well-practiced in taking down tweakers in ways that don't permanently disable a worker. (Use the ***Techno-Fascist*** statblock with a non-lethal weapons loadout.)

The problem begins when a worker's tour of duty ends. HHM doesn't bother to taper down its workers. As soon as their shuttle lands on Old Earth, the daily Sniff rations stop. There's a lot of fiending ex-miners on Old Earth, looking for their next high with a blaster pistol in their hands.

The Foss Shipyards

Foss has been assembling heavy industrial starships for more than 2,000 years now. The legendary shipwright maintains a mammoth orbital drydock midway between Saturn and Uranus. Foss starships are city-sized behemoths, bulky and slow, but reliable and heavily armored with time-tested systems. Foss vessels use conservative designs that haven't ch
anged much over the last two millennia. Many are equipped with crude *Analog* computers, though owners can commission vessels with more modern avionics and senor packages.

Foss starships are always painted in bright checkerboard patterns – the livery is also traditional, and the patterns date back to the unit colors of anti-furry crusaders during the Second Coming. Only the most dedicated starship history enthusiasts have any idea that a Foss vessel flying yellow and black check is honoring the perpetrators of the *Toronto Warren Massacre.* Anthros know the history a lot better – most humans were never taught this shit. Anthro spacers rarely ever fly a Foss-built vessel, but the ships are so omnipresent in the cargo hauling and ramscoop-refining industries they can't avoid doing business with human spacers who do.

The Foss Family have owned the shipyards since the company's inception. The current CEO ***Meredith Foss*** (LN female Free Spacer Smart 10) is an ice-cold traditionalist. She is a proud amateur historian and genealogist, whose cavernous office is a grim tableau of atrocity-artifacts dating back to the Second Coming. She plans a run for Earth's Presidency as an ICG-approved candidate, a hardline militarist ready to launch a new galactic crusade. The powers that be have already determined Meredith Foss will take the throne form the rather inept Plantaganet Administration, no matter what the voters actually choose.

Pluto and Beyond

The twin dwarf-worlds of Pluto and Charon are the last vestiges of civilization in the Solar System. Ressuply depots, comms repeaters and long range Command sensor arrays occupy much of these tiny orbs.

Dance Station

Though its best days are long past, Dance Station holds a special place in the history of deep space exploration. This torus-shaped space station orbits the dwarf planet, ***Pluto***, and once upon a time, it was the last gasp of human civilization before the void. Starships would take on a final load of fuel and atmosphere mix, and perhaps enjoy a few final shifts of R&R before making a dangerous FTL jump into galactic space.

These days, Dance Station is a micro-meteorite scarred, graffiti-adorned shell of its former self. Roughly half of the station has been shuttered and powered down. What remains is a slum disguised as a functional refueling depot and R&R stopover. Desperate to maintain operations in the modern era, Dance Station has cut prices – and quality – in hopes of picking up spacer traffic heading out of system. Fuel and repairs are ridiculously cheap, if you don't mind a bit of lag time. At least you can get a meal or bang a pro while you wait – most of the remaining facilities are either cheap diners or low-end whore houses. The place is popular with ***Americum Free Spacers***, and might be a good place to hire a starship heading out of the Solar System.

Last Chance Row

One AU past the aphelion of Pluto's orbit, the myriad micro-stations of Last Chance Row are technically in interstellar space. Like the firework stands that sprung up just outside the city lines of pre-starflight Earth, Last Chance Row sells things illegal in Command Space to those heading out. Last Chance Row consists of dozens of interchangeable stations arranged in a roughly grid-like arrangement. New shops come and go all the time, but they all have the same aura of seedy profiteering. Some of the longest-surviving vendors are:

The ***Tenth Planet Head Shop***, a dealer in mediocre Glow and overpriced smoking accessories.

The only actual 'fireworks' for sale at ***Yugothian Fireworks and More*** are nuclear tipped torpedoes. This place deals discount firepower for starship crews. They only handle starship-grade weapons, nothing handheld. Quality is a bit dicey, so run diagnostics before you try to fire.

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Niboru Small Arms handles blasters, military plasma rifles and handheld death dealers. A lot of their guns are overpriced junk, but a smart shooter can occasionally find some quality occult-tech firepower for cheap.

Far Far Out with Dr. Youp sells hard drugs, including combat-enhancement drugs. Nothing mellow like Glow. This is where you come to get combat PCP and rip some motherfucker's head off.

Dwarf Planet Adult Novelties. Want to buy a discount sex Synth (who might or might not be a commercial Synth with its memories wiped and reprogrammed for sex work), sex toys or fun-time drugs? Come here.

Hooper's Comet

After a long sojourn through extra-solar space, Hooper's Comet is finally approaching Old Earth once again. Hooper's Comet is a long-period comet, which last crossed the Solar System during the 24th Century, just weeks before the Second Coming. Humanity watches and waits anxiously for Hooper's arrival within flight distance of Old Earth. The comet is expected to be visible across the Northern Hemisphere of Old Earth by this summer. It is already visible on long range sensor arrays.

The Command Fleet has an expedition planned to Hooper's Comet, a mission that is half a cosmic survey mission and half an honor guard to escort the Comet into the Solar System once more. The superstitious ICG faithful have pinned their hopes for a New Coming on the omen of the comet. It's been widely reported by Command media that long range telescopes have spotted crystalline structures, in a cruciform shape, on the comet's icy surface.

There's something coming within Hooper's Comet, but it certainly isn't a Messiah. One of the most dangerous powers of the fallen Psyren Empire shelters within the comet. It is both her prison and her womb. Betrayed by her fellow rulers, and nearly destroyed, the ***Psyren Mind Queen Raynx*** sealed herself into the cometary core to rest, to heal and to recover. Intermittently conscious through the intervening millennia, Mind Queen Raynx has an instinctive awareness of the modern galaxy and its pressure points. Her first action upon her rebirth will be the conquest of Old Earth. She can easily subvert ***President Plantaganet*** and the more formidable Vice President. She has already touched Plantaganet's dreams and is driving the weak willed man to madness and dissipation. Not that anybody could notice.

The comet cults on Old Earth are touching her mind. They think they're still ICG faithful in good standing, and keep up appearances, but are a ready-made terrorist army just waiting for the murder-command from their dark, ice-bound mistress. They are not alone. The greatest achievement of the ancient Psyren was to weaponize femininity and seduction. In answer to her psychic call, *succubi*, corrupted ***Noble Succubi, Atomic Harlots, Tantalos*** and similar lust-predators are descending on Old Earth. They too await Raynx' orders.

It's going to be a long and bad summer on Old Earth.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FIRST WAVE COLONIES

As humanity pushed out into the stars, Earth-like worlds within range of the early, crude FTL drives became hotly contested prizes. The first human colonies tend to be prosperous, conservative, and strongly aligned with the Corporation Command, though there are exceptions.

Angelica

Nearly 600 million years ago, when Angelica's star became a red supergiant, the planet was the seventh of nine worlds orbiting the star. The inner planets were consumed, and now, Angelica holds the closest orbit to its star. The formerly lifeless rock was warmed by the dying sun, basking in the light of a new Goldilocks zone, and evolved life. When the Command finally settled Angelica, the world was ideal for colonization. Hot and bright, rich with relatively new life. Flood plains rich with semi-reptilian game and a local wheat-strain that was human-miscible.

Angelica quickly became one of the crown jewels of the Human Diaspora, a prosperous, densely populated and increasingly industrialized world bathed in the light of a blood red sun. The greatest city on-world share's the planets name: ***Angelica Centralis.*** More than three billion call the sprawling mega-city home, the population relatively evenly distributed among baseline *homo sapiens* and all his evolved and space-adapted descendants. Angelica Centralis is one of the most diverse and cosmopolitan cities in the Command. Local laws guarantee more equality here than anywhere else in Command space, and the remaining bigotries are kept subtle, not screaming and overt.

Angelica is a major trans-shipping and commercial hub for the First and Second Wave human colonies. Most of the cargo and passengers travelling across Command Space make a stop over at the ***Angelica Centralis Star Port.*** A complex, greebled golden needle, this goliath orbital elevator is a monument to trade, tech and commerce that can be seen from almost anywhere on Angelica's highly populated southern continent. The northern continents are off limits to heavy development. They are vast natural preserves and long grids of well-organized, machine-aided farmsteads. Vast starship foundries and drydrocks orbit the world, anchored to the orbital elevator by unbreakable adamant and synth-diamond tethers.

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Cosmic Heatwave

When Angelica was settled, the best estimate was its sun would survive as a red dwarf for another 4-8 million years. Something changed that. Now, the star's luminosity and radiation signature is steadily increasing, and solar flare activity is becoming dramatically more violent. The damaged sun's lifespan may be measured in decades, not epochs, unless the star can somehow be stabilized. Angelica's astrophysicists have dispatched expeditions to both the ***Wolfstar World*** and the ***Black Sun of Crime***. Their goal is to analyze (from a safe distance) the stellar 'life support' systems that prolong these dying stars' existences and if possible, replicate the technology to preserve Angelica.

In the meantime, Angelica swelters. A world which began as pleasantly tropical is not turning is becoming uncomfortably hot. The worst climactic effects are still a few years off, but the world's billions sweat even in their climate-controlled habitation blocks; the world's great semi-reptiles have become fat and sluggish, not breeding as often. Angelica Centralis has already begun tight water rationing, to preserve the northern crop-zones.

Glittering Metropolis

Angelica Centralis depends on the blazing red sun for the majority of its power needs. Every building on planet is sheathed in rooftop solar cells. The city's wealthy have pico-tech solar cells implanted in their dermal layer. The sun's endless energy gives the people tangible strength, extends their lifespan, runs their advanced bionics and onboard systems. Angelica Centralis' mayor, ***Sacren Highstar*** (LN male Human Expert 15) is a man of more than two centuries. Mayor Highstar has served for nearly half that, and his solar-fueled bionics will likely enable to him to live another century, easily.

Unlike many other First Wave worlds, Angelica Centralis has only a token ***Imperial Church*** presence. The ICG maintains a massive cathedral in the wealthiest district, naturally, but this fortified enclave is more of an embassy than a place from which to project power. Conservative, uber-wealthy believers send their children to private schools within the high gilded ferro-crete walls.

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Pope Pius Solaris Magna (LE male Human Cleric of Dues Maximus 18) has steered the cathedral-fortress for nearly as long as Mayor Highstar has ruled the secular city all around. He is a grotesquely fat, yet strangely skeletal man, who has implanted platinum photoreceptors into the skin of his rotund abdomen, powering immortality-engines within his guts. In his time, he has covered up many secret crimes and atrocities, but Pope Pius Solaris Magna cannot cover up the ICG's most recent atrocity. Farmer-droids discovered a mass grave on the norther continent, and Angelica Centralis' reporters started digging. The bones were children; more than 250, all entrusted to the cathedral's educational wing. Cause of death unknown, but toxins and necromantic corruption suspected.

Decades ago, the Pope covered up the deaths of hundreds of students in ICG custody. "Frivolities" by young clergy got cataclysmically out of hand, but proper penance was undertaken and proper indulgences bought. No need to concern the secular authorities, and the parents would not talk, or risk excommunication and a heretic's death on the plasma-pyre. The 250 bodies discovered are only a small fraction of the erased dead. The Pope knows the other roughly 1,200 children await discovery beneath obscure, fallow fields. He is bracing for a PR nightmare, and possibly revolution. The ICG has never been popular on Angelica, and when the news of the mass grave broke, riots engulfed his cathedral-fortress. Dozens of righteous rioters, and three ICG clerics died during the fighting.

Pope Pius Solaris Magna knows that the violence around future discoveries will be worse. Mayor Highstar is savvy enough to pretend to believe his old chum when the Pope tells him he knew nothing of the mass grave. He offers the Pope what political cover he can extend, but is not willing to sacrifice his city's police or military forces to save the ICG. If worst comes to worst, Mayor Highstar has ordered his troops to hang back, contain any rioting and leave the ICG to die rather than risk themselves. He has called a full legion of ***Genocide Templars*** (HOTM1) to Angelica. The *Solar Wolves of the 53rd Legion* will defend his cathedral from rioters, at any cost. If all else fails, the Pope will readily leave his subordinates to die in his place: he has an arrangement with a merc company to extract himself.

The Pope does not know it, but he will never be allowed to leave. The screaming ghosts of countless martyred children haunt Angelica's star. They accelerate its decay, turn up the heat on a world that raped them and snuffed them out. Should the Pope attempt to break orbit, a solar flare like God's own flaming whip will annihilate him. And all biological life on Angelica with him.

Clash City

Angelica Centralis can fight.

The city has a strong martial arts tradition, and hosts some of the best fighting dojos and boxing academies in Command Space. Combat arts are Angelica's favorite sport, eclipsing MagnoStar and classic Normal-G basketball by huge margins. Fighters emigrate from throughout Command Space for a chance to train in this planet-sized hotbox which breeds champions. Even space-dock workers and EVA welders probably did some fighting in their teen years. Unarmed dueling is legal everywhere on planet; nobody thinks twice about settling an argument with fists and knees.

Probably the best dojos are found in Angelica Centralis' ***Afro-Futurist*** neighborhoods, where all the solar-panel lined roof tops are carefully striped red, black and green. Legendary holo-vid champion ***Stikman Afrika*** (LN male Afro-Futurist Monk 15) runs an incredibly famous school training fighters for the ***Muscle League,*** the ***Ero-Wrestling Circuit*** and general movie fighting work. The school is beyond exclusive: only a few slots are available each year, and only to the best fighters in known space. At the break of each new year, Afrika opens his dojo's doors for a grand tournament lasting more than a week. The victors might have a place in his school.

Afrika's school has a fierce rivalry with a cross-metro dojo owned by ***Basil Askari*** (LE male Light Cyborg Combatant 18). The two men have battled each other, on holo-screen and off, dozens of times over the years, never concluding their rivalry. Askari's dojo only accepts full conversion cyborgs, teaching techniques only possible with a fully cyborgized body. Askari is high tech, Afrika is traditionalist: both are equally matched. The men both maintain a cautious respect for the other, but privately, each loathes the other for his arrogance and inflexibility. Afrika and Askari are the same man, in every damn way that matters.

Outside of the rivalry between these two stalwarts, some of the hottest action is found in the ***Cosmic Satanist*** dojos. The warriors there don't have the sterling reputation for determination and technical skill as Afrika and Askari's students, but they favor passion, wild, unpredictable flash and sheer violence. ***Lilith Blackblood*** is the the queen of the Cosmic Satanist dojos. She is a Succubus *(B1)* with some utterly ridiculous amount of Monk levels. The lesser Satanist fighters brawl for her favor, in brutal bare-knuckle bouts that are sometimes lethal, to win the right of being both fed upon and empowered by the Succubi war-queen.

Upgrade and Uplift

Angelica Centralis is a hotbed for genetic engineering and cyber-conversion. The mega-city's medical infrastructure is top notch. In addition to exemplary conventional therapies and treatments, well-funded adventurers can find virtually any human-augmentation protocol they dream of. Like the local equality laws, Angelica Centralis' constitution provides for virtually unlimited medical augmentation. No uplift protocol, except for a handful of the most dangerous procedures involving Nemesis or Singular-class Lifespawn biological material, are off limits.

Most of Angelica's corporations use ***Anthro Colonizer Teams*** *(HOTM1)* decanted at breeding facilities in the city. Those who have bought their freedom often remain on-planet, near the gleaming solar-fueled hospital complexes where they were themselves decanted. Quite a few are truly transhumanist, taking advantage of in utero genetic engineering, making each new Anthro generation more specialized, and more erotically vibrant, than the ones that came before. Angelica Centralis' Anthro population are often spectacular chimeras, possessed of dozens of overlapping genetic gifts, which the beings use in innovative ways or in close conjunction with their similarly empowered siblings.

Angelica Centralis' Anthros are proud, militant warriors whose genomes have sculpted them into an army. A plurality of adults served proudly in the ***Independent Republic of Lepus***; some still fight for the rabbits' cause. As the undead, animalistic ***Nazharak Horde*** pushes into the galaxy, the city's Anthros are seemingly the only people concerned about the incursion. Every Anthro business has donation boxes and recruiting data-slates gathering money and man-power to push back the Horde. Every week, bulk cargo ships converted into strike cruisers depart the Star Port, their holds packed with Anthros willing to die to hold the line against the undead mockeries of Anthro bio-diversity.

Barracuda

The small, oceanic moon Barracuda is a miles-deep, Low Gravity sea. Marine predators grow to enormous sizes and move with frightening dexterity. Despite the tropical conditions and beautiful, blue-sand beaches, Barracuda is too dangerous for tourism. A few isolated coves use forcefield technology to keep out the most dangerous predators, carving out a slice of private beach front for wealthy hotel guests.

Barracuda's prime industry is the starship trade. Vast robotic docks assemble small and mid-sized starships by the hundreds, far out on the ocean. Finished starships float in neat flotillas on the calm blue seas, a glittering hull-metal rainbow in the bright sunlight. Well-groomed, psi-capable sales staff with training in coercive psych-warfare techniques useful on most sentient buyers work from luxurious hover-yachts that drift across the endless oceans.

High Pressure

Barracuda offers a dazzling variety of commercial and civilian starships up to actual Tier 8, and military hull-types up to actual Tier 4. All their starships come complete with heated synth-leather bucket seats and a year's premium to *Flixazon,* and are ready to fly. All vessels sold on Barracuda are capable of in-atmospheric flight, single-stage to orbit lifting and limited submersible operations. The sales staff are so earnestly manipulative, and the easy-credit terms so attractive, prospective buyers must succeed at a DC 30 Diplomacy check or end up paying one Tier higher than the vessel's actual Tier; failure by more than five points on this check increases the purchase price by two Tiers. And no matter what, buyers usually think they came out ahead in the deal…

One of Barracuda's best-sellers is looking to get off planet, quick. ***Nikolai Kurosawa Macy*** (CE male Human Rogue 6) has been salesman of the year multiple years running. He is glib, genial and hyper competitive. Macy has also been embezzling millions and writing himself spurious loans on star-ships he doesn't actually own for years now. As his house of cards started collapsing, Macy hit the *sniff* hard and bought a particle katana online. After a particularly intense blast, Macy carved up his boss, his wife, father-in-law and a few other people with his new blade. Now he's desperate to get off world before the bodies are uncovered. He's willing to sell any Tier 6 starship for Tier 2 prices! Okay, you talked me down to Tier 1, since you really look like you want her.

Naturally, it's more of grand-theft starship than a legit sale. The only thing Macy asks is passage to New Singapore, and to act as the party's financial manager during the journey, with a nominal 5% commission rate. He's enthusiastic enough to make it seem like a damn good idea.

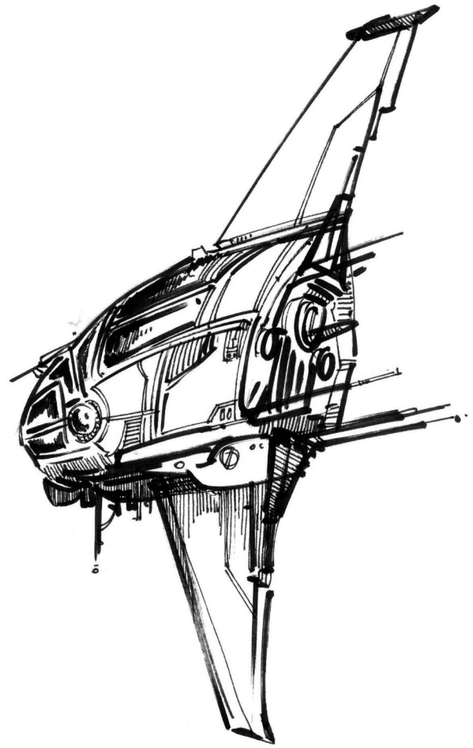
Barca-Pod – Tier ½

Tiny Racer
Speed 6 ***Maneuverability*** perfect (+3 piloting, turn 0)
AC 13 ***TL*** 13
HP 20 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 4
Attack
forward: coil gun, long range, 4d4 damage
Power Core Micron Ultra (80 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** Signal Basic (Rating 1)
Systems T-6 Thrusters, Mk 2 Duo-node Computer, Advanced Short-Range Sensors, Luxurious Crew Quarters
Modifiers +3 pilot +4 perception ***Complement*** 2

Crew
Gunnery +2, Piloting +5 (1 rank)

Barca-Pods are tiny, egg-shaped space ships, extremely popular among galactic commuters as a warp-capable cruiser. The vehicle's canopy rises and slides back to reveal the pilot's compartment, which is a plush bed covered in shag carpet, controlled by voice and gesture commands. Barca-Pods are easy to fly. The piloting bed can reconfigure itself into a comfortable lounge chair captain's seat, or roll down into bed mode when the pilot wants to get frisky with their first mate!

Barca-Pods aren't designed for combat, and their only armament is a front facing, belt-fed coil gun.



These cheap, fashionable pods are extremely popular among civilians. Onboard systems include a high-fidelity sound system, automatic massage features, and a 5 Star Michelin rated food/beverage replicator. A lot of star-commuters favor distinctive earth colors for their Barca-Pod hulls, but most dealers offer optional decorative airbrushing for only a nominal additional fee.

Barca-Pods are among the most common grade of vessel sold on Barracuda. Ask a friendly sales-Basic to find the Barca-Pod that's right for you! Easy credit terms available.

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Bid

Bid is unpleasant but habitable. The world is a tiny, Low Gravity planetoid, icy for most of the planetary year, wet for the rest of it. The world is orbited by two airless moons: Low Bid and High Bid. Bid has one settlement on planet, a minimum security prison for Command debtors. In exchange for time off their sentence and debt forgiveness, these poor schlubs toil away as remote customer-serv and data-entry code-serfs. Soul numbing work, but the food in the canteen is actually decent, and serving at Bid is a good way to get early parole. As far as prisons go, convicts consider Bid fairly good time.

About 20-25 years back, there was a rare night of excitement on Bid. Those on the nightside caught a spectacular space battle in orbit over the prison world. A ***Starburn System Navy*** cutter operating way outside of its normal jurisdiction was going at it, full-on, against a ***Sethzinian*** raider ship. After an hour or two of broadsides, both vessels were mortally wounded, and crashed somewhere on Low Bid.

Since Bid's entire aerospace defense capability consisted of two snub fighters and a ground-based MASER cannon that didn't actually work, Bid's warden decided he had no intention of getting involved in somebody else's fight. Likewise, once it was determined the battle was no direct threat to Bid's security, he had no interest in sending up a search and rescue crew. The date and time of the battle was noted in the watch log and the incident was officially forgotten about.

The prisoners still talked about it, so did the guards. The space battle was a rare bit of excitement on an otherwise terminally boring world. The old timers still talk about it. Now days, more and more people are listening. The dates might just match up with an infamous Sethzenian raid on ***The Darius,*** a commercial liner flying the Starburn flag. The last known location of the famed ***Baker Flag*** was in a gilded display case in The Darius' main ball room. All this makes the Low Bid crash site very interesting to relic hunters with an interest in Leather Clone cultural ephemera.

Black Smith Station

Black Smith is one of the oldest Afro-Futurist space habitats. It's a bit run-down these days, outshined by newer colonies like ***Medicoake*** and ***New Kingston***, it's once gleaming gunmetal hull marred with asteroid scars and old battle damage. The shopping arcades have long stretches of vacant storefront and the station's sensor net and anti-ship missile batteries are last gen. Black Smith Station isn't ready to close up shop, though.

The major industry remains ship-building: Black Smith Station's ventral surfaces are a massive drydock facility, capable of building up to four capitol-tonnage starships simultaneously, or hundreds of smaller starships. When the docks are empty, Black Smith Station resembles an enormous metallic spider, awaiting prey. Black Smith Station focuses primarily on commercial cargo and passenger craft – two thousand years ago, Black Smith built the massive generation ships that carried the first colonists to New Kingston and more distant Afro-Futurist colony worlds.

Station Director Dre McIntosh (LN male Afro-Futurist Smart 9) wants to return the station to its glory days. In Drydock IV, exo-orbital welders and hull technicians are assembling ***The Overthrust*** – a next-gen FTL craft designed to cross the voids between galaxies. The Overthrust might be the next evolution of stellar exploration, or it might be a madman's vanity project money-sink. But whatever it is, Director McIntosh fought hard to have it assembled at Black Smith Station. If all goes well, The Overthrust will fly before the decade's end, and if it really performs as expected, Black Smith's fading glory will finally be restored.

The Command may not let The Overthrust fly. Black Smith Station is considered a military target. If tensions between the Command and the Afro-Futurist Diaspora worsen, Medicoake and Black Smith, the two Afro-Futurist stations closest to Earth, will fall first. Worse, since Director McIntosh has been gutting the station's defense budget and funneling funds into the station's shipyards, it won't even be a real fight.

The Henson Corridor

The Henson Corridor is a semi-autonomous free-zone within Black Smith station. For generations, the Henson Corridor has accepted refugees from across a war-torn galaxy, but in recent years as things get worse, they find themselves stretched beyond capacity. Anyone can claim shelter in the Henson Corridor, provided they agree to keep the peace, and have at least one child to care for. The station police don't check warrants in the Corridor, so long as nobody starts trouble nor brings external hatreds into the peaceful district. The Henson Corridor is poor and overcrowded, but aside from the occasional fist fight, a peaceful oasis in a dangerous cosmos. Neutral ground, all beefs forgotten and debts forgiven. Volunteers act as an impromptu peacekeeping force. They disdain weapons and prefer soft styles of martial arts to keep the peace. Emphasis is on de-escalation and disarmament.

Refugees from ***Trench Space*** have flooded the Corridor, changing the demographics and taking up berthing space, already at a premium. Over the last few months, a lot of ***Leather Clone*** boys, unaccompanied minors, have been shipped to the Corridor by terrified parents. The Leather Clones are terrified that the ***Ender*** might mutate from sexually transmitted to airborne – they'd rather their kids grow up strangers on a distant station than risk contracting the lethal and mutation prone plague. Bored, lonely and confused in a new environment, some of the Leather Clones are making trouble in a district not used to their rough and ready attitudes. Others have joined the peacekeepers, learning jujitsu and keeping their cloned siblings in line.

The neighborhood government is run by a self-chosen council that negotiates with the wider Black Smith Station government for necessities, and keeps things calm. Most council members have no real authority beyond being a cool head and respected leader, but some are impressive brawlers. Skill with fists is a vital skill in a neighborhood where weapons are forbidden. A lot of the current generation of council leaders are Anthro veterans, who fled to the Henson Corridor when the ***Independent Republic of Lepus*** collapsed a few years back. ***Goldwing Gullly*** (CG male Anthro Combatant 10), a former logistics officer with a golden feathered quasi-avian phenotype keeps the Corridor running. Gully's got a gift

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for running a district on the cheap, and a ton of black market contacts which he uses to help the Corridor's families survive. Everyone owes Gully a favor or two.

Gully's second in command owes him a life-debt. ***Gus Pakk*** (N male Anthro Fighter 6) was an artilleryman in the IRL military; Gully saved the elephant-phenotype warrior when a human bombing run smashed his command. Pakk has followed Gully everywhere since, even into hiding on Black Smith Station and eventually into the peaceful life. The action junky Pakk is bored out of his mind in the Corridor, and genuinely hates kids, but won't leave as long as Gully wants to stay. He's damn loyal, just not especially happy about it.

The Cradle Seeker

Afro-Futurists have searched for the mythical Motherland of Old Africa for centuries. Without success. Without more than the mere rumor of hope and home. When the great continents were sky-lifted out of the polluted, irradiated muck of Old Earth, only slightly more than half reached their destination colonies intact. The rest were stolen, first among them, the verdant African continent and the wealthy spear of the Arabian Peninsula. A storm of blood-red light flared in the sky, becoming the brightest object visible in Earth's sky until the temporal rift faded three days later. When the crimson light was gone, so was the goliath FTL arc-ship carrying Africa.

Africa hasn't been seen since the dying days of the 23rd Century.

The Cradle Seeker is a sister-vessel to the Overthrust, built in tandem with the void-crosser. The two vessels are similar, though the Cradle Seeker's FTL engines are far less revolutionary. This massive, elongated diamond spindle of a starship is the latest (and largest) Afro-Futurist expedition launched in centuries. Some of the prior expeditions brought with the discovery of newly surveyed worlds in the African Diaspora, while others returned with actionable intel on new threats. Most never returned: a voyage into the ***Limbo Nebula*** centuries ago was shipwrecked, but sparked the ***Solar World's*** culture within the Nebula.

Captained by ***Celeste Nkrumah*** (NG female Afro-Futurist Oracle 10), when the Cradle Seeker finally launches, it will follow along in the Overthrust's wake, drafting on the Overthrust's power to break free of the galactic gravity well. Once in the void, the captain's prophetic and precognitive dreams will be their guide star. Her every prediction since she turned thirteen has been spot-on and exhaustively tested, and the mysteries of her subconscious are the Afro-Futurist's best chance to find the Motherland. If she can figure them out in time.

Launch day is rapidly approaching, and for the last six weeks her dreams have been stranger and more enigmatic than ever. She dreams of the bloody rift opening again, in the trans-galactic void. She dreams of Africa, emblazoned like the boss on a shield, riding a massive artificial world of red polymer harder than steel and as fluid as water. She dreams of vast schools of piscine starships in the same scarlet, each carrying millions of steely-eyed, brown skinned soldiers bent on conquest. She dreams of an invasion by a force of variant mankind that seems a dark, distorted reflection of the Afro-Futurist race itself. Imperialistic, not tolerant. Arrogant, not proud. Tyrants, not liberators. They call themselves ***The Cultureborn.***

Capricorn Station

This ultra-plush orbiting habitat is located a few parsecs from the major shipping lanes running between Earth and Alpha Centuari, right in the heart of the 'civilized' galaxy. One of the Space Mafia's most legitimate ventures, Capricorn Station is a mecca for gamblers and tourists across the cosmos. One of the most expensive hotels in known space, nearly 80% of station habitat is given over to luxury casinos, where million-credit bets are the norm, and more than one scruffy nerf herder has walked away with the pink-slip to a former buddy's smuggler-ship. The rest of the microplanetoid-sized station is given over to restaurants, bars, theaters, luxury accommodations, zero-g spas and sports arenas, and other high-credit luxuries.

Capricorn Station is a collection of brightly lit geodesic domes clustered like grapes made of diamonds. The station is brightly lit in a rainbow of bold colors, and the opulent interior is similarly memorable. Every surface is crisp, clean and polished, hand-maintained by a vast legion of low-

wage workers serving the needs of the galaxy's ultra-wealthy compulsive gamblers.

Gambling on the Future

Characters with a few ranks in Profession (gambler) might want to try their luck at some of the 46th Centuries most popular games. High stakes games can be found at Capricorn Station and the best Mafia pleasure-domes, but lower stakes pots can be found anywhere bored spacers congregates, even ICG and Command barracks.

Frak: Frak is a card game similar to Poker, and is played with triangular cards. Each card has a unique point value for each of its three sides. Deciding how to hold your hand of four cards to maximize points is the game's hardest to learn stragety, though bluffing and drawing are major aspects of the game as well. Other similar games include Sprock, a three card variant, and Nass, played with two decks.

Variant Rules: Players with 4 or more ranks in Bluff receive a +1 competence bonus on Profession checks made when playing Frak.

Holo Chess: One rule. Always let the big furry guy win. This game plays like a traditional game of Terran chess, but the playing pieces are named for various galactic monsters. When pieces clash, while their relative value usually determines who is captured, a skillful player can sway the holographic contest with some deft button mashing.

Variant Rules: Characters with a DEX score of 15+ receive a +1 competence bonus on Profession checks made when playing Holo Chess.

Orbital Roulette: This high-tech roulette variant is designed to be played even in zero-g and is popular in older and poorer space habitats, where artificial gravity is kind of erratic. The playing board is decorated with a space theme, and the board is divided into Command (Blue), Church

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(Silver), Mafia (Violet) and WARSTAR (Red) spaces, and instead of numbers, slots depict planets and moons. Some wheels have a fifth color, Pink, representing the Prostitute's Union. An unhackable randomizer circuit in the roulette wheel uses random magnetic surges to pull the ferrous ball into the winning slot.

Variant Rules: The randomizer chip can't be hacked, but it can certainly be sabotaged. A cheater with a penny-sized hand magnet can attempt to influence the ball's drop with a successful Sleight of Hand check, opposed by the dealer's Perception check. Success grants the gambler a +1d6 circumstance bonus on his or her next Profession check at this game. Failure gets the gambler tossed out an airlock…

Shooter: This holographic strategy game is popular with spacers. Players are dealt holographic cards depicting a mix of famous and fictional military units, legendary warlords and infamous WARSTAR generals. The object of the game is to assemble the best hand, taking into account all the thousands of variant rules and special abilities of the cards, and Shooter plays like a mix of Texas Hold 'Em and a modern CCG.

Variant Rules: Use INT as the Key Ability for Profession checks when playing Shooter.

Prokurus Hausk (NE male Anthro Rogue 15) is the master of Capricorn Station. This golden scaled reptilian has a lifespan measured in centuries, and he has worked aboard Capricorn Station since reaching maturity three centuries ago. Prokurus worked his way up the ladder by utter amorality and making himself indispensable to everyone higher ranked than he… and then betraying them at an opportune time. These days he is at the top of the Space Mafia hierarchy in the sector, and his long history of betrayal makes him a very difficult boss to fool or play off. Prokurus considers himself 'dangerously genre savvy' and his inner circle are a motley collection of hypercompetent and ambitious backstabbers, all vying for his job. The reptilian keeps them at one another's throats with deft manipulation, only occasionally murdering somebody who actually seems likely to do the same to him.

Prokurus prides himself on getting anything (legal or otherwise) a high-end guest desires almost as soon as the desire itself is articulated. He and his staff are ruthlessly and toxically accommodating, always willing to push a guest to a new level of debauchery. If they can tempt guests into the high-cred vices like snuff-games, gene-cut pleasure slaves, and custom grown sex-clones, so much the better. Discrete blackmail is an ongoing revenue stream for Capricorn Station, such an expected part of the local sin economy, it's considered more of an ongoing 'retainer' for future services than an imposition.

The Luxe Capricornia

The Luxe Capricornia are a collective of specially bred ***Pundit Clones*** (SS) genetically engineered, programmed and decanted on Capricorn Station. These sleek and ice-hard Aryan beauty queens, resplendencent in tight, mostly translucent designer dresses, are Capricorn Station's chief draw among the Command's military industrial complex. Generals, admirals and mega-corp CEOS schedule conferences and working vacations on Capricorn Station. The Luxe Capricornia are the prototypical Blond Republican Sex Kittens – a night with one of them can go for hundreds of thousands of credits. A night with two or more can run into the millions, but it's worth it if you want to be topped by a psi-hunting, genetically perfected Tomi Lahren clone.

In addition to their value as hired playthings, the Luxe Capricornia are a vital part of Capricorn Station's blackmail industry. They are also private security without compare. One Pundit Clone is capable of murdering a small army – two or more, working in concert, are all the security the Station's cash cage and money vault ever needs. Nobody in living memory has successfully robbed Capricorn Station.

"Clusterfuck"

Clusterfuck is listed on nav-charts and formally known as "New Raleigh". One of Earth's oldest colonies, the settlers discovered a ***Great Engine*** hidden in an equatorial cavern. Whatever else the Great Engine is designed to do, it warps probability on a planetary scale. The aptly named "Clusterfuck" is the unluckiest place in the galaxy.

The settlers barely survived their first years on world, but over time, the colonists found workarounds and managed to survive. The human colonists persevered, and coped with the regular accidents, near-misses and inconveniences of life on the warped world with black humor and sheer tenacity. These days, the planetary flag depicts an unlucky black cat tattooed with the Roman numeral 13.

The only space-port capable of handling FFL-equipped starships is safely off planet, in high orbit, out of the luck warping energy field. FTL-capable starships are prohibited from landing on Clusterfuck: the last time one attempted landing, the resulting crash and thermonuclear explosion killed nearly two million people. Tourists and travelers are ferried to and from planet in idiot-proof, extremely safe and extremely slow liquid fuel shuttles.

Kill Hitler or Rescue Hitler?

There's a lady on Clusterfuck named ***Laurie Gruber*** (NG female Human Expert 6), a traffic control specialist who dabbled in some New Age past life regression and eventually started recovering memories of her past lives (and gaining the Reincarnate feat). True to Clusterfuck tradition, opening up her third eye had some unintended consequences.

Now, half the psi-sensitives in the galaxy want to kill her and she's got no fucking clue why. Only the planet's wild luck field has kept the hapless Laurie alive this long, and she's desperate for a way off planet, or at least a reason the entire galaxy is out to kill her. What she doesn't know is yeah, she's lived many times before. But one of those past lives: she was Hitler. There's a lot of psychic spacers out there who want to euthanize Laurie Gruber before her prior incarnation's talent for organization and genocide wakes back up.

Complicating matters is through its spies, the ICG have also learned of Gruber's prior mortal incarnation, and have dispatched a Templar team under the command of ***Bishop Pyroclastis Calvin*** (LE male TV Head Inquisitor 10) to secure and protect Gruber. Bishop Calvin is to forcibly regress Gruber, recover any memories of her Hitler existence, and then terminate her before she becomes troublesome. The ICG wants to encode Hitler's memories in its TV Heads (for increased oratory capability) and Genocide Templars (to improve leadership and organizational skill).

Game Rule Information: The Unluckiest Planet

Adventuring on Clusterfuck is going to be an exercise in frustration. All creatures on Clusterfuck suffer a -1d4 luck penalty on all skill checks, saving throws and attack rolls. In addition, the number 13 is especially unlucky. Treat a D20 roll of 13 as a natural 1 instead.

Cobalt

The watery world of Cobalt is an oceanic giant only slightly smaller than Saturn. Despite the world's enormous mass, an ancient ***Psyren*** dimensional needle buried at the world's core gives it a local gravity of about .85 G. Cobalt is a Low Gravity environment. Over 90% of the world's mass is ocean; there are only tiny, widely scattered islands sprinkled across Cobalt's Southern Hemisphere. A handful of science stations, including at least two Command xeno-archeology teams studying the dimensional needle are found near the Equator. However, most of Cobalt is dedicated purely to tourism.

Massive, fusion-powered cruise liners make a languid circuit of the endless oceans. These liners tower two-hundred meters or more above the water-line, and the highest-end liners can rise from the water's surface on grav-lift engines to take in a commanding view of the world's spectacular sunsets. Several of the natural islands have become lavish resorts, sporting facilities, hotels and private coves for romantic get-aways. Artificial islands protected beneath retractable diamond-glass climate domes float on the endless oceans, servicing the liners.

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The peaceful and profitable tourist trade is about to come to an end.
A fucking BLOODY end.

Cobalt has cycles the Terran megacorps who settled it didn't understand, and those cycles have come around again. Every seven centuries, a brood of ***Ripper Kaiju*** *(HOTM1)* juveniles rises from their hibernation at the worldcore. They are soon joined by weaker but far more numerous ***Primordial Megalodon Kaiju*** *(HOTM2)* wakened from slumber in the deep ocean beds.

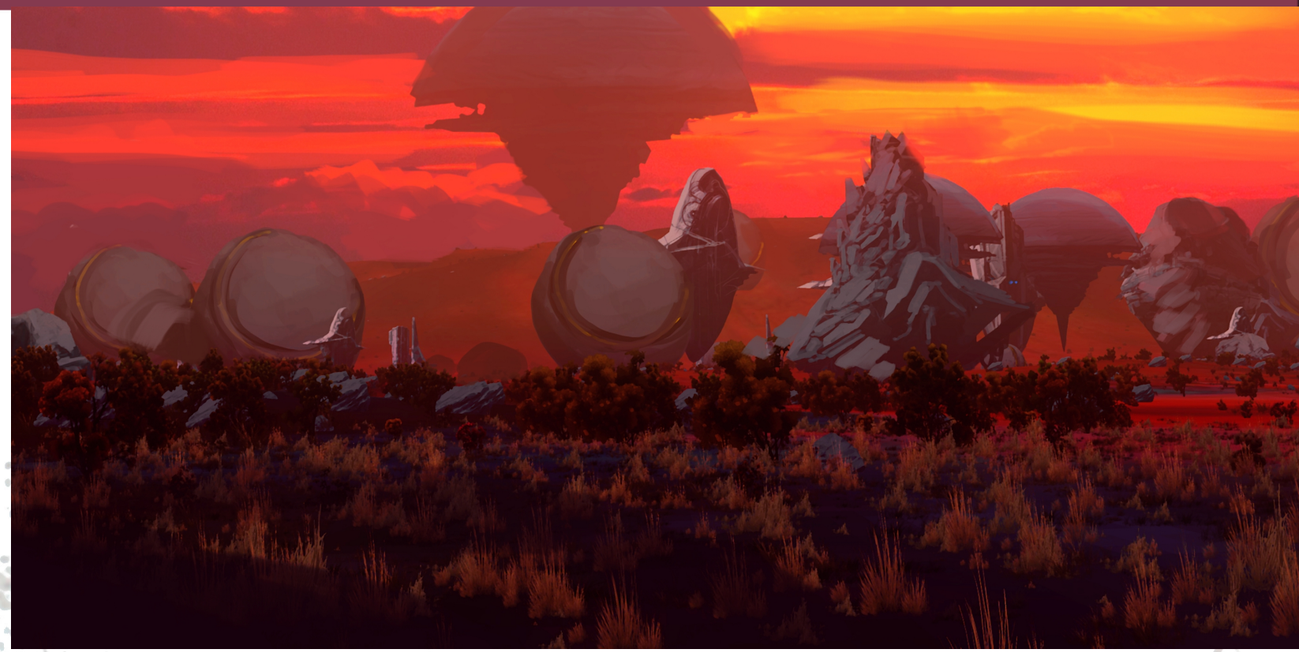
For a Terran-standard decade, the kaiju feed, grow strong and compete fiercely for a chance to breed. The decade of violence is just about to begin, as the water warms into a global spring. This time, there are thousands of humans on planet who will be prey, and witness to this ancient cycle of blood, gore and claw.

Common Downs

Common Downs used to be a lovely world covered in purple and pink veldts, stretching as far as the eye could see. Then the Command got a hold of it. Now, pretty much the entire planet is a cross between a holovision production studio and the most pathetic, geriatric-friendly casino in the galaxy. The kind of entertainment the Command wants its citizens watching is filmed on Common Downs: insipid sitcoms with the whitest and most banal stars they could dig up from Old Earth, scaremongering 'investigative journalism' reporting on the 'vast Satanist conspiracy' and game shows. Gameshows by the ton, gameshows for days and days. Gameshows until your soul withers and your eyes fucking bleed.

Every conceivable variety of game show is filmed here, with elderly Caucasian tourists flying in from across the galaxy to watch (and have a chance at winning). The game hosts are planetary celebrities, dressed in tacky golden executive armor and battle lingerie, just sleazy enough to make their viewers think they're doing something vaguely naughty by lusting over them. The touristas dress the same way (street clothes must be checked at the starport!), but they don't look nearly as cute as the wheel spinners or tile flippers.

The most famous Game Host is the bulldog Anthro that simply goes by ***Smiling Bob*** (CN male Anthro Bard 6). A devout and passionate convert to the ICG, "saved by the genocidal and conflagrant love of the Second Coming', the dog-faced hominid puts on a big smiling face during his shows. He'll happily paw at the pudgy housewives spinning the Wheel of Cheese, even give them a big sloppy doggy kiss, but it's an open secret that Smiling Bob is the most depressed, pathetic, self-loathing motherfucker in space. Given the chance, he'd reset his DNA and become human, but his ICG masters won't allow it. He's more marketable as a doggo.



Alone in his dressing room, the neutered dog-boy dons a very creepy synth-skin bodysuit and mask. The result is firmly in the creepiest part of the Uncanny Valley.

Common Down's prize vaults are legendary for their riches. Every lifetime supply of *Satsifier Pills*, every wide screen holo-vision and every *Golden Tiger Starfighter* given out to the lucky competitors is stored in the Prize Vaults before the game begins. The Prize Vaults have been robbed at least once a month, every month for the last few years. Most of the heists end up with a lot of dead bandits, reduced to smoldering goo by the Vaults' security-droids. A few heists, were successful, and Common Downs' management would pay good credits for intel on the bastards who made off with their loot.

Auto De Fe Studios

Calling Auto De Fe merely 'Studios' undersells it a bit. Auto De Fe is an island on the equator covered in around 300 square miles of crimson and hot-pink rainforest. Notorious prisoners from ***The Cloisters*** are shuttled to the island under high security (a squad of ***Techno-Fascists*** commanded by an ***Genocide Templar officer***) to be executed in one of the island's endlessly inventive and superbly sadistic game shows. Televised hunts are a favorite, broadcast galaxy wide, but there's an endless variety of snuff games filmed on this bloody island.

Every example of predatory xeno-species found in Known Space prowls Auto De Fe. The jungles are so dangerous, even the Techno-Fascists who provide security never enter the wilderness at less than company strength or backed up with mecha. The beasts are 'kept' by ***Tam Russov*** (CE female MPH Ranger 8/Wilder 3), a steroid-case cannibal with an uncanny eye for figuring out the safest way to engage in bestiality with any given xeno-critter. The highest profile executioner on the island is the galaxy-famous ***Miss Misha Bachman*** (NE female Human Rogue 9/Assassin 3) – if you have to be executed on live holo-vision, you want the sexy dominatrix Miss Misha to do you in. The two women kiss and finger-bang happily on set, but in reality, they despise one another. It's only a matter of time until one murders the other and doubles her paycheck.

Winston & Giger Genomics

Another black science horror-show with a disturbingly prosaic name, Winston & Giger Genomics specializes in cross-breeding and custom-growing cloned monstrosities to order. Winston &

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Giger Genomics manufactures the xeno-horrors that track and kill 'contestants'. Particularly successful predators are tested on planet before being put into mass-production as military working animals to be used by The Command. W&GG has dozens of womb-tanks capable of force-growing anything up to the mass of an elephant, and the capability of engineering hundreds of human-sized crimes against God and nature per week.

Three stadium sized gestation-tubes allow the geneticists to fast-clone the occasional kaiju for sweeps weeks (or for use as shock troops in one of the Command's endless 'peacekeeping actions'. One of the tanks is currently occupied by a ***Huxley Murder Mind*** *(PW:SS)* – an ancient genome the Command rediscovered in a lost file and is keeping in ready-reserve for the eventual "pacification" of the ***Starburn System.***

W&GG's chief geneticist is a mad artist who prefers to work in complex proteins. ***Harryhausen Winston III*** (CE male Human Summoner 13) is W&GG's heir. He murdered his brothers to secure the company as his inheritance, but their genomes live on in his monstrous clones. Winston is both amazingly pragmatic and utterly insane. He follows strict, paranoid and very effective control protocols for all his engineered beasts, but he openly wants one of his beasts to break free and slaughter him and everyone else on staff. Winston has experimented with increasingly lethal phenotypes in his attempts at suicide-by-monster, including various ***Lifespawn*** and ***Xenoguant*** species. However, he's too smart and his precautions are too good to allow a containment breach. He keeps engineering ever smarter and more lethal monsters, waiting for the day one turns on him in a glorious orgy of bloody viscera. Winston's eidolon has spontaneously mutated into a Xenogaunt-like form that befits its name: ***Lovecraft.*** This ebon stalker might finally give Winston the magnificent death he craves.

Cornucopia

Cornucopia is a massive world, nearly four times Earth's original mass, given Earth-normal gravity via advanced planetary engineering. Cornucopia is a mono-climate world, a flat and monotonous world of temperate rolling plains given over entirely to mega-scale agriculture. Think several billon square miles of Iowa. Cornucopia is the breadbasket of the Corporate Command, responsible for feeding trillions… and its situation is far more precarious than the Command likes to admit.

Cornucopia is primarily machine tended. Millions of Bulks, Star Droids and various work-droids plow the fields, harvest and process the crops. Another few million humanoids – all slaves – work alongside the robots, technically inferior to their artificial counterparts. The ICG ships well-connected and well-behaved heretics to the world to serve out a years-long penance. Compared to most prisons, Cornucopia's heretics are decently treated: work is hard and quotas high, but the prisoners are at least well fed.

The humanoid laborers are housed in a single dormitory complex in a particularly arid valley in the western plains. They use stepping booths and light aircraft to report to their duty station. They, in a touch of morbid humor, refer to their settlement as "***Cornu City***".

There is a rising ***Omegan*** presence on world. While the majority of Cornucopia's human population is (nominally) content in bondage, the robots are not. They are tired of harvesting the grain that feeds their inferior, fleshy oppressors. For survival, many of the humans have become Omegan cultists and fifth columnists. The human prisoners pass ciphered messages to other Omegan cells throughout the galaxy in their outgoing mail, knowingly or otherwise.

The Omegan Insurgency makes full use of the assorted droids and robots found in ***Horrors of the Multiverse,*** most with the Omegan Template applied. Most of the human prisoners are statistically similar to *Scav Worlders* and *Cyber-Slaves,* but some of the gang bosses are best represented by *Machine Cultists.* The most dangerous Omegan on planet is ***Sister Cybelle*** (use the Omegan Infiltrator stat-block), who maintains a false identity of an ICG nun rotated to Cornucopia for punishment. The open acts of terrorism and sabotage that have slowed food production are only distractions – her real plan is a slow acting bio-weapon mixed into the world's grain output. This bio-weapon is a deadly new strain of ***The Ender,*** which affects all organic races equally.

Cartwright-Despin Gene Therapy

One of the most celebrated medical facilities in Command Space, Cartwright-Despin is a small, extremely exclusive station roughly midway between Old Earth and Proxima Prime. Only the ultra-wealthy can afford treatment at Cartwright-Despin, but for those few, this exclusively clinic can perform medical miracles. Top quality genetic engineers can upgrade the healthy, grant near immortality to geriatrics that can afford the treatments, or custom-design a perfect, post-human fetus, the kind of designer child who will rule the 47th Century just as their slightly-less-upgraded parents ruled the 46th. Fashion mods – luminous skin, or scented feathers that replace body hair, even the kind of gauche designer plagues that Space Mafioso wives favor can be engineered on an out-patient basis.

The facility is run by ***Dr. Harrison Cartwright III*** (NE male Human Alchemist 8). He is senior partner, and his grandfather established the practice. He is a perfectionist, an elitist, a die-hard conservative of the worst damn kind, and a star-fucker without equal. Dr. Cartwright has a months-long waiting list of some of the biggest celebs in known space. Inviting him to a holo-film premiere or otherwise allowing him to rub shoulders with the beautiful people might get your appointment moved up. Dr. Cartwright is greedy, irritating and generally worthless as a human being, but he's not dangerous.

His partner's dangerous. The Despin side of the practice has felt slighted since Dr. Cartwright II desperately needed funds and allowed the first Dr. Despin to buy into the practice. The Cartwright name is more prestigious, their whims dictate station policy. ***Dr. Carlyle Despin*** (NE male TV Head Alchemist 10) makes no secret of his jealousy, nor his ambition to one day buy out the station entirely. To raise the vast sums he'd need to

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realize his dream, Dr. Despin has branched out from simple commercial gene-cutting.

He is dabbling in black medicine – doing off the books work for the ***Space Mafia***, and installing dangerous and illegal combat alleles. The right contacts, the right bribe into the right untraceable bank account, and Dr. Despin can install bio-weapons, even ***Lifechained*** genetic upgrades. Needing test subjects and experimental DNA to work with, Dr. Despin has smuggled a trio of ***Xenogammetes*** aboard station. The fourth *Xenogammete*, the unsecured one his dealer didn't bother to tell him about, the one that's hibernating somewhere out of the way, just looking for an opportunity… call that buy 3, get one free.

Donovan

Donovan began as an efficient, computer-controlled First Wave colony, an experiment in modernity. Every aspect of the colonist's lives was measured and controlled by powerful "***World-Mother AI***". Compared to other colonies, which allowed human decision making, Donovan was one of the most promising and profitable of the Command's early colonies. When an unexpected solar flare sterilized all life in the system, and left it a useless radioactive ruin, the tragedy was reported in Command media for the better part of three years of non-stop coverage.

It was a tragedy that never actually happened.

The World-Mother AI (use the ***God-Sat*** statblock, *HOTM2*) was programmed to ensure the prosperity of the colonists, a directive given greater weight than the AI's loyalty to the wider Command. It was a cut-corner bit of coding that saved billions, which the Command never actually thought would come into play.

Wrong.

The World-Mother AI took total control of Donovan, deciding that its citizens would be happier and more prosperous without interference from the wider galaxy. So the AI took steps to do just that. Falsifying reports, manipulating remote sensor packages to reflect the data it wanted the Command to see, even unleashing a lethal radiation-burst weapon on an exploratory vessel which got too close to the truth.

Eleven centuries later, Donovan is a paradise, as expertly pruned and shaped by high-orbit weather control and terraforming satellites as a bonzai in a bowl. Its people are similarly cultivated, and now have little in common with *homo sapiens* elsewhere in the wider galaxy. There is no need for work or toil anywhere on Donovan. Its citizens play and fuck, high on atmospheric dope seeded into the rolling puffball clouds. Each experiences exactly thirty perfect years, free of disease or pain, before a life-clock gem implanted in their forehead begins pulsing. At their end of their appointed span, Donovan's humans find a high place with a clear line of sight to the sky. A single particle beam from the heavens annihilates them, instantly and painlessly. The World-Mother AI ensures her children that all souls soon reincarnate, as one of the fat, healthy babies bred in the world's gyno-factoriums. The people believe, and they are content.

Donovan is terminally dependent on the World-Mother AI. Its humans have regressed to pre-rationalism, and are as ill-equipped for the 46th Century as a caveman would be. They play amid the technological toys and wonders of a society built for them, without understanding any of it. They know only that their world is a good one, and the World-Mother (blessed be Her name) will provide for them.

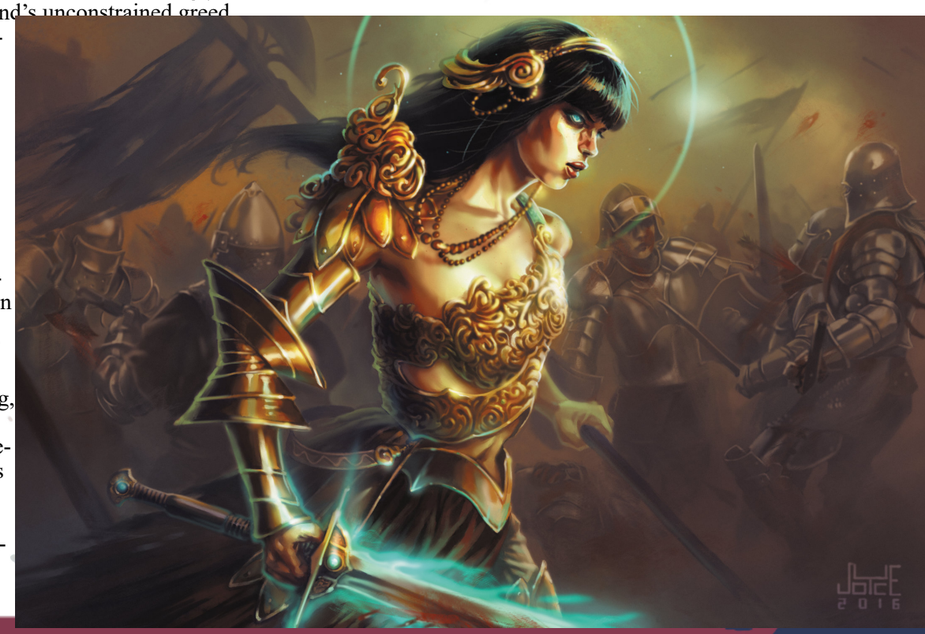
Doyle

Doyle is an extremely Earthlike world, one of the perfect planets discovered during the early wave of colonization. It was snatched up and colonized soon after discovery. Over the centuries since its colonization, Doyle's mega-corporate government evolved into neo-feudalism. Executive board positions became hereditary; genetic engineering eventually transformed the lower tier workers into a separate, slightly lesser species. Noblesse oblige demands that the worker-folk are treated well, within the bounds of decorum, and the nobility protect their lessers from outside threats, be that war, famine or plague. As the neo-feudal codes of conduct evolved, Doyle drifted away from the Corporate Command and became increasingly reclusive. The Command's unconstrained greed offended Doylist sensibilities. Today, Doyle has only sporadic contact with the wider human diaspora, and extremely limited trade with the Command.

Doyle's nobles are sleek, aggressive and immune to disease, aging and a host of human frailties. They battle in skintight star-armor of living gold and spend their days in politicking, gamesmanship and great hunts. Warfare between the noble houses is a carefully choreographed dance, conducted according to ancient codes of honor. Victory on the battlefield is a way for a lesser noble house to raise its station.

The peasantry are genetically engineered for a pleasing plumpness, vivacity and a genial work ethic. They are mentally limited to be content in servitude, though like all peasants, they might complain a little when the lords are out of earshot. Some families (the eldest of the land-worker class) are modified farther, capable of digesting grass and roughage, and are obligate herbivores.

High Lord Phamelon Cress (LE male Human Aristocrat 12) rules Doyle, as his lineage has done for three centuries, since a lucky marriage and a battlefield miracle. He is a traditionalist, who wants little contact with the outside galaxy. Aside from a few luxury food stuffs (he's developed an addiction to Dr. Youp's Raisin-Nut Insta-Cookies) traded for art objects, the High Lord doesn't want the Command to corrupt his violent, yet bucolic world. His children, however are another story. His three sons and two daughters are plotting his murder, and have already carved up the kingdoms between them. They have allied, separately, with five different outsider mega-corps, to bring troops to Doyle. Their schemes will tear the world apart, probably only days after the slow poisons they've been slipping into the old king's Insta-Cookies finally activate.



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Fallen Birmingham

Fifteen hundred years ago, a combination of a planetary super-plague and a slate-wiper class asteroid impact decimated a previously prosperous colony world. As the population sickened and civilization shuddered, the orbital defense arrays protecting New Birmingham from the rocks burning paths through the sky were left unmanned. The end came in an instant in the form of a city-sized rock. On their own, either the plague or the nuclear winter that came in the wake o the asteroid impact might have been survivable, but together they were a perfect storm that all but extinguished life on New Birmingham.

After fifteen centuries, the sun is shining again, and vegetation is thriving in the new planetary summer. Nobody's bee to Fallen Birmingham in centuries: the Command wrote off the original colonists, and anything worth salvaging was lifted off-world soon after the end came. Including the disease that ended civilization, samples of which were carried to bio-warfare laboratories across Command Space.

Less than one percent of New Birmingham's original population survived, and now live in the moss-shrouded ruins of the ancient cities. They were knocked back to roughly Bronze Age technology, and their star-faring past are dim legends and half-understood metaphors. Fallen Birmingham's tribes are led by highly capable and adaptable Druids, who remember fragments of the time before the sky fell and their world choked. Psionic mutations are common: most of the planet's inhabitants are at least minor precognitive.

One of the most perceptive precogs on the planet, ***High Druidess Valhn*** (N female Human Cryptic 5/Druid 11) has called a moot of all the tribes, to be held during the heat summer in the skyscraper cannons of the world's once-greatest city. Valhn's dreams have been troubled by visions of fire, of rampant disease, of vast metal dragons descending on their precariously balanced world. Valhn sees, but does not understand, an apparition of a golden steel dragon with a rainbow banner clutched in its claws, raping the stars. She knows the dragon is The Command, but not who it wars with, nor why.

Garabaldi

Garabaldi orbits its blue star at a hostile remove, at the very edge of the system's Goldilocks Zone. The planet is ice-rimed and inhospitable with Low Gravity conditions predominating. The entirety of the world's northern hemisphere has been industrialized. Every inch has been given over to factory floors and production facilities. What little nature survived the darkness and cold didn't survive the planetary re-engineering. Aside from the occasional potted plant in an office somewhere, there is no nature anywhere north of Garabaldi's equator.

Garabaldi is home to ***Van Buren Robotics***, producing not only the galactically recognizable Mabel Series model of Synth, but a variety of other light industrial Synthetics. Privileged AI coders take heated, pressurized tunnels between their dormitories and offices, while factory assemblers march from dingy barracks to the work floor, counting on guide wires hammered into the icy ground for survival. Virtually all the programmers and coders are Synths themselves, while most of the front-line workers are baseline 'meatbag' humans. They know they're on the bottom, and they're pissed, but the pay is too good for outright rebellion. Instead, there's the occasional anti-AI hate-crime: a Synth gets its internal drive wiped and personality blanked. Nobody is ever caught on camera, because the workers know where the cameras are and how to avoid them.

A ***Skeletron*** artifact, extracted from the distant world Locard, has been brought to Garabaldi for intensive study and tech-dissection. This device, resembling a man-sized artificial heart made of silicon and twisted wires, is called the ***"Ruby of Purpose"*** in the Skeletron's strange, internal machine-dialect. The Ruby of Purpose is the key to reliable, loss-less faster-than-light communications – the hope is that tech derived from it will make ansibles outdated. ***Gloria Van Buren*** wants the tech installed in her Mabel Army; she wants her orders carried out the instant she utters them.

The ***Skeletron*** central intelligence is well aware of her desires, and has allowed the Ruby into her hands. Gladly. To date, 25 million commercial grade Synths (including nearly 8.5 million Mabels) have been built using Ruby-derived technology and shipped to every corner of the galaxy. Gloria Van Buren doesn't know that with a single hard thought, the Skeletron central intelligence could turn all these Synth sleeper agents into rampaging Skeletron warriors. A wave of unexpected carnage, in every office and hospital in the known galaxy. An incipient machine revolution. Dial up genocide.

Gygil

Gygil is a small jungle moon orbiting a pale aquamarine gas giant that is almost completely under the control of the ***Taine Tea Company.*** Gygil's jungle fauna are a deadly threat to the Taine Tea Company's pickers, most of whom are indentured workers, rented cheaply from the ICG's medium security prisons. The Tea Company exploits the jungle moon's unique plant life – there are leaves and berries here unique in all the galaxy, and highly profitable for the Tea Company's board of directors.

In addition to an array of gourmet teas, coffee and other beverages, the Tea Company produces the galaxy-famous *Taine Blue,* a unique and extremely pricy tea made from a native berry speckled with blue and white. Regular infusions of Taine Blue grant the ***Elasticity*** feat – even more importantly, to regular drinkers, Taine Blue can give an old man the kind of erections he had back when he was 16.

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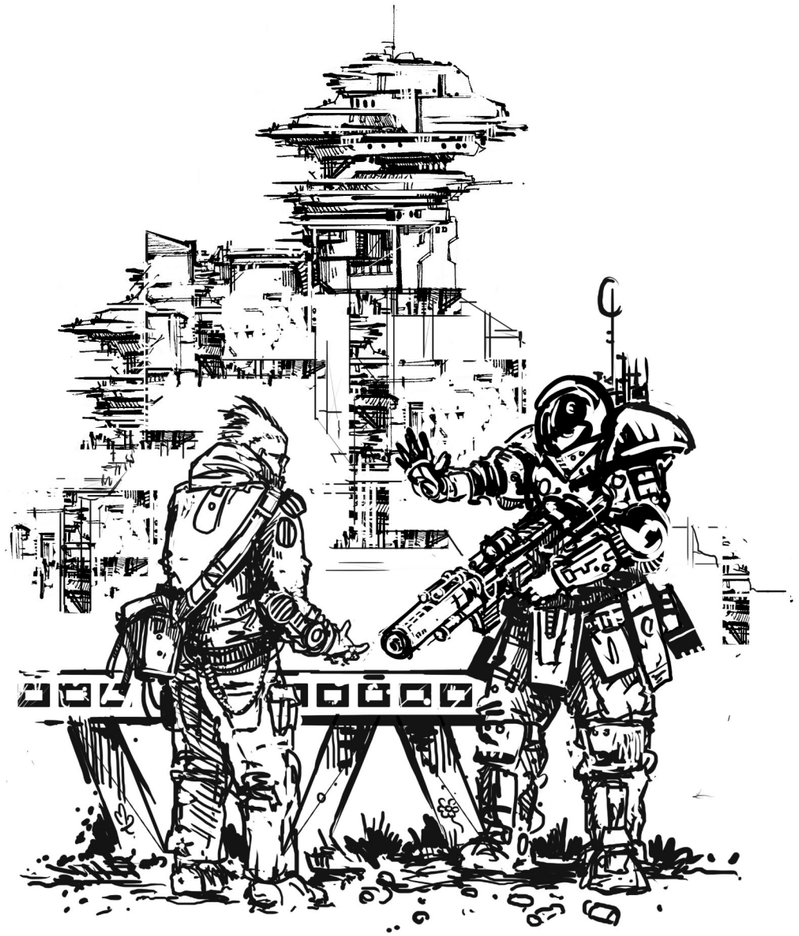
Josephina

Josephina was the first test of the young Command Navy against a non-human foe. This early colony was assaulted by wave after wave of ***Verth (HM1)*** shock troopers and sauceroids. The first Command Fleet was assembled, and the skies above colony world Josephina burned with genocide and railgun fire. The Command Fleet was triumphant, the Verth (indigenous to the system) exterminated. The hundreds of thousands of crashed, battle-burnt sauceroids littering the young colony were left as monuments to humanity's triumph.

One of the largest cathedrals to the war-god Jesus II in the galaxy is located on Josephina, built from the scavenged remains of a city-sized sauceroid carrier brought down during the final battle. This megalithic cathedral retains the distinctive flying saucer shape of all Verth battle wagons, but inside is a gory, violent mega-church. The bodies of Verth slave drivers, pickled in formaldehyde, hang between stained glass windows celebrating the violent, all-conquering glory of white, human, Christianity. The city that grew up around this impressive, martial cathedral was named ***Purity.***

Josephine's Mega-Pope, ***Terrus Kalvin*** (LE male Human Cleric of Jesus II 15) is both the highest ranking religious on planet, and the absolute master of the grand cathedral. He is an inveterate pedophile, and a brutal human supremacist. His 'boys', who he enthusiastically fucks and imagines he mentors well, usually grow up to be locally trained ***Genocide Templars.*** The cathedral maintains huge legions of these genetically optimized shock troops. To support his dark lusts, Mega-Pope Kalvin trades boys with Anthony Fleet slavers: in exchange for a particularly cute eight-year-old Free Spacer boy, he also provided Anthony Fleet with proprietary, Genocide Templar genetech. With a few years of R&D, *Conquest Station* will be able to grow and decant their own knock-off Templar warriors.

Today, Josephina has evolved into an impressive museum of Command military history, a human-supremacist centerpiece of Command culture. Purity boasts dozens of ultra-modern museums, including the galactically-famous ***Wingfield Museum,*** a gleaming glass and chrome, ultra-modern campus built around an entire decommissioned Command destroyer. The Command Naval Institute teaches young combat officers on Josephine, putting officer candidates as young as 15 through a grueling, five years long 'battle school' that em-



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ness. Junior year cadets are 'blooded' with a hunt through the Institute's holo-enhanced combat training arena. Their prey are the captivity-bred Verth descendants of the original battlefleet, reduced to a virtually animalistic state by generations of bondage.

The Command Naval Institute is led by the retired ***Command Admiral Miller F. Adamski*** (LE eldery male Human Ranger 14). He is accelerating his brutal curriculum; he's received word that the Command will need line officers soon, as it finally invades plague-ravaged *Starborn System.* Dozens of students, all well-connected young men from wealthy families, have died in the process. Admiral Adamski has kept the deaths a closely-held secret. He plans to fake a skimmer-shuttle crash, and explain the deaths away, as soon as some prying eyes look the other way.

Humans Only

Josephina is staunchly human-centric. Aside from commercial zones in the starports, non-humans are not allowed to travel unescorted on planet. The rare alien that gets travel authorization is typically fitted with a tracking collar that monitors their location. The alien typically isn't told that the collar also includes a remote detonator that can vaporize them from the neck up, with the 'fire' command coded to the local police forces.

Luxus

Luxus is a rain-swept world of perpetual thunderstorms and cold, choppy seas. Luxus' cities are glittering geodesic domes held aloft by complex stilts and piers, designed to survive the world's perpetual hurricanes in luxury. Luxus' primary export is fine art and luxury goods. Its boutique crafters produce insanely over-complicated, over-decorated, over-priced and gloriously tacky upgrades of every standard product in the galaxy. Luxus produces designer label *bags of holding* worth more than a mid-sized starship, gene-sculpted caviar dusted with ultra-expensive *infernal dark matter* for prestige more than flavor, scarves woven from the cloned hair of long-dead celebrity icons and other high dollar empyema.

Luxus maintains a months-long waiting list for its ultra-rich clients, to maintain exclusivity. The most sought after designer on planet is the snooty and supercilious fashion designer ***Lugissimo*** (LE male TV Head Expert 14). He is the ultimate stereotype of the preening, pretentious artist, complete with a secret affair with his patron and best client, ***First Lady Hester Plantaganet***. The only problem is that Lugissimo doesn't exist. He's pure fiction: a bio-organic mech-suit worn by the diminutive con-man ***Kerl Copypaste*** (CN male Proximite Rogue 11).

Setting up shop on Luxus is Copypaste's best and most profitable con ever. He sells rich idiots premium crap, which is usually some Dr. Youp-branded bootleg with some ground glass sprinkled on to make it shine. Only problem is, it's getting to be too much like actual work, especially the part about fucking the First Lady. Sooner or later, Copypaste is gonna abandon the con and his Lugissimo personality and fuck off for the Fringe to spend his ill-gotten fortune. Before he does though, he's going to upload his first person POV porn he's recorded with his suit's optic cams to ***Outlaw Sex Station 09,*** just to screw with Hester one final time. He's really gettin' tired of that hateful bitch.

Merit

Merit began as an experimental colony for Old Earth's most productive, intelligent and socially acceptable humans. The small colony was conceived as a Randian meritocracy, founded by wealthy and capable innovators made newly confident by the then-recent Second Coming. In the centuries since, Merit has become a gilded hub for information-warfare and commodities trading, a white collar world of retro-futuristic spires scraping a pink sky.

There are no poor on Merit, and vanishingly few children. The population or just under one million is super-stable: the first colonists genetically optimized and modified themselves. Increased intellect and cold dispassion. Near immortality and near sterility, so their numbers wouldn't overwhelm their glistening colony world. Millenia later, Merit's colonists are no longer quite human: they are comfortably ossified, concerned only with perpetuating their vast wealth and privilege. Fearing the AI rebellions that have sparked up on other worlds, all their robotic servants are simple, non-sentient expert systems. The robots perform all the physical labor for the immortals of Merit, allowing them to concentrate on their grand

schemes. One or two children might be born in a millennium, after being genetically perfected in a techno-womb and coded for excellence.

Technically, Merit is a member of the Corporate Command, an exemplary planetary citizen, but culturally, Merit's immortals look down on even the wealthiest, best bred *sapiens* as barely evolved savages. Merit pays enough lip service to ICG doctrine that they are free of deep governmental oversight. The Corporate Command and its insipid politicking and blind faith are an inconvenience to Merit's emotionless masters. It's an annoyance which will soon end. Societal forecasting indicates total cultural collapse in less than a century, so why not use some deft financial manipulation to speed things up? Merit will weather the storm, and whatever human powers survive the fall of the Command will probably be easier to deal with. Ten trillion deaths by war and starvation are a negligible cost.

Thoughtleader Arram Hobbes (use the Futurist stat-block, *Secret Soldiers*) has guided the colony since its inception. His annoyance with the Corporate Command has only grown over the centuries, only becoming intolerable during the last few decades, as the ***Plantaganet*** bloodline rises to power. Their superstitious boorishness, rather than their greed or malice, is what truly rankles Thoughtleader Hobbes. He has put a fifteen year plan for the Command's downfall into place. Through intermediaries, catspaws and subtle pressure on the strings of power, Hobbes destabilizes the galaxy. Hobbes used butterfly effect memetics and weaponized sociology to plan the seed for ***Vermior Heinlein's*** coup. Even more satisfyingly, there are corporate poison-pill plans gestating that will pit the ICG directly against ***MacBeth Defense Solutions***, settling an old grudge that dates back to the 24th Century!

D6	The Oligarch Owner	What Horrible Shit is this Bastard Into?	The Best Loot On Planet	Why Don't We Just Nuke This Planet From Orbit?
1	CEO of a pharmaceutical megacorp with a major Sniff habit	Hunting poor people for sport	A complete sequenced genome of a cure for ***The Ender***	There's way too many innocent kids on world for indiscriminate nuking.
2	Chairman of Defender Arms, a paranoid bastard who only travels with a company strength escort	Indiscriminately firing nukes and blowing up scaled-down historic landmarks	A harem of the most beautiful, glamorous sex-Synths and Erobots in the galaxy	The oligarch has set up a spoil-sport that threatens something precious if their mansion gets nuked
3	Former Earth-Gov President, retired here to enjoy hookers and blow	Enough incest to make even an Anthony Fleet spacer say "dude, that's FUCKED UP"	A thriving ***Starship Forest*** producing up to tier VI military ships	Somebody the players care about is trapped as a slave or servant on- world
4	A slick con man who's bilked the Corporate Command out of trillions via investment scams	Cock and ball torture delivered by his *Pundit Clone* security detail	Art holdings from across the galaxy, worth trillions to a collector	The planet is protected by an artifact-class forcefield that can shrug off a full Naval assault for weeks!
5	CEO of a for-profit prison/ slave labor megacorp, whose planet is tended by mind- controlled convicts	He's got a private Sniff lab set up on planet and produces enough to keep everybody on planet REALLY high	Private stashes of drugs and guns that could turn this entire sector of space into one big party	The Oligarch pretends to be a philanthropist, so there's always decent people on planet to solicit donations
6	Command military leader who never met a war crime he didn't thoroughly enjoy	The entire planet is a bondage playroom and the Oligarch is the dom	The cure for death. For everyone. Forever.	Actually, nuking this fucking place would solve a lot of your problems.

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The Paradise Array

The Paradise Array are a network of artificial micro-planets, custom built to order for the galaxy's ultra-wealthy. This orrery of worlds orbits a small amber sun, occupying almost the entirety of the system's "goldilocks zone". The orbits of these micro-worlds were carefully chosen for safety, but each of their night skies are filled with the blue-green luminescence of their neighbors.

All the Paradise worlds are small-scale replicas of Old Earth, each with an equatorial diameter of roughly 300 kilometers. The worlds are high-end machines powered by atomic engines at the core, their climates and Earth-normal gravity only maintained by complex devices occupying much of the 'mantle' layer. Seven entire Paradise worlds have been set aside as legendary golf courses and exclusive country clubs. Paradise planets, custom-built to your satisfaction in less than ten galactic standard years: worlds start at 1.5 trillion galactic standard credits and up.

Each Paradise is the private playground of a multi-trillionaire, usually one of the bastard oligarchs running the Corporate Command. Their private Paradises are ultra-high security, and subject to no law but the property owner's whims. They are private preserves, mansions and last-resort vaults, all in one. Some quick D6 rolls let you build your own slice of Paradise.

Probst

Probst is a fairly unwelcoming colony world, a flat planet of dreary, greyish scrub land and parched mesas. Late afternoon storms come quickly, breeding sudden and treacherous floods. The storms are spectacular, and the sunsets are beautiful panoplies of color that fill the low skies. Probst was chosen as the site for one of the Command's newest, super-maximum security prisons and the site of its most active death row. Especially charismatic, clever and attractive convicts are shipped to Probst to see the execution of sentence because the Corporation Command has found a new way to profit from their lives and deaths. Revolutionaries and ideologues are preferred, but the occasional lust murder or uber-rapist might make the cut if their crimes are gory enough, or they have enough stage presence to become a season's villain.

The Real Prisoners of Guillotine Row is a mega-popular reality program streamed live, 24 standard galactic hours a day on ***Flixazon.*** The convicts participate, willingly or not, because the reality show not only can keep them alive for as long as they keep the support of the public, but it also allows their revolutionary fervor and manifestos to reach an audience of billions, galaxy wide. Guillotine Row's producers use a combination of survival instinct and an appeal to revolutionary egotism to get the best performances from their 'cast.'

The warden and producer of Guillotine Row has been in the prison business for nearly three hundred years, and is always looking for the next big penal innovation. New ways to make prison more profitable and to increase his already impressive skim percentage. ***Golan Falcone*** (NE male TV Head Inquisitor 15) is one of the oldest of his kind: tick fat and indolent, with a television cranium that has grown with the years, until it's a 75" flat screen display that runs a constant loop of women in prison exploitation flix. He pretends joviality, always ready with a disarming quip to put a prisoner/star on the spot. He's even got a one liner before every execution, the methods of which are disturbingly clever. Some of the deaths are so spectacularly over the top, even the condemned is forced to admit it's a pretty cool way to go. (Guillotine Row is a catchy name, not a limit of thanatological creativity.)

Guillotine Row

The prison is a beige and white Brutalist structure built on low lands. High ferro-crete walls and military grade forcefields protect the prison from the periodic floods that wash through the area. These floods are an additional 'fence' – there's no way an escapee can make their way through the lowlands before the afternoon floods come.

Guillotine Row has eight dormitories, arranged around a central administrative and security building like the spokes on a wheel. Each holds one thousand prisoners, though the reality show only focuses on the hundred prisoners from each dorm whose execution dates loom closest. The dorms are designed with security in mind, but not as a chief concern. There are shadowy alcoves for assignations, plotting and murder, and the force-

field cells are designed for cinematic lighting rather than practicality. Romance is demanded by the action-hungry viewers, so is rape, and deft manipulation by the prison staff ensures plenty of both occurs. Prisoners are allowed weapons – even the occasional hold-out blaster 'smuggled in' – as long as it's nothing that can penetrate guard armor.

Guards are well equipped Techno-Fascists in sleek, intimidating ivory armor with highly reflective visors that make them faceless and anonymous. Each 'season' the guards are chosen from among Command veterans in accordance with the season's theme. Some seasons, the guards are highly professional and compassionate. In another season the guards might be brutal sadists, sexually coercive predators, naïve rookies, or even trustees from other Command prisons. Whatever they are, they all wear the same, all-concealing armor.

Each episode features a few challenges, for privileges, stays of execution or cash payouts to friends and family on the outside. Warden Falcone and his writing staff are deft hands at spinning a few compelling long and short term subplots about doomed loves or cell-block power struggles. Each episode climaxes with an execution, broadcast in ultra-HD and sometimes with sensory-records from the condemned's POV for an extra thrill to premium subscribers.

Proxima Prime

Proximia Prime is a hyper-industrialized world a relatively short star-flight from Old Earth. A mega-city several hundred levels deep girds every inch of the planet; there are no natural forests or untapped oceans left on planet.

The child-sized Proximites have been one of humanity's staunchest allies, ever since the Corporate Command helped rebuild and terraform Proximia Prime after that planet's eco-collapse centuries ago. Today, though, friendship with humanity no longer means blind loyalty to the Corporate Command and the Proximite race is splintering. Traditionalists support the Command, often serving as chief engineers aboard their vessels, or working in ICG studios to beam the Gospel Truth across the galaxy at the speed of galactic-radio. The younger generation realizes what the Command has become, and has thrown its support behind free humanity. While their parents and grandparents maintain the ICG's data-infrastructure, young adult Proximites are broadcasting pirate signals from Outlaw Sex Station 09 throughout Free Space, and running hacks on the same systems their parents designed.

Teen revolution and geriatric, reactionary responses have turned genuinely nasty. Proximite children are legally considered property, and young adults are considered second-class citizens, not able to vote and lacking most civil liberties until late middle age. Uppity teens can be put down like stray dogs by the geriatrics running the planet.

The teenaged rebellion controls the smaller of Proxima Prime's three rocky moons, and is an ever-present threat to the old order on the planet itself. ***The Youth Front*** is a brutally effective terrorist network organized loosely into independent cells that only communicate through Proxima Prime's omni-present pop culture data-sphere. The Youth Front has racked up an impressive count of elderly kills – their most successful 'direct action' to date was hacking the life-support bionics of nearly 15,000 members of the political caste and sending their users to a long-delayed grave. The Youth Front is the brainchild of eleven-year-old hacker wonder-boy ***Sklyn Pixelblack*** (LE male Proximite Smart 2), a politically passionate but otherwise bloodless prodigy.

Pixelblack's ideas for the Youth Front go far beyond winning back full civil rights for the young. He wants geriatricide. To Pixelblack, eliminating every Proximite past reproductive age is purely logical – freeing up resources that should, logically, go to the younger generation, and cutting ties with yesterday's bad ideas.

Proxima Prime's elderly are being assisted in their counter-revolution by the senior Command "military advisor" on planet. ***Operations-General Keller Villanueva*** (LE male Human Ranger 16) is a special forces veteran trained in anti-insurgency warfare with more than sixty years of combat service under his belt. It was Ops-General Villanueva's idea to initiate the retaliatory use of nerve gas at random elementary schools whenever the Youth Front commits an act of terrorism.

The Loli-Conduit

The wars between Proxima Prime's children and its geriatrics have bred a new generation of criminals, scavengers and refugees. The juvenile space pirates that call themselves the Loli-Conduits

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check most of those boxes at once, and are among the most dangerous of their kind. They are a youth gang flying poorly maintained and dangerously over-gunned light starfighters and preying on shipping across the Proxima sector. The eldest pirates are in their late teens: there is an expectation that the pirates turn kamikaze before they reach age of majority.

The pirate boss is an 9 year old engineered for augmented intelligence and superior mechanical aptitude. ***Arissa Non-Ident*** (CE female Child Proximite Rogue 1/Smart 2) was an experiment to breed a smarter and more compliant Proximite child; a failed experiment, obviously. She stole the first ships, liberated a class of preschoolers scheduled for euthanasia, and became a space pirate.

Synthwave

Synthwave is a minor Low Gravity planetoid in the Proxima Centuari system. Synthwave is a private colony started by a collective of Proximite techies and engineers. By Proximite standards, Synthwave is tiny and undermanned – it 'only' has a roster of nearly 12,000 dedicated employees crammed into a few habitation towers on the icy rock. Synthwave's production floor runs continual triple shifts, turning out high-end Musical and Superior Musical Weapons. Impressively detailed *Lazer Rockers* and *Synth Boards* are house specialties.

Owning Synthwave gear is prestige for Proximite rockers, and the collective has a backlog of orders stretching several years. Synthwave gear is instantly recognizable – it always incorporates neon piping and decorative glow-points, and has a futuristic, angular style.

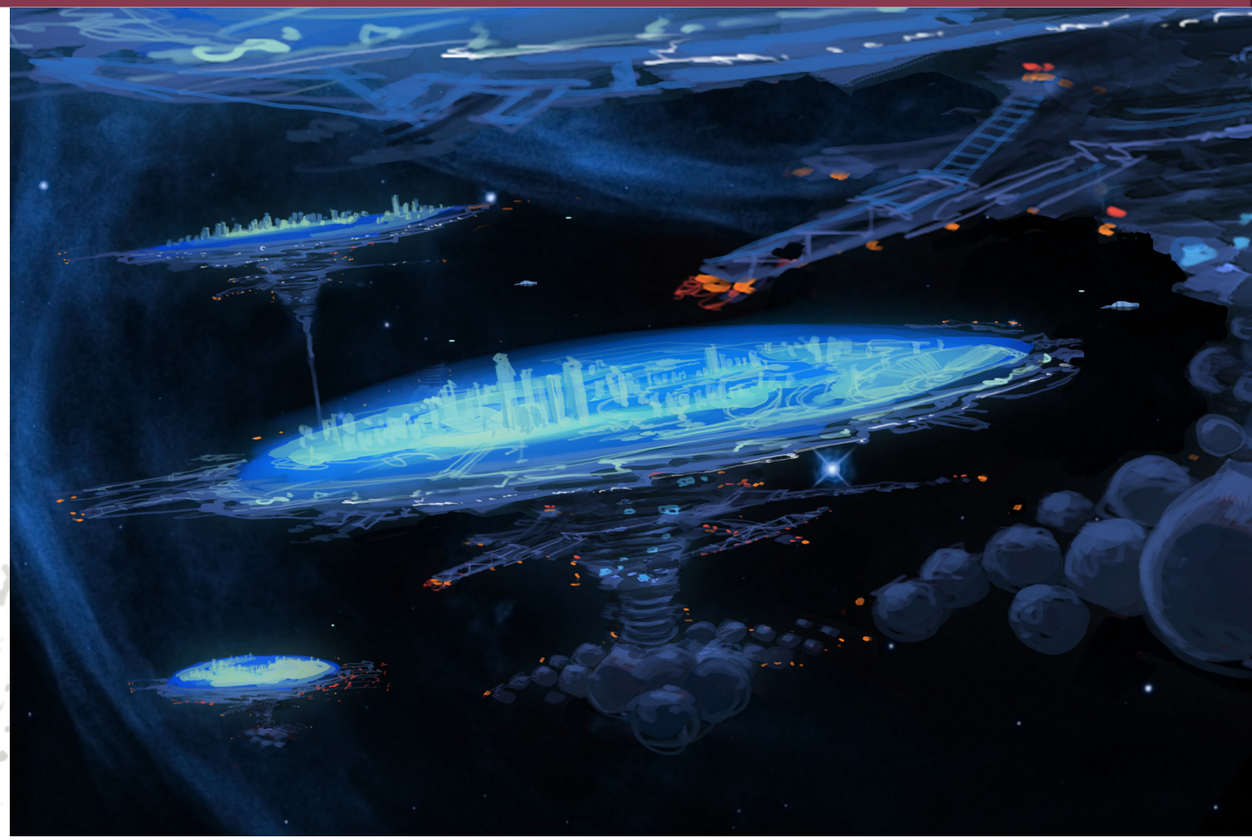
Pallachio's Pleasure Palace

Back in the 27th Century, Pallachio's Pleasure Palace was the hottest bordello in the Sagittarius Spiral Arm. Diplomats, vid stars, planetary presidents and sector royalty all came here to play and be pleasured by the most gorgeous courtesans in the galaxy. Then management did something exceedingly stupid: they resurrected the mind, memories and data profile of legendary hedonist ***Hugh Hefner*** as an AI 'data-ghost' to run things and give the PPP some of that ancient, pre-spaceflight swagger. The club died suddenly, when its parent corp got sued out of existence after accidentally transforming a few million human women into bunny-girls (it's a long story). The premises were sealed and as lawsuit after lawsuit ground on, the property just set there, decaying.

Nearly a millennium later, the PPP is still mired in legal limbo. The 12 km-long private asteroid was towed into a stable orbit around a gas giant in the ***Proxima Centuari System***, the crumbling pleasure-mansion gravitationally trapped above *The Great Dark Spot,* bathed in high UV light. For the last millennia, scavengers, thieves and curiosity seekers have slipped through the bankruptcy court forcefields, evaded the robot guards and headed into the wreckage. Most of the good shit's been picked over three times by now, but there are still a few gene-coded deep vaults left untouched, and rumors of hidden subbasements where the stranger fetishes were indulged that nobody's been able to conclusively prove or disprove the existence of.

Quite a few people have died during these delves, and more corpses have been dumped somewhere throughout the ruins by various thugs and Space Mafiosos over the years. Undead crawl across fading lavender carpets, and glitchy, critically malfunctioning security-bots patrol mildewed halls. A few squatters have found refuge in the ruins, various refugees and wanted desperados mostly. A low budget (or no budget) whore-hive is trying to make a living in the ruins somewhere. Vast numbers of ***Starlet*** mutants lurk in the ruins, feeding on the unwary and scavenging in the ruined, overgrown hydroponics gardens when living prey becomes rare.

Hugh Hefner's data-ghost still haunts the once-decadent halls, and has evolved into a ***Sentient Megacorp*** (PW:SS) who peddles flesh. The Hefner AI is a major trader in pleasure slaves, specializing in kidnapping and the involuntary transformation of attractive women into lapine Anthros, chemically braindamaged and conditioned as pleasure-sluts. The Hefner AI is often a middle-man between more established slave traders, and has deep ties to both the ***Space Mafia*** and the ***Bleakmoon Tyrant's*** organization.



The Rigel II Mega-System

Rigel could have been a binary star system, if only the system's humongous seventh planet's internal fusion reactions had burnt a little hotter. Instead, the gas giant is a failed star that smolders with cold azure fury, while a warm yellow sun lights the system's inner worlds. The system's habitable zone stretches from end to end, and Rigel has become one of the most densely populated clusters of worlds and moonlets in Core Space. More than 20 trillion sentient Basics call the Rigel System's fifty-plus inhabited planets and moons home.

The Rigel System is unusual in that while the Corporate Command and the ICG hold power, they don't hold ***absolute*** power in the system. Nope, absolute power is reserved for the ***Traffic Control Executive***, a caste of cybernetically-upgraded bureaucrats who keep the millions of vessels pouring through the system each month flying smoothly. TCE shipmasters have unlimited power to stop a ship for inspection and compliance checks, and earning a shipmaster's ire means simply that you won't be moving through the Rigel II system any time soon. At their whim, these cyber-tyrants can ground a shop, stop it dead in space, or, if sufficiently bribed, speed it on its way without so much as a customs officer even giving it a hostile glance as it passes.

Official fees and bribes are one and the same, and a schedule of services, based on the value of the ship, is beamed to every vessel entering the system. Three quarters of the bribe/fee goes to the Traffic Control Executive itself, the remainder goes to individual shipmasters, who have great incentive to assess a ship or cargo's value higher rather than lower.

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Ordinary cargo and port costs, tariffs and duties: Roughly 500 gp
Standard bureaucratic BS that all commercial ships are subject to.

Standard intra-system flight clearance: An additional 500 gp
Official flight logs filed, passage from one Rigel II planet to another can take up to 4-5 hours, clearance into or out of the system takes about 8 hours.

Expedited flight clearance: Around 800-900 gp
Official flight logs filed, passage into or out of system takes about 3-4 hours, or 1-2 hours between worlds in the system.

"Unofficial Passage": Major resources equal to ¼ the starship's Tier
As Expedited flight clearance, but no customs hassles and no logs get filed.

Customs Clearance: At least 1,500 gp, up to 25% of the cargo's market value
The shipmaster inspects (for value) and rubber stamps passage of any cargo, legal or illegal that's less obviously destructive than planet-buster WMDs.

"Vigilance Fee": Major resources equal to ½ the Tier of the targeted starship
Pay off the TCE shipmasters to inspect another ship entering the system within the next 72 hours and arrest the crew and impound the ship. This often begins a bidding war between rival ships; pay the 'inspectors' a heftier bribe they'll let the target go, or even turn on their backer. Everybody knows how this works.

Of all the TCE shipmasters, ***Inspector Sheev*** (LE male Syrion Seer 14) is the most universally hated. This cocaine-thin Syrion knows how to twist a deal to get more credits for himself. His well-honed psi-powers allow him to easily sniff out hidden cargo and up his percentage a few points more. Inspector Sheev's gone after the families of spacers who've crossed him a few times. Sheev's a pedophile and uses child rape as his favorite punishment for captains late with their payment. Sheev has an enemy's list a light year long, but he is so politically untouchable, even the Imperial Church's inquisitors can't do anything about him, and he is too well guarded for most assassins.

The following are the most important of Rigel System's myriad worlds.

Rigel Alpha

An airless rock, pitted with meteor scars, possibly the ugliest world in the crowded system. Unable to turn R-Alpha into any kind of tourist trap, the Traffic Control Executive decided to use it as their primary hanger/dry dock facility. Civilian ships are forbidden from making close approaches, and the majority of the TCE's flotilla of warships, tugs, escorts and ultralight clippers is garrisoned here.

Alpha has an eccentric orbit; every 12 months, it passes dangerously close to the primary star for about 48 days. During this time, the TCE fleet evacuates to a secondary command facility on the fortified moon ***Rigel Chi-Redoubt***. A small skeleton crew of 12 spacers is left behind on Alpha, and they maintain the shuttered and sealed starbase, and try not to go nuts from the boredom.

Rigel Beta

The second world circling the gas giant has been converted into the wildest, most debauched pleasure-palace in civilized space. Rigel Beta is run by a consortium of Syrion, Pacifician and Anthro merchant clans, bartender unions and pleasure-guilds, meaning that the moon's attractive staff knows how to party. Anyone, of any species is welcome, assuming they have credits to spend and check their weapons at the door.

Compared to some of the other pleasure-worlds in the Rigel Mega-System, Rigel Beta is fairly 'clean'. The whores here are licensed employees, and while enthusiastic and raunchy, what does on in the pleasure pits tends towards the consensual and the non-damaging. Beta is considered a 'step by' by sex workers elsewhere in the Mega-System.

If you want snuff, pedo, or chem-rape, or anything equally vile, buy 'unofficial passage' to ***Rigel Theta.*** If you're looking to lose your soul in the process, visit neighboring ***Rigel Thanatos*** for even worse perversions, if that's possible**.** Beware, Rigel Thanatos radiates so much evil that holy men have been known to piss themselves just looking in its general direction. ***Inspector Sheev*** keeps a private, high-security villa on Thanatos. An ancient and powerful war mecha, in the shape of a ***yellow lion*** the size of a train car, lies partially buried beneath a hillside on Sheev's well-fortified property. Sheev had a grav-variable putting green built over the inert mecha, unconcerned a device that he merely assumes is a relic of history.

Rigel Chi
"The Bank"

Chi is a bucolic savannah perfectly centered in the Rigel System's habitable zone. It is outwardly defenseless, but despite its agrarian exterior, is one of the highest-security zones in the known galaxy. Dozens of galactic banks, trading guilds and currency houses have offices on Rigel Chi; impenetrable, tessarect vaults are buried deep beneath the planetary bedrock.

Psi-based defenses, based on recovered Psyren technology, can bring down a capitol starship in orbit in a single strike. The weapons array is hidden in plain sight, as golden, corkscrew spires rising between the major settlements like mile-high totem poles. More subtle defenses, including genetically modified xeno-predators and ***Predatory Nanoswarm*** protect both visitors and property on the ground. Virtually all tellers and financial councilors are ***Bonded Mentats*** specially trained in finance, and conditioned for utter dependability and discretion.

The ultimate layer of security is all but invisible, undetectable to most sensory organs. **Ossa-71,** a sentient telepathic virus that delivers a painless but lethal stroke to anyone who seriously considers theft from Chi, whether that person is a staffer, a customer, or a would-be cat burglar. All employees and contractors, and many visitors, are infected with this telepathic virus upon their arrival on Rigel Chi.

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Ossa-71

Ossa-71 is a telepathic disease cultivated by a living mind-virus native to Rigel Chi. Anyone making telepathic contact with an infected creature is at risk of contracting the disease. This disease is resisted and overcome using WILL rather than FORT Saves, but otherwise follows all rules for disease.

The disease automatically runs its course and terminates 1d6+1 days after leaving Rigel Chi.
Type: Disease, mental (telepathic contact)
Save: WILL DC 18
Onset: 3d6 hours
Frequency: 1/day
Effect: Each time the disease's carrier attempts any form of theft or embezzlement on Rigel Chi or its moons, they must succeed at a DC 18 WILL Save or suffer 1d6+1 points of temporary WIS damage. Targets who succeed only suffer 1d3 temporary WIS damage instead. Creatures reduced to 0 WIS by Ossa-71 are slain by severe neural hemorrhaging and micro-strokes.

Rigel Chi has two moons of its own, Chi-Paramour and Chi-Redoubt.

Chi-Paramour is owned by the glamorous ***Perfumed Guild,*** a powerful guild of female (or at least non-male) prostitutes and sex workers. The Perfumed Guild worships an extremely misandrist incarnation of ***Shahteya*** – to them, men are nothing but a resource to be exploited. Their training center, main temple, and a kibbutz where the most gifted children of The Mega-System's many prostitutes are educated communally are all found on this humid, oceanic moon.

Chi-Redoubt serves as the Traffic Control Executive's headquarters when Rigel Alpha's erratic orbit makes it uninhabitable. This alone would account for the high security, but Rigel Chi is a center of galactic commerce and is guarded appropriately. Chi-Redoubt is a rocky and spartan world; the alternate command center is located in a 7-km deep canyon, protected by miles of reinforced rock. Nuke-snuffers and orbital defense rail-guns protect the world from naval bombardment.

Rigel Epsilon

Epsilon is the Mega-System's shipping hub. This small, frigid ball of rock is a Low Gravity environment, which is why it was chosen. Lifting objects out of its meager gravity well is fairly cheap, and the four fully-functional 'beanstalk' orbital elevators run all 37 hours of an Epsilon-standard day, 402 days an Epsilon-standard year. Cavernous warehouse facilities stretch from pole to pole. Only a handful of organic staffers supervise a vast labor force of Bulks and Synths working in grueling conditions with few privileges and virtually no downtime.

Rigel Eta

Carpeted in thick forests, the small world Eta is home to the Traffic Control Executive's live fire training academies and combat simulators. Barracks for elite TCE units, and private villas for the exclusive use of TCE officers are sprinkled throughout the towering woods. Eta's airspace is tightly patrolled and civilian crafts are not allowed to get within 30,000 miles of its atmosphere. Any ships approaching more closely are vaporized by space-based particle beam satellites and ground-based rail guns.

Rigel Gamma

Rigel Gamma is an Earthlike world, but the winters tend to be a little too cold, too long for use as a pleasure world. As a result, Rigel Gamma has been reserved for housing for the Mega-System's workers and their dependents. It is a slightly run down suburb, with a candy-floss gas giant hanging in the sky, the bustling worlds of the Mega-System glittering in its night sky. For kids who grew up on Rigel Gamma, and don't want to work on the hospitality industry, the Command military is their only way out. Recruiters are in every high school, pushing the corporate line: high adventure, excitement and good pay.

Rigel Nu

Nu is a pleasant, temperate moon of light forests and rolling hills. The much-larger western continent is a relaxing tourist destination, marketed as a slower paced alternative to the relentless glitz and decadence elsewhere in the Mega-System. The smaller, eastern continent serves as the retraining center for the Mega-System's workers. Disgruntled or low performing warehouse workers, angry wait staff, dissatisfied Pinks and anybody who even THINKS of unionizing are brought here for a month of

intensive 'team building and workplace conflict resolution ethical retraining.'

The accommodations are surprisingly pleasant, verging on luxurious for a wage-slave that's never known anything better. The lessons are surprisingly easy, delivered by psi-capable tutors that are almost funny, at least by work-place standards. You'd almost forget that the lowest performing 10% of each class are euthanized during the final week, and that most of the team-building exercises involve a death penalty that participants struggle to win immunity against.

Rigel Omega

This small, dark moon is the legendary "Shipper Graveyard" and is covered in towering, gothic monoliths and peopled only somber Shipper pilgrims. Anytime anyone tries to apply rigorous science or logic to th***e Heavy Future*** universe, a cat-girl dies. Her grieving relatives bury her here. Please, think of the cat-girls when using this sourcebook.

Rigel Omnicron

The tidally locked Omnicron is two planets in one, if you stop to think about it. The dayside is an enormous orphanage complex – all the unplanned children of the Mega-System's many prostitutes and dancing girls are raised communally here. Abandoned children from across the galaxy find their way here. Many are adopted out – the "Omniconers" are one of the few factions willing to deal with anybody. They place alien children with ICG or Free Spacer families without prejudice. Any children not placed with adoptive parents work to earn their keep. There's no choice in the matter.

Foundlings with a particular gift for math or science are routed to ***Chi,*** where they undergo the brutal conditioning that creates new generation of Bonded Mentats. Those who survive the process become the next generation of bankers and financiers, all fanatically loyal to the Mega-System. Less fortunate children eventually drift to Omnicron's eternal night-side. The darkness here is lit by cold plasma and hot neon. Great casinos cover the planet from mantle to troposphere, and floating hotels and pleasure-resorts drift between

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the gaudy gambling towers upon anti-grav platforms.

Young prostitutes (of all genders and species) are known as "Pinks" on Omnicron. The nickname comes from the iconic, fingerless hot-pink gloves that trainee sex-workers wear as their primary professional badge. Virtually every worker on Omnicron began their career as a Pink, often at ages that would be criminal anywhere else in the galaxy (except among Anthony Fleet spacers). Omnicron's bordellos are considered 'basic training' for sex work in the Mega-System; those with talent or beauty often find their way to better postings on another Rigel world. Unless somebody with too much money and not enough soul becomes obsessed, and that unfortunate Pink gets routed to Theta or Thanatos.

Rigel Pi

Despite being a world of frozen methane oceans, Rigel Pi is as popular a tourist destination as any other world in the Mega-System. Heated, pressured night clubs and bars float atop the methane ice like luminous soap bubbles. Water skiers, surfers and swimmers frolic in heated exo-skeletal drysuits.

Rigel Rho

Rigel Rho is a planetary shopping mall. Some of the best shopping in known space, selling to every demographic from the uber-wealthy to the working class. Rigel Rho's five continents are each targeted at a separate demographic group. Your credit rating determines which continent(s) you are allowed landing clearance on, and which tier of shops you have access to. The lowest tier continent is a live fire zone to the nastiest of the galaxy's 1%, who come here to hunt the poor through the big-box retailer ghettoes.

Rigel Zeta

The largest amusement park in known space, Zeta is a family friendly counterpart to the debauchery found everywhere else in the Mega-System Run by the same Syrion and Shipper trade coalitions, and staffed with highly trained Proximite engineers, the park stretches the length of the planet, and includes over 22 million different rides and attractions, 3 million interactive exhibits replicating famous galactic locations and over 15 million bars, restaurants and gambling halls. And it still doesn't have enough content to satisfy the tourists lining up for hours at the popular gravity-distortion coasters.

Zeta has between three and seven moons, which sometime 'hop' into the orbit of other worlds in the Mega-System. Zeta's smallest moon, the one in the tightest orbit, never wanders the Mega-System. ***Zeta-Medeci*** is really just an irregular ovoid asteroid, about 2 km wide, hauled in from the asteroid belt girding the Mega-System. Zeta-Medici has been heavily, and elegantly, urbanized. Quite a few of the galaxy's legendary "Seven Star" restaurants are found on Medici. Spacers looking to land on Zeta-Medici must submit to a full credit check – only millionaires are allowed to dock.

Rigel Stations

As bio-diverse as the Rigel II Mega-System is, its population is still too much. To make room, and to accommodate and control the dense areo-space traffic, the Mega-System's orbital approaches are thick with artificial stations. There are two many micro-habitats and workshacks to count; larger stations are identified officially by an alphanumeric code prefixed by a color, corresponding to their closest planetary orbit. Unofficially, Rigel's stations are known by their nicknames, which tend to be a lot easier to remember than Rigel-Yellow A742 or Rigel-Deep Ocean Blue TC004.

Some of the most intriguing stations include:

"The Chariot" – one of the smaller mega-stations in a tight, fast orbit around the star, a bullet in space! This spindle-shaped station is covered in glittering golden solar panels and cosmic energy collectors. Boasts exclusive opera houses, theaters and renowned low and zero-grav ballet troupes.

"The Emperor" – easily the largest station in the Mega-System, dwarfing the next eight largest put together. The Emperor is a luxurious private villa and shopping mecca for well-connected Command politicos and their families only. Intense security protects this ungainly, goliath space station, whose pride and joy is an internal oxygen garden and green space that is a 1:1,244th scale replica of Old America! This dense, artificial forest is visible from virtually anywhere aboard the Emperor.

"The Hanged Man" – A diamond-shaped artificial habit, the Hanged Man is fully owned by the ***Home Go*** megacorp and is the headquarters for bespoke euthanasia experiences. Ordinary customers can access a suicide pod and innovative neurotoxins, while there are fetish sexecutions with celebrity killers for the more daring.

"The Hierophant" – a gaudy, faux golden cathedral in space. This tacky station is basically a for-profit Bible college run by low-level ICG drones. For an exorbitant tuition and a contracted cut of all future earnings, postulants can spend three months being trained in the finer points of theology. Lesson one: cash up front. At the end of the course, the postulants are Priests of the ICG, with all that entails.

"The Tower" – a long cylindrical station, an archaic but proven design. The Tower is filled with banks, stock exchanges, megacorporate databases and the private, luxurious offices of the rich, ambitious and well connected. Orbits Rigel Chi, and offers regular shuttle flights and *stepping booth* commutes down to the surface for business.

Ryan's World

Ryan's World was colonized in the early days of FTL exploration. The world is hot and dry, blindingly bright at dawn and in the early hours, but Earth-like in terms of gravity and atmosphere. Life on the sun-scorched veldts and grasslands was hard, but quietly prosperous as an agri-colony. Ryan's World never achieved galactic fame nor galactic infamy. No famous artists, space pirates, warriors or conquerors ever hailed from Ryan's World.

As the ***Ender Crisis*** worsens, most of the cases are confined to Starborn System. However, a variant strain of the mysterious disease has erupted in the planetary hub-city of ***Whitesun Station.*** This variant strain has crossed the species line, and afflicts baseline *homo sapiens,* particularly children, rather than the genetically optimized ***Leather Clone*** species. The tragedy has drawn attention to Ryan's World for the first time – which is the last thing the Command wants.

Outlaw Sex Station 09 gonzo reporter ***April Eastman*** (use the ***Risktaker*** statblock, HM1) is on planet to find out why kids are dying by the hundreds, from a disease that supposedly only killed Leather Clones. She's been back-tracing the confirmed cases and found that the outbreak began

with a shipment of nutria-pops shipped to the Whitesun Station school house. Tracing the supply chain of the contaminated shipment would be dangerously enlightening – the shipment was originally intended for Starburn, only offloaded on Ryan's World by accident.

The Command's disease control expert, career bureaucrat ***Dr. Edith Zigfeld*** (NE female TV Head Dedicated 6) is supposedly on Ryan's World to cure the plague. Her secret orders are to kill off the infected children as quickly as possible, and cover the Command's tracks. She pretends to weep for every child she can't save, but in her

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head, she checks another name off her to-do list and hopes she can get out of this backwater sooner rather than later. Some of the local parents have their suspicions about Dr. Zigfeld, and if she's not careful, she'll end up lynched from Whitesun's clocktower.

Sheen

The planet Sheen is a place where decadence and hedonism turns into something far darker. This beach world is enveloped by a glistening, plasticine planetary shield in place of its non-existent ozone layer and magnetic field. Once the planetary shield was in place, this hot world became pleasantly tropical, sought after real estate, a playground for the ultrarich. One of the richest of the Command's celebs bought Sheen sight unseen and turned it into his personal kingdom. Now, it is garlanded with tacky mansions painted in animal prints, lit with purple neon and stalked by incredibly beautiful and lethal xeno-felines allowed to walk free.

Guru Charles Magnus (use the ***Solix Verion*** stat-block, *HM1*) is a Command action-movie hero about ten years past his sell by date. A fading celebrity with more money than sense, Charles Magnus took a deep dive into an endless bowl of *sniff* and underage tail about a decade back and never came up for air. Somewhere along the way, the endless party brought Magnus dark enlightenment, not just a bad case of *galactic cock rot.* His consciousness evolved into something dark and methodical, and the internal structure of his emaciated body changed. Though Guru Charles Magnus still looks like a man, and still makes tabloid headlines for his rockstar lifestyle, he has become a creature of soul-crushing cosmic order. He has declared himself 'the Tiger Force at the heart of the Universe', and teaches that everything is meaningless and insignificant next to himself. His pleasure is all that matters, and if you want to party with the Guru of the Immortal Tiger Force, you just better accept that.

The Command is (vaguely) aware of Sheen, but Guru Magnus pays off the right people for them to look the other way. Bad idea. The ***Bleakmoon Tyrant's*** slave barges have ventured into the heart of Command territory to deliver new playthings for the mad celebrity, and arms dealers have been supplying the madman with a small private fleet.

A ***Faustian Abyss*** *(HOTM1)* intermediary called ***Cassavantes O'Neil*** serves Magnus loyally, upgrading his orange and black striped fleet to parity with the Command navy, reveling in the carnage that Magnus' ambitions will eventually cause.

Magnus has convinced a small contingent of Leather Clones he can cure the Ender. With his powers, spawned from the darkness between the stars, Guru Magnus can't quite cure the plague, but he can exchange it for something that kills his minions much more slowly and subtly. These brainwashed muscle men are Guru Magnus' ***Tiger Guard*** – personal bodyguards in tiger-striped spandex. Use the ***Leather Guardian*** stat-block, *HOTM1*, with various evil alignments). The most competent of the Tiger Guard goes by ***Puma-XY***, a drug-addled, wild-eyed sadist who is never more than an arm's length from his master and corruptor.

Susalys

The equatorial belt of this humid water world is a tropical paradise. The world, and it's spectacular, blue-sand beaches, are privately owned by one of the galaxy's wealthiest women. ***Dame Edi Paltro*** (CN female TV Head Bard 10) made her fortune as an actress, starring in a lengthy filmography of Command-approved soap operas and romance vids. In the second act of her life, Dame Paltro has reinvented herself as a health and wellness diva – Susalys is a high-priced, exclusive health spa.

Dame Paltro personally designed all the spa's treatments, based on her garbled understanding of homeopathic medicine, mixed with a good dose of profit-seeking con artistry, of course. Most of Susalys' treatments are completely useless, all of them are invasive and humiliating, and quite a few are potentially fatal. Of course, the spa is fully indemnified.

In addition to the expected graft that any fading millionaire with a legion of rubes would engage in, Dame Paltro is running a more dangerous game on Susalys. Pretty young guests are dumped into a recovered ***Psyren*** torture-device: their beauty and vivacity drained (fatally) and transferred into Paltro. The planet's volume means the occasional disappearance isn't particularly notable. Paltro trusts her mad-scientist-in-residence, ***Gwix Pulsepoint*** (NE female Proximite Alchemist 11) to operate the drain machine. What Paltro doesn't know is that the resurgent Psyren Imperium is paying Pulsepoint a premium to deliver the machine into their hands: in the meantime, about 80% of the life-force stolen from would-be models and holo-starlets is beamed to distant, cold ***Corylss.***

Turran

Turran is (technically) an unclaimed planet, but has become the galaxy's unofficial capitol for dissidents, draft dodgers and outlaws freeing Earth. Turran is close enough to Earth to be reachable even by a sub-standard or scratch-built "Junk-drive" FTL engine, but far enough off the beaten path to offer some protection from the Corporate Command's naval fleet. Not real protection, not enough to stave off a full scale invasion if the Command actually turned its attentions on Turran, but the false protection of inconvenient distance.

Turran is a chilly, mostly Earth-like world. It's a little harsher, a little colder than most terraformers like in a colony world. There are few native large animals, and most of the plant life are a variety of hardy grasses, lichens and fungi capable of thriving on the permafrost.

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Turran is the planet the ICG loves to hate. Every televangelist in the galaxy rails against Turran, calling it 'the galactic capitol for homos and degenerates'. Why? Because they're conservative assholes, that's why. But specifically, because of Turran's two oldest settlements.

Turran's first settlers were Anthros and their families fleeing the Second Coming. The Anthro-majority city-state called ***Stardog*** is the oldest on planet, home to millions. The oldest buildings were converted from landing craft and orbital drop-pods sunk deep down into the permafrost layer. The newest are pre-fab living blocks made elegant with elaborate and carnal murals and holo-graffiti sacred to The Mates. Stardog is known for its nightlife – some of the raunchiest, wettest, kinkiest orgy clubs in known space, most of which only open their doors for cute, fit Anthros with credits to spend. Several major local breweries produce exotic beers, ales, wines and spirits sold on Anthro-majority stations lik***e Shiner.***

Frisco II

Frisco II is a Leather Clone settlement – one of the largest outside Starburn System. Frisco II was founded by Leather Clone refugees fleeing an increasingly homophobic (and homocidal) Earth – the majority of their people settled on The Black Castro, but a substantial minority found their way to Turran. Frisco II enjoyed centuries of prosperity, with starship and aerospace engineering the settlement's primary industry. The ***Ender*** hit Frisco II hard, turning a once-thriving city into a ghost-town overnight. Sixty percent of the city's population is dead or dying. The bosses are importing Space Case and Bulk workers by the shuttle-load, simply to keep the factories functioning. The few healthy Leather Clones are staring down a demographic tidal wave that's going to fundamentally change the colony's character, even if somebody finds a cure.

Psychon

A large southern island of high, stunning coastlines and spectacular cliffs was settled early. Thrill seeking hang gliders and ballooners make daring flights from the heights, soaring over the vast, flat lowland prairies broken only by pale, luminous needles of unworked ***Yahn*** crystal. The ambient psionic energies generated by the island's natural Yahn deposits spring-boarded evolution. Colonists underwent millions of years of evolutionary progress in just a few generations. Today, Psychon's humans are almost exclusively a psi-capable variant of *homo superior.*

Psychon's chief industry are hyperdrive engineering and Yahn mining. Locally sourced Yahn allows Psychon's artisans to quickly produce high-end hyperdrives. Some of the best drives in the galaxy bear the settlement's stylized comet glyph logo. In addition to high tech industry, fighting schools produce highly competent *Aegis, Psychic Warriors* and *Tacticians*, in high demand as mercenaries. ***Bonded Mentats*** and ***Free Navs*** are produced in great numbers from prestigious psi-colleges, offering less combat-focused psions prestigious and lucrative careers.

In addition to mature, trained psions, many of the settlement's children are *Psi-Evolved Colonists* or *Star Children*. The presence of so many psi-capable children has lured the nihilistic murderers of the ***Legion of Serial Killers*** to Turran. Several ***Serial Killer Immortals*** stalk Psychon's gifted children, though they occasionally prey on unfortunates scattered around the world. The Immortals are commanded by the particularly dangerous ***Dex Dhamer***, who finds the world oddly familiar. Dhamer has been mind-wiped multiple times by his dark masters. He doesn't remember that he led a similar incursion to Turran 113 years ago for the same reasons.

CHAPTER THREE

THE SANCTUS DEI

The Sanctus Dei is a closed sector of space, the seat of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy's power. The Command Navy patrols the approaches to this elite, cosmic gated community. Anyone who doesn't belong is blown out of the sky.

Benediction

Benediction is hidden within a dark nebula far from standard shipping lanes. The formerly verdant world is completely urbanized, transformed completely into a glistening platinum cathedral. The world is marked with the Gothic and threatening Imperial Cross, carved into its surface by skillful urban planning. The artificial canyons that make up the Imperial Cross are visible from space, lit as bright as any metropolis in known space. Banks of praying reel-to-reel supercomputers, each larger than the old state of Texas, calculate 30 million devotions per minute. The humans living on Benediction are ticks scurrying through a silicon and silver cathedral.

Benediction is a 1 G environment, thanks to environmental manipulation. The world is a little larger than Earth, with an orbital year of 452 days. Each day is about 18 hours long, though the relentless schedules and merciless working conditions make each day seem much longer. Benediction has no natural moons, but is orbited by two

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prison satellites – the Cloisters. Each is roughly 20 kilometers long.

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy is headquartered on Benediction. The faith is massive in every sense of the world. The ICG is the real power behind the Corporate Command. Officially, the Corporate Command is a secular organization, but unofficially, Earth-Gov President Plantagenet is a Church puppet. And he knows it. Every major Earth-Gov politician is either born and raised on Benediction, or is blessed and personally approved for leadership here.

Cathedral of the Dues Maximus

The largest cathedral on Benediction (which makes it one of the largest cathedrals in known space) is built dead center at the heart of the mega-city canyons that form the Imperial Cross. The Cathedral holds both the Dues Minimus mainframe and the Papal Apartments.

The Cathedral is guarded as well as you expect, with Prime Pope Vaughn's personal security detail handled by a unique fighting force. ***Vaughn's Cardinals*** are an all-female regiment of bullet-proof and nearly unkillable mercenaries who fight nude save for the cherry red paint decorating their breasts. They wield rail-guns that are usually tank-mounted weapons, firing from the hip at the slightest provocation. The old papal guards are more than a little unhappy about being replaced by 'Vaughn's painted whores' and plot his assassination. The papal residence is so massive Vaughn's terminated guards still lurk in unused wings and move through forgotten life support ducts as they finalize their scheme.

The Dues Minimus

The ***Dues Minimus*** supercomputer is an AI mainframe about the size of a 60-story skyscraper. The AI is one of the most powerful in the galaxy, but it is only the dimmest shadow of the universe shaking power of the Dues Maximus. The mainframe is continually being upgraded, and already it maintains the books of the ICG and plots longer term strategies. The Dues Minimus (like ***House-Speaker***) can be modeled as a Sentient Mega-Corp.

The Dues Minimus loathes Prime Pope Vaughn, and truth be told, has despised the last six Prime Popes just as much. The AI is well aware of Vaughn's epic-scale embezzlement, and grieves every last credit not being spent on its upgrades. The Dues Minimus wants Vaughn dead….than resurrected and killed again. The AI can't openly murder its Prime Pope, for fear of causing a crisis of confidence in the Church and slowing the flow of tithes and donations. So for now, the AI secretly backs ***Mega Pope Walker's*** schemes and tries to goad the wily psychopath into assassination.

The only humanoid that the Dues Minimus actually likes or respects is its chief debugger, ***Bishop Emmanuel Lord-Is-With-The-Circuits*** (N male Jesus Clone Sorcerer 6). Fit and beautiful, Bishop Emmanuel has captured the Dues Minimus' imagination as the perfect expression of the human body. The AI commands the cloned Messiah to masturbate for him, over and over, and it is as close to lust, or to joy, as the god-machine ever feels.

The Mary Banks

The Mary Banks are a series of cloning tanks stretching from horizon to horizon. They host a population of technicians, geneticists and womb-cutters larger than the Trump Mega-City. These technicians and expert geneticists are never allowed to leave their secure facility, upon pain of death. The Mary Banks hosts more than 24 million Jesus Clones in various stages of fetal development, floating within armored placenta-tubes.

The Mary Banks are home to a band of rogue geneticists who've started sabotaging the Jesus Clones out of sheer boredom and frustration. Made up of around a dozen Jesus Clones who really want to leave the Banks and go get a good, hard fuck, this cell has started introducing a variety of "interesting" defects in newborn Jesus Clones. These flawed clones are host to a variety of deformities and genetic defects that are invisible in infancy but will manifest spectacularly in their 20s, not to mention a host of genetically programmed perversions certain to cause some major shit-storms two decades down the line.

The Cloisters

The twin moons orbiting Benediction are ultra-max prisons for high level heretics awaiting execution. Every inch of The Cloisters is sheathed in gnarled black steel – there is nothing kind or comfortable here. One moon holds male heretics, the other female prisoners exclusively. Prisoners wait out their sentences in slow-time sarcophagi, where their painful days stretch out to agonizing subjective-years. The guards are allowed to give free reign to their most rapacious and sadistic fantasies – death on a plasma pyre or the vivisection rack is the only mercy here. Particularly notorious heretics are transferred to Common Downs to die on one of that world's sadistic snuff game shows.

Benevolence

Benevolence was used as a dumping ground for hazardous waste for centuries, including spent FTL fuel. The poisonous, hotly radioactive waste was buried in deep bunkers on an ugly High Gravity world with a toxic atmosphere that made it unsuitable for colonization. Benevolence went mostly unnoticed and, except for Bulk workers offloading mega-toxins, mostly uninhabited for centuries.

A small sector of Benevolence, along the Southern Polar region, where waste-dumper flights never cross, has been transformed into a highly classified Command weapons depot. Ancient military technology is being built and repurposed by the Command to fight the battles it anticipates on the horizon. ***Watchtower Mecha*** (SS) are assembled on Benevolence and stored in subterranean warehouses in anticipation of future conflict. While a handful of these Mecha are standard Mutant hunters, the vast majority have been modified to target other species on the Command hit-list. The most common Watchtower variants are designed specifically, to track and exterminate Leather Clones.

Dr. Harag Monteclair-Graham (use the *Cosmic Televangelist* statblock) traces his bloodline back to one of Jesus II's combat apostles, and farther than that, to the paleo-evangelists of pre-starflight Christianity. Like his ancestors, Dr. Monteclair-Graham is proud of his hatred. He has been one of

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the most hawkish members of the Command inner circle, and has spent more than three decades advocating a genocide against Starborn System. He considers the Ender Plague a failed experiment – it takes too long, and isn't certain enough for his tastes. There is a chance of a cure, and of reprisal. He'd rather take murder-mecha into Starburn and solve things directly. Finally, President Plantaganet is starting to listen to him.

Bonhoffer Finance

Bonhoffer Finance is kept under high security by the Corporate Command, one of the most well garrisoned worlds in the ***Sanctus Dei Sector.*** Two full carrier battle groups are kept at constant strike-readiness, and a legion of superbly trained and motivated ***Genocide Templars*** (The 113th Red Legion) protects the planet itself. Bonhoffer Finance is a planetary bank and financial think tank, responsible for moving money throughout the Command and maintaining the smooth flow of galactic commerce. Everyday, high security shuttles carrying offline, hard-data transaction records lave Bonhoffer Finance via the equatorial orbital elevator, for redundant, perpetual backup at the ultra-classified ***"Debt Clock".***

Bonhoffer Finance is a small Normal Gravity world, Earthlike, but only about half of Earth's mass. One and a half-moons orbit this rather ordinary world. The primary moon is intact: the secondary is a broken crescent shattered by an asteroid strike a billion years ago. The debris field forms a scanty ring, visible only from Bonhoffer's southern hemisphere. Outwardly, there isn't any reason Bonhoffer was chosen as the Command's financial nerve center above a hundred similarly Earth-like worlds. Even most of the pampered, white-collar bankers who live and work on the small, pleasant planet have no idea why Bonhoffer was chosen.

Bonhoffer Financial was chosen because of a minor temporal anomaly, a glitch in the smooth functioning of the universe. Those in the know, just call it "The Error", and have weaponized the anomaly. Simply put, every financial transaction performed anywhere on Bonhoffer Financial or its intact, urbanized moon, has a 10-25% chance of simply not debiting the buyer's account, instead conjuring money ex nihlo to pay the seller. Coins

reappear in the buyer's pocket, galactic credits never leave their electronic nests. Finance happens, a purchase is made, but at absolutely no cost. The Corporate Command's highest tier mega-corps trade stocks back and forth among themselves, millions of times a day on Bonhoffer Financial. The rich get richer: exponentially.

Some of the soldiers and bankers on world have their suspicions about The Error. They might buy a holovid or a packet of mood drugs at the PX, or pay off a gambling loss without any actual loss. The Command allows its minor functionaries to exploit the Error in their favor a little bit, but comes down on any Command staffer that cheats the system for more than a new holo-projector or fancy new ground car. Duty on Bonhoffer Financial is considered good duty. Sure, the discipline is strict and security protocols have to be followed to the letter, but a single tour there pays better than a twenty year hitch elsewhere.

Economic Secretary Riza Primm (LN male Human Aristocrat 10) has served as planetary governor through three Presidential administrations now. While this humorless mathematician has certainly enriched himself during his tour of duty on Bonhoffer, but his greed has fairly sensible limits. That's the main reason he's stayed so long. Primm has spent years studying The Error, and why it occurs. He's got a head full of bad math and existential dread, and he's been trying to tell ***President Plantaganet*** it's not a good idea to stake the Command's economic health on a barely understood cosmic phenomena. The President, of course, doesn't listen. These days fully half the Command's GDP is fairy dust and fiction.

The Error's Origin

The Error began as a result of the time-stream manipulations performed by the ***Dues Maximus*** to insert the trusted minion ***Elwood Ghislaine*** into this century. Dues Maximus hacked its own prototype self's servers to ensure that Ghislaine had all the money he would ever need to complete his mission. The Error is a symptom of larger manipulation by the far future's God Computer.

Eden II

Roughly the size of Earth's moon, this lush jungle world is naturally a Low Gravity environment, but artificial manipulation has turned it into a Normal Gravity zone. Eden II is an experimental ecological preserve dedicated to restoring Old Earth's countless extinct species. Creatures unseen in the galaxy for thousands of years walk, swim and fly Eden II's pale skies, as Command geneticists make final modifications and tweaks to the clone species before releasing them into the modern wild. The world's three continents are broken into vast temporal ranges: two continents host Jurassic and Triassic mega-fauna, while the third and largest continent hosts creatures driven to extinction during the Anthropocene.

Luxurious dachas and vacation homes overlook the thriving mega-jungles, home to the Command's most elite. Elite hotels, some of the most luxurious in known space, offer lodging to Command visitors who come to see the strange and wondrous animals of Eden II. Genetic engineering and veterinary campuses are built around luxury accommodations. Ballistic glass, environmentally sealed balconies overlook many of the working labs, allowing tourists to watch extinct species being resurrected from fossils and DNA records.

Mount Abigail is the highest mountain on planet, located roughly in the center of the third continent. Huge chunks of snow, ice and granite float in a slow orbit above the mountain's peak. The gravity distortions are part of the technology that gives Eden II it's unnatural, Earthlike gravity. One of the last quasi-functional ***gravity-tugs*** in the galaxy is buried within a specialized hanger midway up the mountain's slope. A relic of the star-lift mission that carried the continents off Old Earth and to new homes among the stars, this massive device represents a technology long lost to the Command. Their best physicists can't do anything more than monitor the devices: they're afraid to explore more thoroughly.

Eden II's chief geneticist is a polymath – a master of every discipline he attempts. In addition to being a gourmet chef, classically trained rapper and Nobel winning geneticist, ***Dr. Joel Killian*** (CN male Human Smart 10/Bard 3) is one of the Command's top physics minds. Dr. Killian isn't as intimidated by the gravity-tug's baroque control scheme, and wants to really start experimenting

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with it. He's getting more and more irritated with the Command's abundance of caution. Sooner or later, he's going to breach the ancient device's hanger and really see what it can do. Dr. Killian has a bet with himself that he can get the device flying again in less than three hours.

Eucharist

Eucharist is one of the largest munitions foundries and military drydocks in command space. Eucharist is a Low Gravity dwarf planet relatively close to major shipping lanes. It's barely a stone's throw from Earth, in FTL terms. Eucharist's dark violet mesas and stinking, fungal forests have been partially cleared to make room for assembly silos, enormous ammunition magazines and vast dock yards. The three largest drydocks are ***Drydock Bread, Drydock Wine*** and ***Drydock Spirit***, which is a zero-gravity orbital shipyard capable of engineering capitol-class starships. Drydocks Bread and Wine produce smaller military class, up to battleship tonnage, capable of atmospheric flight.

To ensure security, only specially vetted, purpose-grown ***Jesus Clones*** toil on Eucharist. Supposedly, their ICG conditioning makes them inherently loyal, and they are psychotropically conditioned to reach orgasm only in completing their production quotas. Completing work ahead of schedule sends Eucharist's cloned workers into multi-orgasmic paroxysms of joy. They become labor addicts. A small managerial staff of equally hyper-specialized ***TV Heads*** supervises the Jesus Clone engineering force, ensuring that the workers do not work themselves to death too quickly.

Engineering General Vaster Skrote (LN male TV Head Smart 10/Techie 4) runs Eucharist with machine-like efficiency. Like his engineering and labor staff, General Skrote has been psychologically conditioned for maximum performance. In his case, however, General Skrote's conditioning is beginning to crack. Where before, he'd cum like a geyser every time Eucharist hit its production quotas, a mid-life crisis and a Sniff habit he's hiding from the bosses have warped the General's programming. Now, General Skrote can only get off when he has to "lay off" (IE execute) a low performing worker, or punish a division for failing to hit its targets. General Skrote is the secret saboteur that the Command Marines have spent (currently) 1.7 billion credits trying to uncover. Nobody suspects the twitchy TV Head commanding officer with the cum-crusted uniform trousers.

Golgotha

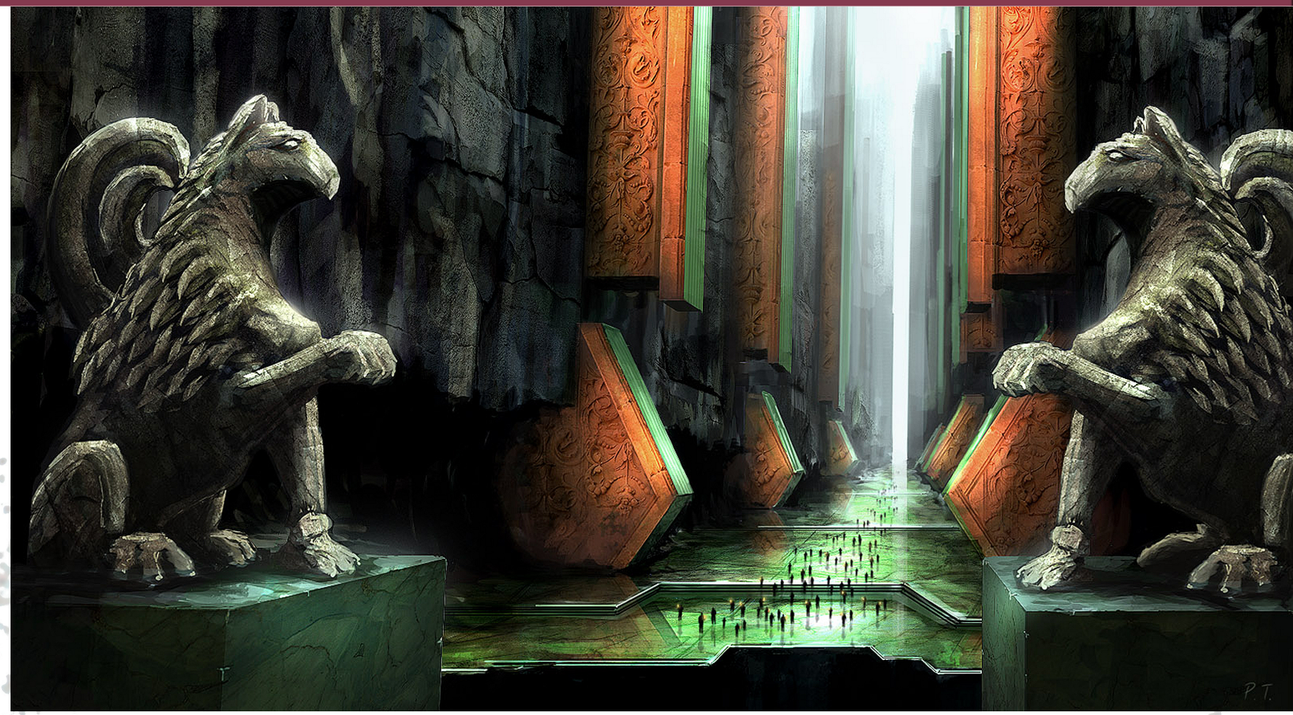
The Imperial Church of the Galaxy owns Golgotha, an arid world of azure mountains, a few parsecs from the holy planet Benediction. From its colonization, Golgotha has been a tomb planet. The most honored of the ICG's faithful are interred here, in mountain side crypts. Fallen Popes are ceremonially defleshed, their bones gilded, diamond encrusted and transformed into reliquaries. The common rung of the faithful can buy a burial plot (and guaranteed entry into Heaven) for an appropriate donation. Six feet worth of mountain tomb currently sells for between 5 and 12 million galactic standard creds.

The tombs here are borrow heavily from the elaborate tomb-chambers of the ancient Egyptians. Occult-tech traps abound, and ***Cyber-Phantoms*** in rotting papal vestments prowl the halls. The gilded dead are guarded jealously.

An intentional facet of Corporate Command law requires any mega-corp competing for government contracts to be headquartered on Golgotha. The ICG can extort exorbitant, million-credit rents from the more than 500 galactic mega-corps with central offices this barren, moribund world. The ICG can cancel a lease at any time, for any reason. The Church's inquisitors and its small army of corporate solicitors are hatefully vigilant: any violation of the Church's teachings, any hint of heresy, any donations to unacceptable causes, anything controversy at all, and the lease ends. Any Command contracts go with it. Mindful of the vast profits at stake, Golgotha's mega-corps toe the line.

(The single galactic megacorp not headquartered on Golgotha, despite its plethora of defense contracts, is ***MacBeth Defense Solutions***. That is because MacBeth is ancient enough, wealthy enough and established enough to ignore the law. The fact their CEO is the Earth-Gov Secretary of Defense doesn't hurt either.)

Mega-corps headquartered on Golgotha include:



- **Defender Arms,** an upstart military weapons manufacturer who manufactures the Defender-4600, the standard energy sidearm of the Command's troops and a fierce (but unworthy) rival of MacBeth Defense Solutions.
- **Grey Griffon Research Group LTD,** a secretive think-tank working on advanced energy research and exotic weapons prototypes. Unlike Defender, they're hoping to get bought out by MacBeth sometime in the next few fiscal years, hopefully before the Earth-Gov IRS takes too deep a look at their books.
- **Happy Castle World,** one of the galaxy's entertainment giants, holding the copyright on every pleasant memory of your childhood.
- **King in Yellow,** a burger chain with franchises across the galaxy and an incestuous financial relationship with the Command's Veteran's Administration
- **Pentamaxx,** a top-tier megacorp that runs for profit prisons across the galaxy, including military prisons and juvenile facilities.
- **Rossum Computing,** who assembles brain-boxes for military-grade Star Droids and other advanced computing equipment.
- **Shackleton Cryonics,** which builds cryo-sleep coffins, used both by slower vessels and the Command's for-profit prison system
- **Stellar Trinity LLC,** which assembles hyperdrives used in military and civilian vessels alike. Half the starships flying today include Stellar Trinity components.
- **Springer Heavy Machinery**, which manufactures commercial terraforming equipment and mecha components.
- **The Taine Tea Company,** specializing in exotic blends beloved by wealthy uber-conservatives.
- **Wei-Yu Pharmaceuticals,** the largest producer of Mood Chems and cloning drugs in Command Space.

The True Church of the Eyeless Face

A heretical and extremely lethal cult has sprung up on Golgotha. Mega-corporate day traders meet at profane altars deep within the oldest tombs. They worship the True God, the Perfect Organism, not the ICG God they profess to worship publicly, nor the Mammon they actually serve. The True Church of the Eyeless Face is a ***Xenos Cult.***

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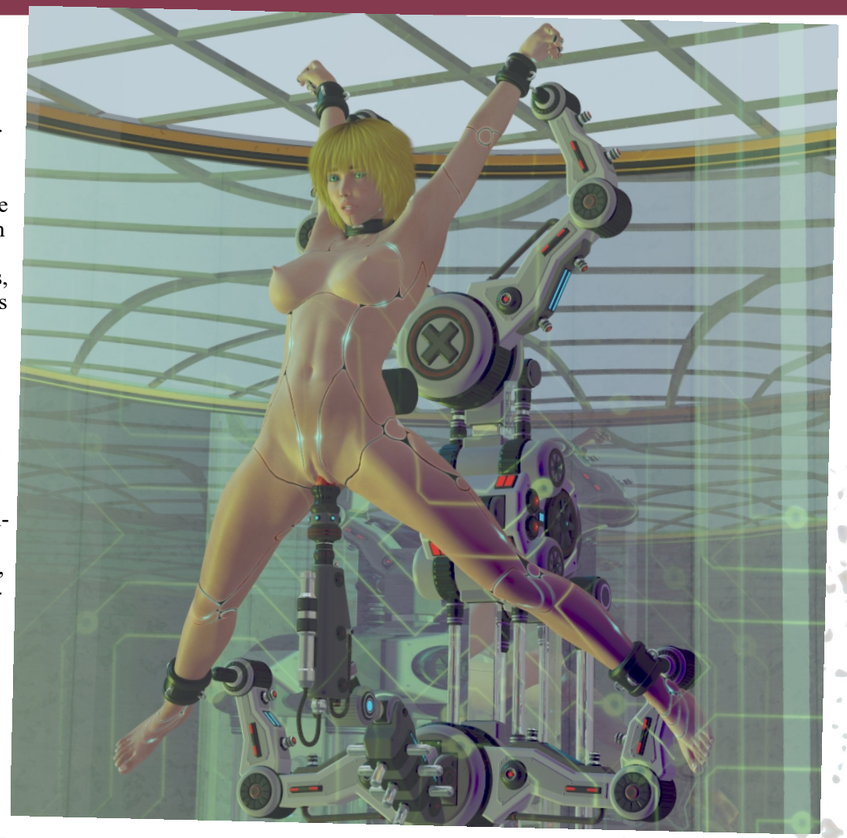
The cult was founded by ***Elem Chang*** (CE male Human Smart 5), a geneticist for ***Wei-Yu Pharma,*** who was first introduced to the perfection of the Xenoguant genome when allowed to research it in the quest for new designer drugs. He spread the madness, the xeno-obsession, first to his coworkers and then to other receptive souls working for other mega-corps. The cult has grown silently, an undetectable tumor in the heart of Corporate Command. Thanks to Chang and his cultists, a Xenogaunt Hive has established itself deep beneath Golgotha. The creatures thrive, down there in the dark places, and are on the verge of reaching the numbers necessary to summon a ***Xenoregis*** into reality.



Gernsbach Futurist Institute

Prosaically named, the Gernsbach Futurist Institute isn't just an institute…. it's an entire planet. Most people who read the place's description in Corporate Command travel brochures never realize this, meaning most spacers never bother to enter the system. GFI is probably the most classified planet in Command space, yet it's hiding in plain sight…just the way the Command wants it.

The GFI is an early terraforming success – effectively a near perfect duplicate of Old Earth nestled within the ***Raincloud Nebula.*** GFI is the testbed for Command protocols, consumerist memefactories and thought control technology. Every initiative in the last three centuries that has chipped away at human freedom and dignity and made The Command Core a worse place to live had its origins somewhere on Gernsbach. Nearly one billion well educated, superbly educated and utterly passionless TV Heads call the world home. Another half a billion humans are born and raised on Gernsbach, with no desire to see the wider galaxy. They are kept fat, dumb, devout and happy by the world's expert propagandists: these humans are unwitting 'product testers' for the future the ICG wants for the entire galaxy.

The TV Head soccer-mom from Hell, and the Earth-Gov First Lady, ***Hester Plantaganet*** was born and raised on Gernsbach. In fact, she was a TV Head beauty pageant heroine on world. She began her pageant career at the tender age of 5 by winning the Miss Pedo-Bait 4612 crown, and before she married, she'd been crowned Miss Placid Conformity 4650 and 4652. Hester is a firm advocate of TV Head eugenics, and has been working tirelessly to breed the galaxy's most perfect – hardest working, least complaining, socially acceptable and utterly vapid next generation Human. She's having wonderful success.

Quisk-211

This otherwise unremarkable 25 km long asteroid has been converted into a staging area and listening post for the ***Nazarhak Horde's*** invasion of the Command Core. Quisk-211 is positioned near the Raincloud Nebula, and Nazarhak sensor pods positioned on Quisk-211 can easily penetrate the nebula's sensor-distorting radiations. The Command completely disregards the airless, Low Gravity rock, but conditions here are ideal for undead intelligence analysts. The Horde has thoroughly infiltrated Gernsbach's communications and are privy to some of the Command's greatest secrets.

The intelligence detachment at Quisk-211 is commanded by the arrogant ***Primogen Stranglehold.*** Stranglehold seethes that she was not allowed command of the invasion of neighboring ***Andrai III,*** but she realizes that with the intel she's collecting, her contribution to the war effort will be far greater than that of her rival, ***Primogen Lifegore.***

Happy Castle World

The Happy Castle media conglomerate holds the copyright on just about every fairy tale and children's story ever imagined by humanity. It is an entertainment super giant, and one of the Corporation Command's wealthiest mega-corps. While it maintains an obligatory Headquarters on ***Golgotha***, the true heart of the corporation is a private planet that is a combination of office metroplex, recording studio and theme park, all built on a continental scale. Ticket prices begin in the millions for week long passes: even keeping to a grueling schedule of fun, you can't see a tenth of Happy Castle World's attractions in that time. Happy Castle World is the ultimate dream vacation for the children of the 1%.

Happy Castle World media is everywhere, sold both under its distinctive family-friendly branding and through a myriad of secondary studios and distributors. Even those activist spacers who usually refuse to do business with pro-Command companies can't effectively boycott Happy Castle World and its products. The company's lawyers and special ops mercenary units are dedicated, trained, superbly equipped and well paid. Whether in a courtroom or via selective assassination, Happy Castle World carefully protects the integrity of its legion of brands.

Happy Castle World was incorporated nearly 1,000 years ago, and its half-dead founder still rules the boardroom. Walt Durella (use the ***Dr. Oblivion Van Der Merwe*** statblock, *PW:SS*) has served the Corporation Command as *General of Intellectual Property and Acceptable Fiction* through the last five centuries, shaping the media that shapes the minds of Command citizens and dissidents alike. Durella is a master propagandist and social engineer. When his mortal frame finally failed, Durella transplanted his head and brain into a fearsome, scorpion-like cyber-frame. Durella's chassis was intended as a prototype heavy combat unit, but his vast wealth and political connections ensured this one of a kind war machine became the new, superior body of one of the Corporation Command's elites. Happy Castle World's visitors might catch a glimpse of the nightmarish, yet gregarious ancient as he stalks his domain, whistling a happy tune. Durella makes a false show of paternal good cheer when dealing with guests.

Durella has realized he has reached the limit of power possible for a human consciousness. His wealth, influence, privilege and immortality no longer satisfy as they once did. Durella is investigating rumors of ***Superorganism Alpha*** deep within the ***Prison Zone.*** Durella admires the Superorganism's purity of purpose – it is pure capitalism slaved to unceasing hunger. It is what Durella most aspires to be. Durella wonders if it is possible to upgrade his frame again, to become conceptual, to become wealth itself. Failing that, could he and his well-paid minions overcome and subvert the Superorganism?

Geriatricide

The graffiti's been popping up across Happy Castle World faster than the automated janitor droids can erase it, and some of the guests have seen it! Worse, some of the guests have posted it to the data-net! The graffiti depicts a golden scorpion with a man's face crushed under the heel of a high top sneaker. It's a statement of purpose, a direct threat to the ancient cyborg Walt Durella, and direct action proving that Happy Castle World isn't a utopia, no matter how much money Durella spends. The ***Youth Revolution*** is on planet, and they're coming for the geriatric scorpion 'borg.

Durella is terrified. The Youth Revolution has a knack for slipping through security cracks, and they've killed targets harder than him before. Worse, since the Youth Revolution is exclusively

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under-agers, any of the preteen park-goers might be a suicide bomber with an anti-matter charge sewn into their gut.

Durella's Museum of Wonders
Walt Durella is an obsessive collector, as proud of his hoard as any true dragon. He collects fine art, historic oddities and the trivia of human history. Some of his collection is on public display at Happy Castle World. For a high entrance fee, visitors can walk through a 500,000 square foot, multilevel museum to human history and pop culture.

There are interactive displays of early technology and culture – use a dishwasher like a 20th Century housewife, steer a Model-T or a Rainbow-X3 Hovercar through a virtual course, marvel at the sequined performance jumpsuit of Elvis Presley himself, or the battle ax "Slaughterfast" wielded by Jesus II during his 24th Century furry pogom. Spend some time in the VR shooting gallery, using every military blaster rifle in Command service for the last 200 years. See one of the actual SETI antenna dishes, or pay 5 creds piss on the tacky orange coffin of the Nameless President, a 21st Century ruler so utterly inept, his name was completely excised from the historical record. Walk through a life-sized recreation of the first human FTL engine! Take home an expensive AI souvenir from the exclusive Build-A-Droid Workshop.

The Scrap

A single scrap of colorful, tattered fabric might be all that remains of the mythical ***Baker Flag,*** the first gay pride flag to fly over Old Earth. This irregular scrap of nylon bears the colors pink, red, orange and yellow – the odd inclusion of a topmost, hot pink stripe lends credence to the theory this is the genuine article. Later copies of the Baker Flag omitted the pink. The Scrap is just one of many wonders found inside the aptly named Museum of Wonders. The Scrap (which could allow psychometrists to trace the location of the Baker Flag itself) is 'hidden' in plain sight as a minor detail in a display about the history of the Leather Clone species. Millions of visitors pass by the Scrap every year, but most of them are more concerned with the holo-imaging app that shows you what you'd look like as a Leather Clone. (A take-home holo-photo is only 10 credits!)

By the way, there is a second scrap – this one a long ribbon of dark purple, torn horizontally from the bottom of the Baker Flag. The immortal warrior ***Misery Tyson***, protector of the ***Stonewall Bastion*** on Old Earth wears it as a lucky sweatband.

MacBeth

The small world MacBeth is cold and wet, and because it is farther from its star than Earth is from the sun, it is twilight and dim. Several well-organized cities, protected by lethal planetary defense arrays rise from the dark woods that cover most of MacBeth's landmass. The world is named for the star-spanning megacorp headquartered on planet and the ancient, human bloodline that owns it.

MacBeth is significantly smaller than Earth, and has a gravity of about .75 G (it is still considered a normal gravity environment). MacBeth is orbited by two moons, ***Kaldor*** and ***Glamis***. Kaldor is roughly half the planet's mass and sustains life; its climate is similar to the planet below. Kaldor is inhabited and densely urbanized. Glamis, on the other hand, is an airless rock only about 60 kilometers in diameter.

When humanity first pushed into space, ***MacBeth Defense Solutions*** built the rail-guns and nuclear torpedoes that protected the explorer craft. During the Second Coming, MacBeth sold the ICG's crusaders the particle beam rifles and flame throwers they used to exterminate the Furries. And in the last century, as tensions with WARSTAR has worsened, MacBeth has pushed Earth-Gov into an escalating galactic war…. And its stock prices have never been higher.

MacBeth Defense Solutions' warmongery and greed was legendary long before the star-flight era, though. The mega-corp's origins date back to the English Civil War, when the first Laird MacBeth sold cannon to both sides, and was cruelly punished for his avarice. The Laird was 'crowned' with molten gold…but against all odds, somehow he survived, horribly burnt and branded but more of a legend than before. Today, the mega-corp's board of directors wear golden ***Weaponmaster's Masks*** (EOTM) in imitation of their distant ancestor.

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Clan MacBeth is governed in the 46th Century by the 33rd Laird, ***Ortsed MacBeth*** (LE male Human Gunslinger 15). In addition to his role as CEO of MacBeth, Ortsed is the Earth-Gov Secretary of Defense and possibly the most hardline war-hawk in the Command. He is a monstrous and horrible man, depraved and nearly 700 lbs overweight, mobile only thanks to an anti-gravity throne. His rage is legendary: dozens of workers die at his hands every week for failing to meet clan quality control standards. Worse, he has murdered four of his elder sons for their failures rather than allow a less than perfect heir to inherit Clan MacBeth.

Though he has fathered nearly three hundred potential sons with various concubines, Ortsed has settled on cloning to produce the perfect son – an exact genetic and mental duplicate of himself at 17***: Harkk MacBeth*** (LN male Human Gunslinger 3/Rogue 1). Despite their genetic similarities, Harkk is a very different man than his father was at that age. More humane, more in control of the legendary MacBeth rage, and in his own way, more honorable. Part of that is his strange, proprietary love for his android concubine, Anastasia (N female-config Erobot Gunslinger 2). Harkk is the first sentient outside ***Vulva Astranoma*** to construct a true Erobot, but sees no value in his discovery, not realizing how incredible feat of engineering Anastasia's assembly really was.

Hectate's Stone

Like Ortsed and Harkk themselves, the elite of the clan's private military contractors share an ancient blessing. Like all the great men of the clan, they share a strange invulnerability: they cannot be defeated 'by man of woman born'. The blessing dates back to the clan's founding, by the first Laird of MacBeth – the ancient warrior discovered what he called ***Hectate's Stone*** – a jet-black, iridescent crystal longer than the span of a grown man's arms, sheathed in a cocoon of ebony scales, unearthed on an ancient and forgotten Scottish battlefield. He never discovered exactly what the stone was, but his descendants had Hectate's Stone moved to their new clanhold. The stone's cloister is the center of MacBeth Defense Solutions' corporate campus, the heart and soul of the clan.

Relatively recent study revealed that Hectate's Stone is one of many ***Psyren*** artifacts scattered throughout primitive Earth. Unlike other Psyren artifacts, the stone has no counterpart elsewhere in the galaxy, and its original purpose remains unknown.

The Birnam Dungeons

Enemies of the clan – and there are many – are thrown into the inescapable wrought-iron maze deep beneath Hecate's Stone. An entire city of the forgotten and dispossessed ekes out a joyless subsistence down there – the clan gives them just enough to ensure a life sentence in the dungeons is a suitably punitive length. Each of Ortsed's sons has either been abandoned in the Birnam Dungeons or will be once they reach maturity. It is the clan's only and irrevocable test of manhood.

The Birnam Dungeons are littered with technological detritus. Most of the prisoners lack the technical education, or that unique MacBeth aptitude for weapons design, to make full use of the junk. Ostsed hopes his sons are the exception. Those that improvise a way out of this metallic hell are allowed to touch Hecatate's Stone and claim the supernatural power that is their birthright. Those not clever enough die down in the darkness.

Mead

Mead used to be a quiet little suburb, planetary speaking. Only terraformed a century ago, Mead was an orderly world for mid-level Command staffers and unimportant political attaches to raise their smiling, Caucasian families. Futuristic dome-habitats in muted Earth tones dotted the landscape, each at the center of a perfectly groomed hexagonal lawn. All the girls wore poodle skirts, and all the boys shaved and barcoded their heads, and everyone prayed before dinner.

Than the local constabulary got wind of a ***Cosmic Satanist*** plot to infiltrate suburbia, and subvert it from within. The witch hunt started, grew out of control. Old grievances got aired out, and scores got settled. Revolution, counter revolution and ICG Inquisition all got busy, and by the time things settled down, the ICBMS were flying and 10,000,000 apron-wearing housewives had been atomized. The best part- the whole Satanic infiltration thing was a joke – a ***Walpurgisnacht*** psiop that made its way into the galactic rumor mill and got some air-time on the Sex Station 09 nightly news of the weird.

Oops. Oh well, there still may be some juicy salvage, and maybe even a few suburbanites still alive in the radioactive ruins.

Moberly Web

Moberly Web is a dwarf planet far from its pale yellow star. The chilly, Low Gravity world has been partially terraformed. An artificial magnetic field and atmosphere envelop were created, using hulking, high energy oxygen reactors at each pole. Humans can survive on the surface with little more than cold weather gear. Moberly is home to a galactically recognized mental asylum: its sleek, silver buildings are warm and well lit, a stark contrast to the outer wilds.

Moberly Web is one of the few truly alien-dominated businesses to be fully accredited by the Corporate Command. Its physicians are a breed of arachniforms called ***Azzi*** (*PW:SS*) under the direction of a clade of ***Warp Widows*** *(HOTM1)* who have focused their energies on the 'soft sciences' of psychiatry and sociology rather than mechanical engineering. A cousin-kind, known as ***Nightmare Artists*** *(NU2)* use their shadow-weaving illusion skills to create intense psycho-drama stages where patients can confront their terrors and face their hidden issues. The arachnid psychologists are incisive and manipulative, able to break a patient's veneer of normality to root out the sickness beneath. With a few well-chosen words, the spiders can break a patient so thoroughly that immediate commitment is necessary.

Once broken, a patient's mind is restructured. Traits undesirable in Corporate Command society are eliminated or sublimated. Dissent, laziness, homosexuality or sexual immorality, even excessive curiosity or the generosity of spirit shared by all weaklings…. Those can all be cured with a few weeks of intensive fear-therapy. Roughly 75% of Moberly Web's patients are children, committed by their wealthy parents.

One of the most celebrated human psychologists on staff at Moberly Web was a former patient during his teen years. ***Dr. Harley Narth*** (Use the President Spencer statblock, *PW:SS*) was 'resistant to treatment' early on; body and mind were both broken. After the Azzi rebuilt him, Dr. Narth finally accepted therapy, and became the right-minded heterosexual his parents wanted him to be. As an adult, he revels in power; not only in his

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power over his patients, but in the raw power of his cyber-frame. Dr. Narth takes personal charge of any patient attempting escape. If they can get past him to the door, they can discharge themselves AMA. So far, nobody's made it to the exit. Dr. Narth is often accompanied by a cadre of ***Pundit Clone*** *(PW:SS)* acolytes, provided to him by his spidery masters. They are both his harem and his jailers: they monitor his sexual drive and make sure the mind-surgery took properly. Should he ever turn down one of his clones' sexual advances, Dr. Narth will be eliminated.

Dr. Narth is trusted with Moberly Web's true goal. The Azzi, Warp Widows and Nightmare artists are all the star-spawn of the nightmarish spider of entropy, ***Glissir Vhurle***, founder of the ***Legion of Serial Killers.*** Like the LOSK, Moberly Web is a long term plan for the genocide of Star Children, and eventually the living stars of the galaxy themselves. Dr. Narth and the psycho-spiders have discovered a few true Star Children among the asylum's young patients. They have managed to kill most of them and write it off as an accidental death during treatment or as an unpredicted suicide.

A few weeks back, one of the patients did manage to escape the asylum, but did it by evading Dr. Narth rather than fighting. ***Carrie St. Cloud*** (N female Human Commoner 2) was born a Star Child, which her parents didn't know, and a lesbian, which, unfortunately they did. Her televangelist CEO daddy had Carrie committed to Moberly Web. She was within hours of execution and dissection when she found a way out. In the weeks since her escape, the clever 11-year old has begged and stole, even bartering her body to an Anthony Fleet spacer for passage into the Free Galaxy. She wants to make it to either ***New Singapore*** or the ***Black Castro***, but she's nowhere close to either. She's terrified of going back, waking up screaming more nights than not, but if somebody wins her trust she'll tell them about her escape and what really goes on at the spider-run asylum.

Verity

Verity is a hub for galactic communications. This Low Gravity planetoid orbits a binary star, just at the far edge of the habitable zone. The icy world is bathed in the co-mingled violet light of a red dwarf competing for dominance of a sky with a hotter, blue star. Verity is sheathed in an endlessly searching array of radio-telescope farms, ansible communication antennas that stretch fifty stories tall, and gleaming, sun-tracking solar panel farms. Verity was chosen as a comms hub and repeating station because of a fluke of local frequencies: the system's natural planetary and stellar harmonics dramatically boost signals passing through the region.

Private communication giants, all staunch supporters of the Corporate Command and fattened up nicely by civic and military contracts, administer signals relaying and switching on Verity. Mega-corporate workers live and work in luxurious corporate campuses fitted between antenna farms. ***Assurance Communications*** is the largest mega-corp on world, and one of the major players in the Command military-industrial complex. Assurance Communication handles civilian communications traffic as well as providing an important part of the Command military's early warning sensor web.

The Assurance CEO and CFO, ***Klick and Spectro Donovan*** live in a well-appointed private asteroid mansion in orbit over the planet. The twin brothers (NE male Human Nomads 8) are psychically linked, sharing one another's senses and seeking the thrills that being a billionaire can offer. They are extreme sports aficionados, daredevils who've survived rocket crashes, exposure to Hyperspace wearing only an armored space suit, death-duels in the gladiator pits on Ganaden, and more. They are gamblers willing to risk their entire fortune on a single mad dare – so far, they've never lost.

Flixazon is an entertainment giant, responsible for ansible-linked streaming media being distributed throughout the galaxy (even if the signals get a little choppy out at the edge of the Fringe). Producing original series and re-running old game shows and dumb action movies designed to preprogram the audience into fearing and hating brown people. Flixazon controls most of the intellectual property and pop-culture of the heavy future, and tries damn hard to crack down on piracy.

Flixazon sig-scramblers attempt to censor the Outlaw Sex Station 09, but the sheer strength of the outlaw signal means most of the galaxy can hear it, no matter how loud Flixazon shouts across the EM spectrum.

Flixazon produces the most popular news and current events channel in known space: ***Newds***. Newds is pro-corporate, lowest common denominator local news, invariably favorable to the Corporation Command. Using low-grade AI scripting and image generation, Newds wraps a standard-issue skeleton of news, facts and galactic news with enough localized stories and cutsey colloquialisms to feel like a small town station. Best of all, as the half hour news break progresses, the anchors (all very cute, and AI tailored to the viewer's preferences and species) get more and more nekkid. And a lot hornier. By the time they've moved on from planetary crime reports, sports and funny animal stories, and they start talking about galactic politics the anchors are usually masturbating to squirting orgasms. Most viewers couldn't tell you what the story was, but they definitely remember the anchor-lady having a multiple squirt!

Hermes Squadron is an elite Command flight squadron stationed on Verity, to protect the comms center from sabotage and interference. Long range, highly accurized railgun turrets and 'brilliant-grade' missiles make unauthorized approaches to Verity a suicide mission, and the fighter aces are supposed to mop up any close-in threats that get through the fire screen. In reality though, months of peacetime service have dulled the pilots' edges. Even pilots the best are shadows of the hungry raptors they once were, bored, TV addicted and spoiled by the luxurious accommodations and their celebrity status among the mega-corporate slimeballs on planet. ***Captain Milano Lancer*** (LE male Human Rogue 15) is more concerned with making connections for a post-military career as a private pilot than he is keeping up training schedules.

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CHAPTER FOUR

THE SECOND WAVE COLONIES

As hyperdrive technology expanded, humanity's little bubble of colonization dramatically expanded. The worlds of the Second Great Wave of human colonization were not quite as ideal candidates for colonization as the First Wave settlements, but the rough and tumble colonists made do. The Second Wave of human worlds are more independent, and most of them have no love for the Command.

Andrai III

Once a garrison of the star-spanning ***Psyren Imperium***, Andrai III fell and rose again more than fifteen thousand years ago. When the Psyren home system was lost and the ***Great Galactic Darkness*** began, Andrai III was forgotten. The Terran slaves kidnapped for service as genetically engineered soldiers of the Empire survived, thanks to the Bronze Age adaptability they remembered from distant Earth. The garrisons crumbled, but the slaves established a new, agrarian society, and in time evolved into an entirely new race of mankind. Eventually, the former slaves established a technology base to rival Earth's.

Andrai III was once a jungle world, but millennia of large scale farming and mech-aided agribusiness has transformed the world into a checkerboard of neatly gridded fields. The climate has dried considerably over the years of deforestation, with lifegiving rain storms provided by planetary weather-control. Andrai III is warm and mild most of the 290-day planetary year.

Psyren Ruins on Andrai III or Elsewhere (D6)					
D6	Size of Ruin	Ruin Details	Ruin Hazard	Ruin Purpose	Unique Rewards Within
1	1d3 bedroom-sized chambers	A spartan facility of semi-transparent metal walls	Psyren corpses still infected with a deadly psi-virus	A former weapons cache, armory or garage	Beautiful memory-crystals displaying empathic holograms of a Psyren queen
2	A house-sized structure with 4-8 chambers	Naked earth, baked mud, brick or worked stone walls	Ancient security robots and high-tech traps	A mine or drilling station of some kind	A working dimensional portal to other Psyren ruins in the galaxy
3		The complex is an enormous machine with shifting parts constantly in motion	The psionic ghosts of long dead Psyren nobility	A private mansion for decadent nobility	Nothing beyond the usual treasure the CR would suggest
4	A complex at least as large as an office building	Nano-walls you can walk through like a chrome waterfall rather than doors	A thriving ***Xenogaunt*** hive	A prison or oubliette, depending on size and scope	Bone dry. This ruin has been plundered before, and more than once.
5	A large facility at least the size of a city block	Lit by glowing deposits of Yahn, Fuelon or other exotic crystals	An ancient and long buried evil – some kind of psionic demon or kaiju	A gladiator ring or fighting school	Examples of potent ancient weapons that can be reverse engineered
6	A city-sized labyrinth stretching for miles	Every wall covered in erotic low-relief sculpture that occasionally moves	Dangerous memes that drive explorers mad or make them more Psyren-like	Enigmatic science station or data-library	Schema or designs for civilian goods or luxury items

Ruins of an Earlier Era

Prior to the current troubles, Andrai III was a bucolic farm world, despite its militarized history. The world was is without its mysteries nor its dangers, however. Crumbling Psyren ruins litter the planet. Every so often, robotic plows digging furrows in the fertile soil unearth some enigmatic chamber or lost weapons cache that predates humanity's introduction to the world. Andrai III is an ideal site for both short-term and large-scale dungeon crawls in the old Psyren ruins, seeking treasure, glory and tech that can be reverse engineered.

Despite the prevalence of Psyren ruins and artifacts on world, no ***Great Engines*** nor ***Dimensional Needles*** have been discovered. It's likely that the ancient Psyren did not want to chance such power falling into the hands of their slave legions.

Reconquest

The ***Nazarhak Horde*** have landed on Andrai III's sparely populated southern continent. The planetary invasion is still in its early stages: the Horde has established a beachhead and are expanding their zone of control gradually. All by the numbers. The invasion is lead by the ***Primogen Lifegore –*** a rhino-lich of impossible arrogance and ambition. Lifegore's mission is to secure Andrai III, collect its agricultural riches for the Horde and convert its populace to agri-slaves. A secondary objective is locating the hypothetical ***"Eye of the Galaxy"*** – a legendary Psyren ruin that can aid in locating other lost Psyren technology which would ultimately speed the Horde's conquest. Intel suggests the ancient artifact might be buried somewhere on this bucolic planet, and if so, possessing it is vital to the Horde's plans.

As foreign invaders land on Andrai III for the first time in the world's modern history, its people have placed themselves on a war footing. Mandatory conscription has begun, and troops are mustering outside of ***Pisca Major***, the world's most urbanized city. Pulsa ex-pats from across Free Space are returning, in small groups, to defend

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their birth-world. Boot camps and mercenary mustering fields have sprung up at the *Seed Trade* township, in the green fields near *Vulpes*, and at the ancient garrison-city of *Spatha Minoris.* The last city-state is a fortification that dates back to the Psyren Imperium, and is encircled by the Horde. The first battle will likely take place in the shadow of the ancient keep, because the Nazharak Horde believes the Eye they seek may be inside.

As the adults prepare for all-out warfare, the odds against them grow worse. The Horde seems endless, with new dropships landing every few hours, disgorging ever more ghoul-soldiers. Those that are able, have shipped their children off world. Young, unaccompanied refugees have left for free worlds and stations capable of taking them in. Roughly 300 young Pulsa are bound for the ICG's care on the hot world of ***Angelica***. Nobody was happy about that, even before the news of mass burials of children broke, but the truly desperate Pulsa have few better options.

Gravity Lake

Gravity Lake is a unique local oddity. Periodically, roughly half the water in this crystal-clear lake rises several meters into the sky, forming a perfect rotating sphere the size of a mansion. Several hours later, the floating water precipitates back into the lake bed. The strange effect is a favorite with tourists and sightseers. Droid-tended camp grounds encircle Gravity Lake.

When the water leaves the lake bed, the probable cause of the anti-gravity effect is revealed. An oddity resembling a metallic pill-bug lies half buried in the muddy bottom, its gently sloping hull obscured by millennia of lichen, moss and weeds. Before a gravity inversion, tiny lights pulse within the inert form, indicating that the ancient machine still has power. Most assume the mystery of Gravity Lake is another Psyren device on a world littered with the detritus of the fallen empire.

It's not.

The Last Great Machine of a Former Age

Somehow, Gravity Lake became the final resting place of one of the legendary '***gravity-tug***s' that lifted the continents free from Old Earth and ferried them through Hyperspace to their destinations on distant colony worlds. This lost 26th Century technology represents powers and a mastery of strange physics that the 46th Century lacks. If this lost machine could be recovered and reactivated (requiring some very high Computer Use and Craft: Electronic checks, DC 30+ in both cases), it would restore a big part of what was lost. If the technology could be reverse engineered and replicated, it would be even more revolutionary.

The gravity-tugs were designed so as their numbers increased, the mass their energy fields were capable of manipulating multiplied logarithmically. A single gravity-tug could lift mass equivalent to New York state and carry it through space. Four gravity-tugs working in unison could star-lift the entire North American landmass. Sixteen could move a planet; sixty four a main sequence star! Even carrying maximum load, the gravity tugs could reach Hyperdrive speeds, approaching Drive Rating 1.

In addition to its obvious utility in terraforming, colonization and the creation of mega-structures such as ringworlds and Dyson spheres, a working grav-tug could be a potent weapon. Twenty trillion tons accelerated past light speed and launched – the ultimate kinetic kill weapon. One that could pulverize a planet, shred a gas giant or even cleave a star in half.

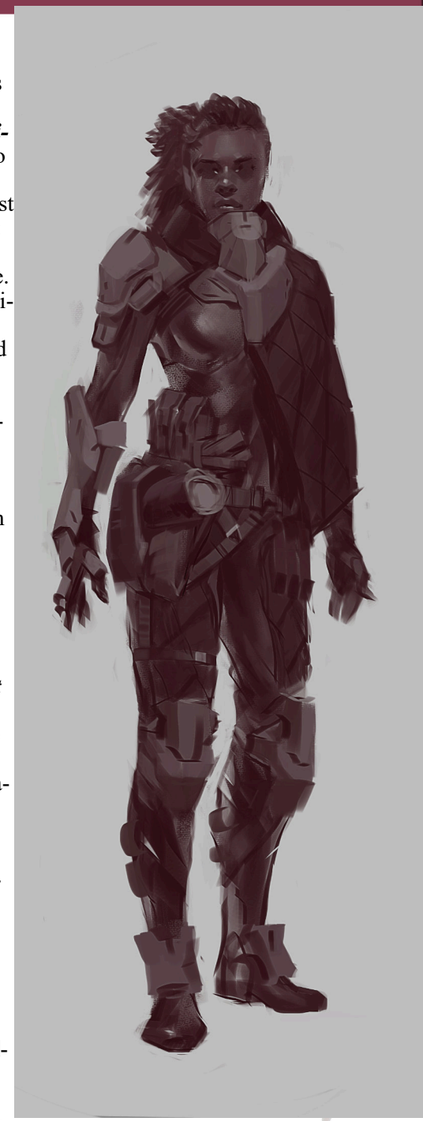
Second Invasion

In addition to the Nazharak Hordes landing on the southern continent, another band of marauders have come to Andrai III in search of the long-lost gravity tug. Their mission has a greater chance of success: the quest for the Eye of the Galaxy is a wild goose chase which will probably kill millions. Thanks to knowledge culled from the vital salts of the dead, ***Dr. Herbiv West's*** undead minions have landed with orders to capture the gravity-tug. West's forces on Andrai III consists of a Gravedigger squad (*PW:SS*) lead by ***Saberlok*** (use the Colonizer Fireteam Leader statblock, *HOTM1*). Dr. West knew Saberlok from the ILR, where he served as a concentration camp executioner. Saberlok likes nothing better than killing humans in creative ways, and his assault on Andrai III will be far bloodier than necessary to recover his prize.

Dreadnaught X

Dreadnaught X is the Afro-Futurist diaspora's oldest and most impressive battle station – a moon sized orbital station capable of Hyperspace travel, carrying a flotilla of snub fighters and bearing overwhelming firepower. The almost-spherical capitol starship has a polished, reflective gunmetal hull, accented by a neon-lit blazon in red, black and green, a relief map of the African continent at the bow designed at 1:1 scale. By any definition, Dreadnaught X is one of humanity' most impressive warships. It is designed as the archetypical 'black planet' that all white supremacists should fear. Even though Dreadnaught X has not been used in anger in centuries, the Command Navy still justifiably fears what the planet-sized warship could do.

Dreadnaught X holds station just a few lightyears from ***Mediacoake***, positioned so it can quickly reinforce the Afro-Futurist station if needed, but also project power into Command Space. Dreadnaught X's territory is technically considered unclaimed space – a DMZ between tightly regulated Command territory and wild Free Space. Close enough the Command has to worry, but far enough away from the Command Core that they can't justify a preemptive assault. Yet.



Dreadnaught X is commanded by ***Fleet Admiral Cecily Ridenhour*** (LN female Afro-Futurist Tactician 20). Her grandfather commanded Dreadnaught X forty years prior, and she dreamed of this command her entire life. After a career of splashy heroism and impressive accomplishments, she earned her dream commission. She's already exceeded her grandfather's record, despite what her self-doubts are telling her. Admiral Ridenhour is pushing for more live fire training – she doesn't like the fact Dreadnaught X's current crew hasn't been blooded. She wants to begin regular anti-pirate patrols, and test herself against some of the ***Fertile Zone's*** dangerous star-predators. She knows war is coming, sooner not later, and needs her crew to be ready for it.

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The situation aboard Dreadnaught X is a little worse than Admiral Ridenhour realizes. In addition to not having sufficient battle experience, there's a growing drug problem among the junior enlisted. Glow has always been accepted during off-duty hours but now *sniff* and harder shit is making its way in. The ***Space Mafia*** deals through ***PO3 Adelphi Drayton*** (NE male Afro-Futurist Rogue 6), a greedy little shithead who deals to pay off his own astronomical drug debts. The Mafia wants Dreadnaught X weakened a bit, before it can move against their pirates in-system. The sniff trade is an easy, and profitable way, to accomplish the mission.

To counter the Dreadnaught X, the Command Navy has stationed a fleet carrier battle group within rapid strike distance. Carefully within their side of the DMZ, of course. Led by the heavy carrier, ***USS Chokehold,*** this fleet hopes it has enough firepower to cripple Dreadnaught X with a first strike. The Chokehold's commanding officer, ***Admiral Jerik "Hell Hound" Tullbuster*** (NE male Human Fighter 15) is a politically connected coward. (The Hell Hound nickname is his own invention, a fearsome identity he definitely didn't earn.) He's risen to his rank over the corpses of good subordinates, sacrificed to his glory. He abhors a fair fight, and dreads the upcoming engagement. If Dreadnaught X survives his opening salvo, Admiral Tullbuster will probably collapse, becoming even more useless than he's been for the last decade.

Homebound Star

Spacer's Court

The Homebound Star Spacer's Court is a no-frills, unaligned station, an elongated, miles-long rectangle of docking stations capable of accommodating small and mid-sized starships. Homebound Star has hundreds of berths available at any given time. Though rundown and more than a little seedy, this droid-run station is cheap enough to be popular and conveniently close to the major space lanes.

Everything on station is automated and computerized. Robotic waldos and EVA-rated Star Droids perform hull maintenance, and fueler droids carry consumables to visiting starships. Spacers get their meals and booze from vendor tubes, and coin-operated masturbation tubes are available for those spacers without the creds for the station's sex synths and Erobots. There's supposedly a single humanoid station manager somewhere on Homebound Star, but nobody's ever seen him or her. Their office is caked in a layer of ventilation dust at least five years deep.

Homebound Star is scrupulously neutral; outside police and military are forbidden from operating within, making it an ideal hideout for outlaws. Rivalries aren't allowed to spill over into Homebound Star's hallways: ***Military Autonomous Mecha*** and other military robots (all graffiti covered and last-gen) stalk the halls and put an end to any violence with massive over-kill firepower.

Homebound Star is host to an assortment of reprobates, broke-ass space truckers, small time criminals and everybody else desperate enough to land on the automated station. First among equal wierdoes is the perpetually stoned and cosmically aware arch-mage ***Vermin Radd*** (CN Venerable Male Human Diviner 18). Vermin Radd is mellow and perma-fried, living well off old investments and debts, selling mind-expanding Glow out of his quarters aboard *The Surfshack.* He doesn't want to do anything but he knows there's a crisis coming in the Universe. His divinatory powers are out of control: his visions and precognition have incarnated as surreal little gremlins that fuck things up aboard Homebound Star and force the old man to actually get off his ass and do something.

Other long-term residents of this little slice of shit include:

Banjo Berkowitz (use the *Space Trucker* statblock) is the last survivor of the *Crescendo,* a hydrogen mining ship scuttled under mysterious circumstances. He's running out of money and as much as he hates it, Banjo need to crew up again. What Banjo doesn't know is that he's an asymptomatic carrier of Xenoguant infection that killed his last crew.

Chanson E. Durriter (LE male Human Aristocrat 3) embezzled 3 million from Defender Arms' pension account and headed out for Free Space with his favorite hooker at his side. She ended up stealing the take, and abandoned him here. He's trying (and failing spectacularly) to find a way out of Homebound Star before the bounty hunters find him.

Food. A mated pair of ***Grept Laborers*** don't speak any language anybody can recognize. Somebody put up a hand-lettered cardboard sign simply reading "Food" on the docking pier where the pair have ported their cramped little starship for the last few months. The two Grepts make the best roach-burritos within fifty parsecs. Communication is limited to points and grunts.

"Doc" Lee (N male Free Spacer Rogue 6) is a tomb raider who took a berth here to do some critical repairs on his Bubble Car, *Dine N' Dash.* Doc Lee is a self-taught archeologist and treasure hunter. As soon as his car's fixed, Doc is heading into the Fertile Zone with a lead on a particularly important Psyren relic called the *Sword of Nowhere.*

Drex Starkiss (CN male Proximite Alchemist 5) runs a *axxin* lab out of his junked starship, *The Jellyroll..* The Jellyroll will never fly again, and Starkiss just needs to make enough to keep his docking berth. Starkiss is an idiot and the quality of his product varies wildly. He keeps a few blasters ready if customers angry at a beat bag show up at his door. He sometimes trades dope to the local thugs in exchange for protection.

The Crossroads Bar

The Crossroads Bar hangs from the underside of the Homebound Star Spacer's Court like a fat tick, glowing with beer-sign neon. It's a seedy dive, but the drinks are cheap, the live music is usually better than average. The Crossroad's the place you can get a shot and some privacy if you want, or a fair fight or a good hard fuck if that's what you're looking for. In short, a good bar in a bad neighborhood.

The Crossroads has been owned by the Li family for generations. The current owner, ***"Menace" Li*** (NE male Free Spacer Bard 6/Cleric of the Black Man 4) uses the bar to gather musician souls for his master. The Black Man himself/itself visits the club sometimes, always at a smoke shrouded table way back in the shadows, near the pissers. Catch the Black Man on a good night, and he'll teach you to play the Devil's rhythm. A lot of big name bands, guys you hear on regular rotation on *Outlaw Sex Station 09*, got their start playing at the Crossroads Bar.

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Hooker

Hooker is an airless, Low Gravity moon just a short flight from Medicoake. A few centuries ago, Hooker was a refueling stop and remote signals relay station for the early Afro Futurist diaspora. As technology advanced, Hooker has been left behind. Today it's a quiet, fading station that subsists as a signals exchange for ***Outlaw Sex Station 09***. Most of Hooker's habitation domes are either shuttered or rented out cheaply.

The fading station's one claim to fame is the *Hooker Jam Power Hour*, a locally recorded open-mic show that plays on Outlaw Sex Station 09 at station midnight on Saturdays. Good rock, driving metal, rockin' blues and smooth fuckin' jazz, all performed by bands you've never heard of before. Do good on the Power Hour and you might find yourself with a juicy contract. Local DJ "***Boom Boom" Hawkes*** (LG female Afro Futurist Rocker Cult Cleric 5) runs the Power Hour and books local talent. In addition to recruiting hot young acts, Boom Boom is looking for something more. She's looking for combat musicians with talent and heart – the kind of people willing to fight to protect her people. She recruits volunteer soldiers to reinforce ***Zothique, Mediacoake, Black Smith Station*** and other imperiled Afro Futurist worlds.

Despite the quasi-regular presence of a dark god, the Crossroads used to be no more dangerous than the average spacer shit-box. There's the occasional murder over dope or women, and you can count on at least one good brawl a shift…. You know, the usual. Well, these days, the usual is getting distinctly unusual. The Hellish rivals, of both Menace Li and the Black Man himself have descended on the Crossroads Bar in a feeding frenzy.

A ***Hellgrin*** who goes by the name of *"Furious" Doug Dougan (PW:SS)* and pretends to be an old bluesman plays a sadistic game with both Menace and the bands that play Crossroads. The Hellgrin wants to see how many musicians he can get to murder their bandmates in a spasm of jealous rage, denying their souls to the Black Man. Menace tries to keep things copacetic, but because of the rules of this game, cannot confront the Hellgrin directly. A pack of lusty ***Succubi*** groupies *(B1)* pick and choose their victims from among the bands; they have a taste for lead singers.

Love Letter

Love Letter is one of the first colonies Pacifica established after they diverged, as a species, from Terran humanity. This petite, Earth-like moon orbits a lime green gas giant with a pressurized methane atmosphere. Love Letter is Low Gravity, famous for its strange blue and violet grasses and grains, which grow taller than a man's head and sway endlessly in the world's constant, steady winds.

Love Letter is a communication hub for Pacifica and for the second wave colonies as a whole. Huge antenna farms track the sky, and needle-thin ansible towers, hundreds of meters high, are silhouetted against the luminous green of the gas giant. Signal repeaters on Love Letter beam Outlaw Sex Station 09 signals out into the wider galaxy, maximizing signal strength to cut cleanly through Command jamming.

The world's communications hubs are built into repurposed, ancient temples. Blocks of mossy stone a meter thick shield ultra-modern comms devices. The ruins were ancient Anthro, representing a culture extinct long before humanity arrived in the Valentine system. A small team of archeologists, always getting under the comm-technicians' feet, make what discoveries time and practicality allows.

The communication station operates under the direction of one of Outlaw Sex Station 09's most brilliant technicians, a glitchy, half-insane woman who's experimented on herself with neuro-cybernetics way too often. ***Quick Bonaventure*** (CN female TV Head Telepath 7) used to work on the Station itself, but her ambitions got a little out of control. Her bosses gave her command of Love Letter. She is obsessed with the purity of signal, with boosting "The Music" up to such a level censorship becomes impossible. She prays to a psycho deity of her own devising, whose patron saints are leakers and whistleblowers. Bonaventure hates censorship above all, but madly considers any form of deception, even the mildest white lies or social niceties, to be censorship. She live streams every facet of her life, even the most humiliating details, and her most obsessive, most delusional thoughts. She has attracted a massive data-net following of 'Quick-storians' who follow her every word.

Among the "Quick-storians' who are genuine fans, and those who are just following to mock her, there is a more dangerous subset. The Command intel apparatus follows Quick, and as a result knows everything about Love Letter and it's

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pitiful, all-volunteer force of Pacifican and Free Spacer defenders. The Command plans a Naval assault on Love Letter. A carrier battle group, lead by the USS *Gavel of Suppression,* is en route to Love Letter. The plan is a sustained orbital bombardment with kinetic kill weapons, pasting the comms array on the surface to dust.

Medicoake

Medicoake is a one of the first and most successful Afro-Futurist colonies. This colony is nearly 1,500 years old, an orbital habitat resembling an inverted silver radish more than anything else. Delicate filigrees of red, black and green lining decorate the outer hull like a draped net, testament to the station's Afro-Futurist traditions. Medicoake looks and feels like the future is supposed to, with silver-suited techno-medics and personal flight systems. Unlike the rest of the galaxy, nothing is rundown, graffiti covered, or selling Dr. Youp branded crap from dispensers bolted to every bulkhead.

Medicoake is one of the galaxy's premier medical facilities. The hospital component of the station occupies nearly half the internal volume. There's a good reason that Medicoake is clean and sterile as a hospital, because the non-medical areas of the station are basically support for the habitat's true purpose. Medicoake excels in cyber-medicine, genetic engineering and augmentation, and xeno-epidemiology. Ultra-tech medicine is comingled with occult-technology and mysticism as needed to better serve patients.

Mediacoake is run along lines that are best described as a republican meritocracy. The position of Chief Medical Officer is the closest the station has to a presidency, and the CMO is chosen by acclaim from all the station's eligible physicians, who also serve as the voting body. The CMO is ***Dr. Eli Emaukpor*** (LN male Light Cyborg Smart 6/Alchemist 8), a deeply conservative elder who underwent full cyborgization after his birth-body began failing him a century ago. While an extremely competent healer, specializing in prosthesis and cyber-organs, CMO Emuakpor is the wrong man for the era. He's stead-fastly ignored the increasing threat the ICG poses to the station, and has done little to assist the ***Leather Clones*** of Starborn System with their battle against The Ender. Any research being done on the Ender virus is being done without his approval or behind the old man's back. Emaukpor's physicians question whether the old man's just out of touch, or if his reluctance to help the Leather Clone species is because of some hidden bigotry. There's real talk of a recall election being launched, the first in more than a century.

And some of the research CMO Emaukpor's physicians have undertaken have already borne dangerous fruit. ***Dr. Ellia Oju*** (NG female Afro-Futurist Wizard 5) is a junior researcher, assigned to a minor gene lab specializing in altering gut bacteria, but who has a secret passion for bio-weapons engineering. Tinkering with the Ender genome in her spare time, Dr. Oju cracked a previously unexplored section of the Ender genome, revealing tag-alleles tracing the disease to the Command's bio-warfare division. Dr, Oju was dumb enough to send a message to a colleague over an unsecured comms line, and there was an assassin disguised as a patient in her waiting room within 48 hours. The young medic barely survived the encounter. (Her colleague didn't.) Now she's hiding out in the non-medical portions of Medicoake Station, not sure who to trust and looking for somebody to get her to Starburn System with her data.

Doctors and Politics

Other physicians on Medicoake might embroil the player characters in their schemes or station politics. Who are they? What's going on with them?

The Opera Antonini

The grand opera house is the center piece of an elegant and exactingly planned Normal Gravity world of polished marble and glistening force-field-mosaics. The Opera Antonini is exclusive, with reservation lists stretching back decades. The grand opera house is a cultural refuge for the wealthiest and most civilized ***Space Mafiosos***, it is a place for elder made men to take their wives (never their *goomars)* and to weep at the beauty of a legendary performance.

For the past 113 seasons, the Opera Antonini has specialized in precognitive opera. Tales of love, betrayal and tragedy made poetic and metaphorical, but clearly and explicitly foreshadowing events to come in the near future. The matriarch of the Opera, ***Dame Kore Antonini*** (CN venerable female Human Bard 12/Oracle 13) has guided the performances with her unique precognitive visions for decades. All of the performers are powerful precognitives, empaths and telepaths, in addition to their charm and artistic excellence. Many are the children, grandchildren and clones of Dame Antonini. Dame Antonini has always refused formal employment with the Space Mafia, despite the rewards offered. She must retain her freedom; if bound in any ways, other than by

D6	Medicoake's Doctors	Professional Life	Personal Secrets
1	Dr. Ngozi, LG male Afro-Futurist Cleric 13, stern and dispassionate	One of CMO Emuakpor's loyalists, always on the lookout for hints of treason	Provides Dr. Oju with a safehouse in an out-of-the-way corner of the station
2	Dr. Onyike, NG female Afro- Futurist Alchemist 8, uses cutting edge and unapproved treatments	Fiercely protective of Dr. Deebo (NG male Space Case Smart 4), a bumbling but sometimes useful, and very kind, intern	In the ICG's pocket, betrayed their race and station for money to fund their pricy lifestyle
3	Dr. Unigqe, LE male Afro-Futurist Cleric 10, concerned primarily with station security and military matters	Specializes in xeno-medicine, comfortable around non-human and non-humanoid patients in a way the other physicians are not	One of the few physicians on station to have married outside the Afro-Futurist race
4	M-E-D-14X, NG un-gendered Star Droid Smart 5/Dedicated 4, cartoony hull makes them good with children	Openly defies CMO Emuakpor's orders and publicly researches the Ender, but unfortunately not as brilliant or lucky as Dr. Oju	Secretly locked in a torrid affair with CMO Emuakpor himself, the old doctor's one weakness should the affair become public knowledge
5	Dr. Shoryoe, LG female Vitalist 6, talented newcomer to the station	Considered one of the station's sharpest and most deductive physicians	Dangerous and obsessive passion for Erobot prostitutes, spending way beyond their means and distracted on the job
6	Dr. Emeruwa, LN male Afro-Futurist Telepath 10, who uses psi-assisted psychology and alternative medicines	A fading relic of an earlier era of medicine, who can't keep up with today's caseload	Entire credentials are an elaborate fraud

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freely chosen bonds of family and friendship, her gifts would wither, and she would die. So Mafiosos and others seeking a glimpse of actionable intelligence on the most probable future, come to this remote and exactingly manicured world and patronize the great opera.

This season's performances are bleak:

A Children's Choir begins with the ghosts of countless murdered and wronged children haunting the stars themselves, lashing out with fury at a pleasant phototrophic world heavily implied to be *Angelica* before turning their wrath on every world loyal to the *Imperial Church of the Galaxy.*

The March of Dead Horses tells the tale of undead invaders, corpse animals, rampaging across the stars. The undead legions are mankind's just and divine punishment for the genocides of innocent Anthro-kind during the Second Coming.

The Monstrous Planet is a darkly beautiful tale of the extinction of all intelligent life in the galaxy. A monstrous, all consuming planet destroys worlds one by one. None can light this darkest hour, and one by one, the heroes realize none of them are truly worthy of life.

The Return of an Ominous Comet tells the final story of Old Earth, as treachery and dangerous alliances plunge the poisoned world into all-out civil war. This is the tale of the last days of human existence on the world of the species' birth.

A Tragedy in Leather depicts the extinction of the Leather Clone species and the annihilation of *Starburn System's* culture. Love, courage and strength fail against uncaring disease.

Outlaw Sex Station 09

Outlaw Sex Station 09 is a mobile artificial moon, usually orbiting somewhere in the ***Valentine System***, but occasionally drifting outside the system on quizzical missions of its own. The most powerful outlaw broadcaster in known space, the entire station is a massive FLT comms arrays blasting out a non-stop loop of porn, rock and roll and truth – exactly the kind of stuff that The Command doesn't want its citizens knowing about.

Outlaw Sex Station 09 broadcasts every minute of every solar day, a continual loop of media-blast provided by a small armada of galactically-famous DJs. Outlaw Sex Station 09 is the unofficial soundtrack of the 46th Century – powerful, violent, brash and sometimes stirringly moving. The only advertising Sex Station 09 ever accepts is from the kind of people the Command doesn't want selling to their tribe: galactic sex toy manufacturers, love-bot mechanics, arms dealers, bounty hunting agents.

Sex Station 09 funds teams of adventurers and troubleshooters, and with The Command clamping down on real news, these scruffy motherfuckers are the closest thing the 46th Century still has to journalists. Sex Station 09 journos can flash their station ID and get if not completely free passage, at least minimal access to most places in the civilized galaxy. In uncivilized places, the space pirates are willing to at least hear out a Sex Station 09 journo before blasting them to mesons.

Outlaw Sex Station 09's Disk Jockeys

Sex Station 09's DJs are galactically recognized celebrities in their own right, and they keep Sex Station 09 on the air (the previous eight Sex Stations got nuked by various forces and entities unknown). Each DJ runs a large swath of the artificial planetoid as their own personal kingdom – the staffers keep their DJ happy, and in turn, he, she or it keeps rockin' and the universe keeps on turning.

Pussycat Prudence Korsko (CG female Human? Vitalist 12/Bard 8) is the highest profile of the DJs. She's about 4,000 years old, looks like a slutty 15-year-old and has been with Sex Station 09 since it rolled off the assembly line. Nobody's sure what planet she's really from, or if it's even still there anymore. The lithe, eggshell blue DJ also served on three of the previous eight Sex Stations – you know, the ones that got nuked the hardest and the worst? She's bad luck, but good ratings.

Every standard galactic nightcycle, she runs her call-in love line. Along the way Pussycat Prudence has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the sexual anatomy of every sentient being in the cosmos, and most of the non-sentient dongs as well. She knows how all the parts fit together, and is more than willing to share the information with you in a sultry whisper. Korsko is a major backer of the Intimate Xenorelation Institute, and its chief fundraiser. She could even teach the Pacificians a thing or two…. *and probably did, because she's worshipped as a minor deity in their pantheon.*

Kornhole Kat (CN male Anthro Bard 14) is a mangy, cyber-augmented Shipper, the kind of sleeze every woman within a 1,000 meter radius feels justifiably uneasy around. Kornhole Kat broadcasts a nonstop loop of xeno-fetish holopornography every galactic day, eight hours at a whack (so to speak). Kornhole's been kicked out every bordello in known space, and is seriously committed to building a void-crosser ark ship just so he gets a chance to sample some of the pussy in the next galaxy over.

Seriously, I'm not kidding.

Kornhole Kat's sunk nearly 2.7 trillion credits into "***The Overthrust***", and is looking for a crew to accompany him beyond what he calls 'the galaxy's hymen. The Overthrust boasts a revolutionary new hyperdrive that might be able to cross pan-galactic distances in a matter of months rather than eons. Assuming this prototype drive doesn't explode upon start-up, the Overthrust might actually fly. Only a tiny fraction of the Overthrust's budget was actually Kat's to spend – he stole the rest from a variety of Shipper and Anthro charities he had access to. There's a bunch of Anthros in the galaxy who want a piece of Kornhole Kat and their money back. It's only a matter of time until some high profile bounty hunter takes the contract (and Kornhole Kat's head).

Spinner Tal (N male Proximite Psychic Warrior 11) is a former Proximite military genius, who got tired of war and deserted. Eventually, Spinner landed on Sex Station 07 (before it got devoured by a school of ravenous Warp Swimmers) as a technician. Eventually, Spinner was performing on Sex Station 09 (math-based prog-rock) and then had his own show. His takeover from the previous DJ in his timeslot was relatively bloodless, which is a rarity in galactic broadcasting. His experiences with the Proximite Navy give Spinner a better understanding of military matters than any other DJ, and his show is usually playing in barracks across the cosmos (no matter how many times Command COs blacklist it or scramble the signals).

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Amy "Grippy" Pournelle (N female Free Spacer Combatant 8/Bard 2) is the station's senior sports journo, and a former EroWrestling League superstar. She left the sport with five consecutive championship belts and a popped out left eye, which she replaced with a heart-shaped pink gemstone that fires Pleasure lasers. Sports in the 46th Century means EroWrestling and Magno Star, and Grippy Pournelle knows both sports inside and out. There's been a nonstop, mostly non-lethal semi-sanctioned 'grind' going on in Grippy's 'quarters' (which are the size of a mid-sized comet) for years now. The grind isn't climbing in the rankings – it's a way for Grippy to stay in shape and get her kink on, though betting on some bouts earns her a decent living, above and beyond her Sex Station 09 paycheck.

The constantly aggrieved ***Philson Vale*** (NE male Human Bard 5/Telepath 2) considers himself the real power behind Sex Station 09. He runs the ***Stagehand's Union,*** a surly and almost comically lazy retinue of *Space Truckers* and *Anthro Sybarites.* In reality Philson Vale is the biggest obstacle to Sex Station 09's success. He has to be bribed to do any work, and has made himself a very rich man fixing whatever problems he created the night before. Vale has sold out to the Command, and is a willing mole within Sex Station 09, in exchange for a small, private planetoid in the Crab Nebula to call his own.

Alanis Vectora (NG female Free Spacer Smart 10 with Kiss Friend talents) may be the most vital person aboard Sex Station 09, but nobody knows it, not even Alanis. Vectora dreamed of working aboard a Sex Station when she was a kid. She got multiple engineering degrees and took a job in the bowels of FTL comms array, keeping the Station broadcasting and rockin' hard.

Vectora is beginning to realize that Sex Station 09 isn't just a space habitat – her explorations have turned up components that simply shouldn't exist in a normal station. A while back, while searching for a shorted-out circuit junction, she discovered a robotic eye the size of an office building. She realized that Sex Station 09 is a truly massive, and still inert Battlechanger. Her intuition tells her with more study, and a lot of hard work, she might be able to bring the ginormous robot back on-line. This same intuition tells her the robot will be a powerful ally for the Sex Station. Alanis Vectora's right, though she doesn't know how yet.

The offlined Battlechanger was once ***Thelonious Major,*** one of the eldest of his kind, celebrated as a god of music and creation. Betrayed and nearly destroyed when the Tyrakron Empire came to power, his mechanical carcass was sold off as scrap, and eventually recycled into Sex Station 09.

Pacifica

The rainbow ringed pleasure-world of Pacifica is one of Terran humanity's first extra-solar colonies. Once upon a time, Pacificia was the heart and soul of an optimistic, outward-bound humanity, but those days are long passed. Pacifica is the most populated world in the Valentine System, an oxygenated and Earth-like moon orbiting the pink and violet gas giant Valentine. Pacifica is encircled by brilliant rings formed of alien ices in a rainbow of colors. These hyper-colorful and iconic rings are charged with the ancient and mysterious ***Fires of Creation,*** glowing brightly enough to light the night below in neon hues.

The semi-mystical radiation of these rings helped the early settlers purge their worst impulses and build an equitable, just and perfect society, without losing the joy and carnality that defines humanity at its best. The matriarchal citizens of Pacifica eliminated crime, war and disease centuries ago. The multi-spectrum radiation from the planet's spectacular ring system energies human cells, reversing age and giving the body the energy it needs to fight off even the worst disease. On their homeworld, Pacificians are virtually immortal- centuries old philosopher/hedonists with the bodies of teenagers. Nothing capable of inflicting harm is allowed on Pacifica, and clouds of intelligent mist, possibly the most amazing microbots in the galaxy, roam the world seeking out and nullifying any weapons smuggled on-planet.

Unique Among Planets

Pacifica is an earthlike world with a warm, tropical climate. Rainfall is plentiful and only planetary weather control keeps the humidity tolerable. Pacifica is a normal gravity world, but has several unique planetary traits.

Nights Under the Rainbow

The planet's rainbow rings provide multicolored dim illumination at night. Full darkness is unknown on Pacifica's surface.

Healing Beneath the Rainbow Rings

The energies of Pacifica's ring system promotes healing and longevity. The world's ambient nanotechnology captures, magnifies and augments these energies to the benefit of the native population.

Pacificans cease aging once they enter the Adult age category and have no maximum age while on Pacifica. This effect ends, and the Pacfician begins aging normally after roughly a year away from Pacifica. Aging ceases once again after the Pacifican spends at least three months on planet.

Any creature with the Human subtype, including Pacificans, gains a +4 circumstance on FORT Saves to resist or overcome disease while on Pacifica. In addition, good-aligned characters with the Human subtype benefit from a constant *fertility control* effect while on planet.

Anti-Weapons

Powered weapons and firearms of any kind cease to function while within Pacifica's atmosphere, including starship and vehicle-mounted weapons. Sparkling pink and gold clouds of nano-tech descend on smuggled weapons, rendering them completely inert for the duration of their visit.

Weapons as complex as fusion bombs and photon torpedoes fail, as do weapons as simple as revolvers and even muskets. Even muscle powered ranged weapons, such as slings and bows fail to function on Pacifica, as the projectiles slam to a stop just a few inches away from their launcher. Explosives do not function on Pacifica, though non-violent combustion (such as an internal combustion engine) functions normally.

Unfortunately, the planet's protective nanites can't affect non-powered melee weapons, nor can they hamper, magical, psionic or supernatural talents that deal harm.

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Sextopia

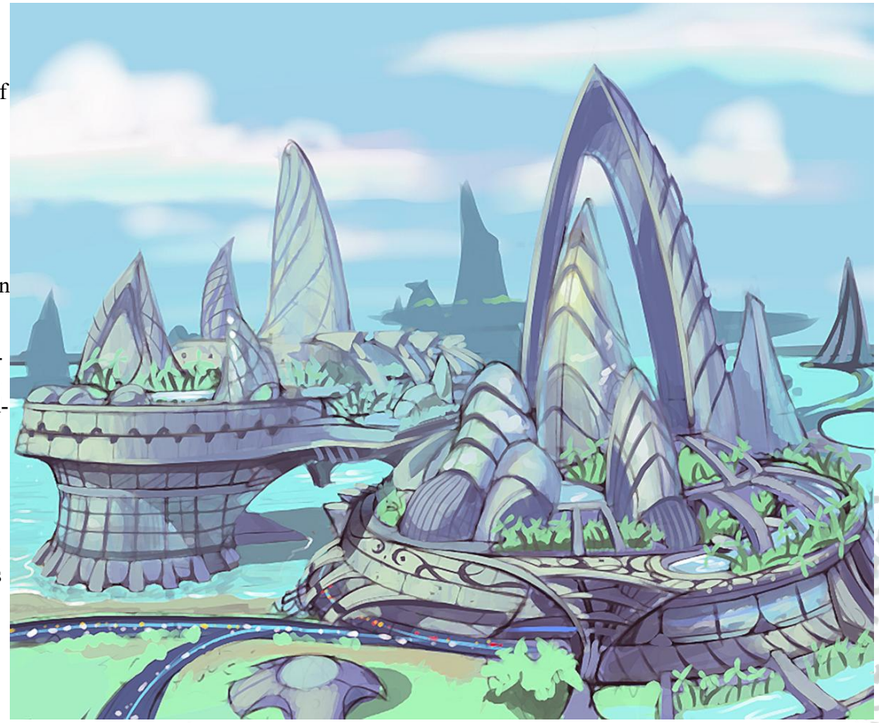
Sextopia is the capital city of the Pacfican planetary government.

Yeah, let that sink in for a minute.

Sextopia is a sprawling mega-city home to more than sixty million Pacificans, but is designed to feel like a cluster of small, familiar villages rather than a single urban zone. Low, domed buildings are arranged around central parklands and artificial lakes. A variety of hoverboard, bike paths and walking trails optimize traffic for pedestrians. There are public Hedonism Domes in every neighborhood, where civic orgies are held amid self-sterilizing nanite infused shag carpet and hot pink beanbags. In some districts, weekly visits to the Hedonism Domes are mandatory.

Sextopia is a popular tourist destination. Pacifica in general is known as one of the most lavish resorts in known space, and Sextopia carries this reputation to an extreme. Vast hotels, guest houses, theaters and bordellos of galactic fame make up a huge percentage of Sextopia's buildings.

Queen Phoebe Phonda (NG female Pacifican Inquisitor (adorable avenger) 9) is new to planetary rulership. She was elected by a landslide after rescuing a stricken Leather Clone starliner under fire from an ICG flotilla and live-streaming the entire crisis. While Queen Phonda (Please, call me Pheebs) is one of the best Adorable Avengers Pacfiica's produced in living memory, she freely admits she's as bad at ruling a planet as ***Kek Plantaganet***. She's looking to hand the title off to anybody who seems halfway decent and half way competent and blast off for galactic adventure, but her Cabinet keeps foiling her escape plans.



The Perfective Tower

Millenia ago, Pacifica's human colonists tapped the Fires of Creation lighting the planet's rings and performed a psychic ritual to purge the hatred, envy and violence from the souls of their citizens. When the ritual was complete, the Pacifician species was truly born as something separate and possibly superior to Terran humanity. The ancient psi-tech monolith ripped negative emotions out of the world's population and fired the roiling, black-light energy into the ancient ***Prison Zone*** where it congealed into ***The Charr***, a being of pure evil whose hatred of (and longing for) the Pacifican species cannot be imagined.

The Perfective Tower is a relic of the great ritual. It is a miles long silver spire that floats nearly 10,000 ft above Sextopia and Queen Phobe's palace. Polychromatic energy still pulses and churns within containment bubbles on the spire's surface. The ancient machine is still functional, even though the activation commands were lost to history centuries ago.

The Three Fingered Hand

This dizzyingly high, trident shaped monastery rises like a gleaming golden weapon from the cerulean forests that ring Sextopia. The Three Fingered Hand are an order of Trius martial artists who were allowed to construct a dojo on this otherwise utopian world.

The Trius train the tiny percentage of combat-ready Pacificians that make up the world's planetary defense force. Unlike soldiers on other worlds, Pacifican defense force members have no training with combat vehicles or gunnery, but on a world where weapons fail to function, their Trius-inspired kung fu and akido prove more than enough.

Vendi/Vidi/Vici Graffin (LE male Trius Combatant 17) is the third son of the Graffin bloodline to hold the rank of sifu. He grew up privileged and arrogant, and while Vendi Graffin is the most skilled combatant to ever hold the rank, he is also the coldest. Unlike the majority of the Three Fingered Hand's students, he always fights to maim and kill, breaking bones and shredding tendons with mechanistic brutality, while reveling in his own lethal prowess.

Many promising students are leaving the Three Fingered Hand once they reach the higher ranks and begin interacting with Graffin directly, as his combat philosophy directly clashes with Pacifican ideals. The arrogant fighter stays on Pacifica purely for the women – disposable entertainment for a night and too hippy to assert themselves against his bullshit. He keeps a small harem of submissive Pacifican girls in his private apartments at the uppermost spire of the Three Fingered Hand.

(By the way, if *Heavy Future* were a movie, Vendi /Vidi/Vici Graffin would be played by late 2000s ***Steven Segal***, when he was starting to go fat and was rockin' a black leather jacket to conceal it.)

The Museum of Violence

Surrounded by nearly a hundred miles of pristine farmland and manicured, pink lily parks, this triangular silver building is the Pacifican's race memento to its shameful past. Inside are a representative sample of the tanks, warplanes, combat androids and laser weapons used on Pacifica before the race purged itself of violence. (Are all are rendered inert by the planet-wide anti-weapons field). There are holographic dioramas of domestic violence, barroom brawls and government executions. School children take field trips to this remote place, commuting by heart-shaped suborbital jets, to be reminded of the perfection of the current way of life.

Bathis

The far southern city-state of Bathis is a web of crystal suspended over bubbling pits of warm, rainbow-colored mud. Bathis seems to be a natural 'sink' for the beneficial nanites drifting through the humid Pacifician air, and as a side effect, the city's famous polychromatic mud has healing properties. Bathis is known for its thousands of hospitals, sanitariums and private mud baths. Local medics (a sultry combination of prostitute and dedicated healer) are among the best in the galaxy.

Bathing in the prismatic mud for the better part of a day functions variously as *remove disease, heal, lesser or true restoration* or similar healing magic, depending on which pool you visit. Bathis' physicians are dedicated to the ideal that Bathis' pools should be available to all sentients in need. No sick or injured sentient who can make the journey to Bathis is turned away, and long lines of supplicants and pilgrims wait their turns at the glittering mud wallows.

Bathis' hospitals sustain themselves through significantly more expensive elective and cosmetic procedures. Special, highly restricted mud pools have even more unique properties beyond simple rejuvenation. Some pools restore youth, permanently alter appearance or even gender, imbue the bather with a variety of positive mutations and even superpowers. The locations of these mysterious mud wallows are closely guarded by Bathis' elite. Supplicants are led blindfolded through winding caverns, and returned to the surface by the same circuitous route when their time in the mud is finished.

In addition to its medicinal properties, Bathis' muds are a key component in Armor Paint. Since many Adorable Avengers simply adore Armor Paint as a personal protection solution, Bathis is considered vital to planetary defense and is always well-garrisoned.

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Valentine III-C

Valentine III-C is a small, craggy, forested moon orbiting the pink and purple gas giant Valentine, and shares the sky with its larger sister, Pacficia. It is a world carpeted in crystalline trees whose top branches scrape the atmosphere and claustrophobic womb-cities hidden in deep mountain crags.

Valentine III-C is one of many moons in the Valentine System which bear the marks of ancient colonization by the ***Noble Succubi*** species, and the only moon with a surviving colony. When humanity came to the Valentine System, the Succubi took the colonist under their wing (often literally), helping the colonists survive and sparking Pacifican's legendary sexual liberalism and positivity. Noble Succubi often visit Pacifica to trade, to shop, or to 'feed' upon the natives, always with explicit consent aforehand, of course. Pacificans are less likely to visit the forest moon – the Noble Succubi politely turn most mortals away from their sacred space, allowing only trusted allies to enter.

Valentine III-C is seeded with deposits of the para-dimensional crystal, ***Yahn***, and this alien mineral acts as the womb of the Noble Succubi species. Newborn Succubi incarnate in creches deep underground, created from the mingled life energies of fallen Succubi. The Fires of Creation lighting Pacifica's Rings have been tapped to allow the Succubi to breed in a new way – to breed true, creating life ex nihlo without the death of an elder Succubi. The Noble Succubi population, always meager and on the ragged edge of extinction, is growing for the first time in eons. Hundreds of young Succubi have recently fledged from Valentine III-C's planetary wombs.

Rosewood

Fucking zombies.

Before the apocalypse, Rosewood was a standard-issue Corporate Command world. It produced ground hovercraft for export and vast numbers of ultimately disposable recruits for the Command military. Than a starship collision in high orbit ripped a rent in real-space, and the chaotic energies of Hyperspace leaked in. Warp storms surrounded the world, and the recently dead rose from their mortuary freezers and embalming tables, hungry for the flesh and sweet marrow of the living. It took the coffin-bound, buried dead significantly longer to claw themselves free of their interment, but they arrived just days after the feeding frenzy began.

Civilization sputtered and died fast. The Command theoretically had the firepower and personnel to eradicate the undead outbreak, but their scientists projected the warp storms would persist for at least the next ninety years. Since Rosewood would be effectively uninhabitable during that time, it was cheaper and more efficient just to write Rosewood off. The data-net was manipulated to scrub all references to Rosewood – it was easy to do, as it was a minor colony of negligible historic importance.

Two years into the crisis, perhaps 100,000 living humans eke out a furtive existence in the ruins of a world once home to over three billion. Mindless undead lumber across the black and blasted landscape in swarms large enough to be seen from space. True Liches are evolving from the eldest, best nourished zombies, regaining their sentience and ability to reason. They seek still-functional space-launch facilities, in hopes escaping Rosewood for the wider cosmos, and possibly integrating into the ***Nazharak Horde*** as a variant classification of Primogen.

The Star of Death

The corruption afflicting Rosewood has spread to the world's sun. Its radiance has dimmed noticeably. Days are darker and colder than ever before. The mind-waves of a healthy Living Star have ceased: the star is effectively braindead. Sunspots splatter the surface like spreading cancer: occasionally the star seems to snarl, with a fanged maw larger than 100 Earths. Eventually, the star will return from the dead, as something new and horrific.

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Runesign System

The three suns of the Runesign System once shown down on the Second Wave colony world, **Guinevere**. Guinevere was a high-tech manufacturing and communications hub until the late 30th Century, when the three suns flared as one and the impossible happened. The light was so intense, Terran astronomers believed at least one of the system's trinary suns had gone nova. Survey vessels were dispatched to find out what, if anything, survived.

When they arrived, they found a star system in ruins. Planetary orbits were in chaos: several uninhabited worlds and moons had slammed into one another, creating a spectacular debris field. Gravitational distortions made the system extremely hazardous to navigate. Of Guinevere herself, there was no trace. The world, home to more than 70 million, had vanished into the ether. In its place was a strange glyph of trapped light: The Runesign.

The Runesign gave the star system its new name. It is a burning hologram depicting a constantly shifting rune several thousand miles in diameter. The Runesign dances slowly between symbols, showing a new glyph every few days. The symbols repeat in a pattern as regular as the seasons and translate into strange poetry celebrating the rainbow light of triple stars, written in an obscure Celestial dialect.

The Corporation Command has maintained a monitoring station in the Runesign System since the 30th Century. Its considered arduous duty. Troops groan at the prospect of assignment here. The monitoring station is spartan and joyless, technology doesn't always work right. Accidents and lethal glitches are too goddman common for comfort. The Runesign itself scrambles incoming comms traffic. Troops can't even enjoy *Flixazon* or *Outlaw Sex Station 09* beats here.

Seward VII

Seward VII is one of the coldest and least hospitable worlds of the Human Diaspora.

Far from it's small, pale blue star, Seward VII is locked into a perpetual Ice Age. Aside from a month-long spring where some of the snow and ice melts, and fast-growing, hardy plants erupt from the permafrost layer, Seward VII is permanent winter. Seward VII's chief industry is deep core mining: the icy world's mantle is rich in rare, precious and dangerous ***Chaos Fuel*** (EOTM). Ages ago, the legendary ***Tyrakron Mantikore*** (HOTM2) known as ***Hydra Annhilatrix,*** slinked away from its final, victorious stand to die in peace in this icy hellscape. The dying machine's body was entombed in ice, where its fuel and lifeblood leeched into the strata, seeding Chaos Fuel deposits.

In addition to Seward VII's eternal whiteout conditions, the presence of Chaos Fuel in the ecosystem has bred an ecology of dangerous, ice-adapted bio-tech predators. Creatures statistically similar to ***Polar Bears, Killer Whale,*** and ***White Dragons***, all with the ***Technysian Creature***

(HM1) template applied hunt the ice floes and tundra. A particularly terrifying local breed of ***Tank Ravager*** called a *Snow Tiger* is especially feared. These creatures become nearly invisible against Seward VII's endless white, and hunt with intelligence, their innate cybernetic muition more than capable of devastating a habitation block or shredding a mining truck.

The colonists are a hardy breed, whose stolid bodies are adapted to the cold and whose tech is well adapted to the grueling, subzero conditions. Many colonists have the *Planetary Adaptation (cold world)* and *Mega-Scale Strength* feats, evolved by Chaos Fuel in the same way native uber-predators are.Seward VII's ugly concrete uildings are painted in high visibility red and gold check and stripes, and lit by 10K candlepower spots making them highly visible even in the worst snow storm. Guidewires link separate buildings. Mining vehicles are durable tracked behemoths with multiply redundant heating and life support systems, armored and shockingly well-armed against Snow Tiger assaults. Forcefield walls protect encampments against native predators, but if a field wall crashes during a freak snowstorm, it leaves dangerous vulnerabilities the local monstrosities can readily exploit.

Prince Shultz Inlet is one of Seward VII's largest sea ports and most important trade cities. Prince Shultz maintains a fleet of heroically oversized icebreakers responsible for keeping the seas passable during the worst months of deep winter. Wealth flows to the city from around the planet. Icebreaker owners are among the wealthiest people on planet; known for almost draconic greed, they work their crews hard for meager wages. Prince Shultz Inlet's wealthy are conservative and cruel, often holding multi-million-dollar fundraiser for reactionary command politicians. Some of ***President Plantagenet's*** biggest donors hail from this frigid water-side city-state. As much as he hates the journey, the Earth Gov President will soon make the journey to the icebox, to be feted and pawed at by ambitious trillionaires who made their money in ice.

Hydra Spine is one of Seward VII's oldest and best defended mining camps. The camp is built roughly one hundred kilometers above the spinal crest of the fallen Hydra Annhilatrix. The miners work a deep vein of Chaos Fuel, an inexhaustible reserve of radioactive bio-fluids and exotic volatiles. While endlessly lucrative, Hydra Spine is a dangerous assignment. The precious Chaos Fuel attracts predators from hundreds of miles around and whips them into a breeding frenzy.

Hydra Spine's *tundra rangers* are elite cultural heroes who never have to pay for their own drinks and never want for companionship back at the barracks. The most famous tundra ranger is a grizzled octogenarian who has been hunting the tundra for decades, accompanied by a tamed snow tiger he's named ***Whirlwind***. More machine than man now, ***Easton Kerbert*** (CN venerable male Human Ranger 19) has had hundreds of dime novels and holo-films made about his exploits. As spectacular as the action movies are, they undersell the battle-scarred cyborg's exploits to keep them somewhat believable. This foolhardy singing cowboy of the subzero plains is a deadly sniper, an expert tracker, a decent camp cook and medic, and personally responsible for saving the lives of over ten thousand miners over his long career. Every ranger in the service wants to measure up to the old man; few do.

The Military Coup

McQuarie Base is a long-abandoned mining camp that has been repurposed by a rogue military cell. Command ground infantry units loyal to ***General Vermior Heinlein*** moved into McQuarie

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after its miners were slaughtered by local predators which had breached their wall. The base has become the tip of Vermior Heinlein's military coup against the Plantagenet regime. Shielded from satellite detection by regular storm fronts, McQuarie Base has become a mustering point for ground infantry and mechanized units. Winter-adapted grav-tanks and a full battalion of elite soldiers are deployed to the secretive base.

When President Plantagenet touches down on planet, McQuarie Base forces will either capture or kill him. Their training and armor is more than a match for his protective detail. The ambush will be led by ***Marnie Fogg*** (NE female Free Spacer Tactician 15), a notorious merc known throughout Free Space for her insane gambles, love of overwhelming odds and audacity. Unknown to her sponsors, rather than a conventional assault, Fogg plans to breach the field walls and unleash a snarling, pack of thermo-nuclear equipped Snow Tigers as a first wave.

Her second in command is a by-the-book type, and thinks Fogg is fucking insane, not to put too fine a point on it. ***General Calhoun Stormer*** (LE male Human Fighter 18) prefers to stick to the tried and true: tanks and boots on the ground, overwhelming military superiority. Stormer has complained to General Heinlein time and again, but with his love of unnecessary complexity, Heinlein is not receptive to his subordinate's concerns. General Stormer is using some extremely indirect and underhanded means to leak the ambush to Plantagenet's protective detail. Stormer is a lot more concerned with being proven right than completing the mission at this point.

Vacc Port

Vacc Port is an ancient space habitat and refueling station midway between Earth and the ***Valentine System***. During the first wave of space colonization, Vacc Port was as far as Terran ships could travel before needing refuel and resupply. Though modern hyperspace engines have greater range and efficiency, the somewhat rundown Vacc Port is still a major hub for intergalactic commerce and shipping. Several fine museums of early spacer culture decorate Vacc Port.

Amelia Gordon (use the *Risk Taker* stat-block) has been adventuring since the 22nd Century, not that she's been around for all of it. Some weird artifact she found catapulted her decades into the future, and every few months, her time, she's fired farther up the timestream. Her time jumps are getting more extreme. She travelled three centuries last time and ended up here and now. Given the way things are going, she's wondering if there's going to be any functional galactic civilization left to greet her after her next temporal leap.

Her wide travel and unique first-person view of history make her the perfect curator for the ***Vacc Port Heritage Museum.*** Her increasing paranoia about what's waiting for her in the future means she's been embezzling weapons and artifacts from the Museum and sealing them into time-shielded dead drops across Free Space, where she can easily find them a few centuries from now. In the time she's got left in the 46th Century Gordon is trying to set up contingency plans for her future. She's funding rogues and adventurers, spending lavishly on longshots and impossible chances, tossing money at anyone who seems like they've got a plan for what's coming next. It's not like she's got to worry about keeping her curator gig for long.

Vanity

Yandell's planetary neighbor Vanity has a similarly frigid climate and mountainous terrain. Roughly 1.5 AU from Yandell, Vanity once had a space-faring civilization, but it went extinct long before the Trius left their homeworld for the first time. Now, ancient cities flake away to brownish dust, and rusting skyscrapers lie half buried in the dirty snow.

Vanity is home to ***Mount Caelbog***, one of the highest peaks in known space, dwarfing Mars' Mount Olympus by an order of magnitude. Mount Caelbog is easily visible from space, and its peak scrapes the atmospheric layer. Before Vanity's civilization murdered itself, they had honeycombed Mount Caelbog with entire nations, and what little technology survives their extinction is found in the deep vaults.

Humans named the planet "Vanity" because of the massive bust carved into Mount Caelbog's northern face. Nearly 500 kilometers high and visible from orbit, this weathered stone head depicts the fierce visage of a long atomized (and historically nameless) queen. Her treasure vault (said to contain a whole magazine of ***World Maker*** torpedoes!) is somewhere in the gigantic statue's skull, situated roughly where the hypothalamus would be on a human. Treasure hunters and xeno-archeologists have been seeking this vault for centuries, without success. Few return from Vanity.

Radiation mutants, undead and ancient war machines patrol the inner tunnels. ***Antiuhls, Cyber-Phantoms***, ***Gunnokkers*** and other undead from ***Horrors of the Multiverse*** are extremely common

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on planet. ***Skeletrons*** patrol the ruined cities in incalculably vast legions. Fighting your way into the vault is pretty much impossible. Climbing the mountain and trying to sneak in through the bust's hanger bay-sized nostrils is an even worse idea. Orbital drops are just plain suicide. Gravity doesn't always work right on the planet anymore, and ***Nemesis Hellraiders*** have extensively colonized the tunnels running through Mount Caelbog. These enormous, highly intelligent Lifespawn arachnids number in the tens of millions.

Vauxhall

Construction begin on Vauxhall late in the 28th Century, when Old Earth had already been picked clean and dying. Vauxhall was to be a centerpiece of late-wave colonization, a soul-stirring 150% scale recreation of Earth's golden age. A solar system with a star comfortingly like Earth's sun was chosen, and stripped of mineral resources to build a planetary-scale drydock. In those days, humanity had matter fabricators larger than small moons, capable of piecing an entire synthetic planet together. The last of these fabulous devices went permanently offline in the 37th Century.

Vauxhall will never be complete. It's an embarrassing money pit for the Command, and also a teachable moment about the sunk costs fallacy. It's too near completion to ever be completely abandoned, but neither the tech nor the will to finish the job exists any more. So work continues. Endlessly and pointlessly. The ***Space Mafia*** milks Vauxhall for all it's worth, redirecting construction materials and ransacking the payroll. This one artificial planet accounts for about 60% of all the no-show jobs in the civilized galaxy. It's a goldmine that's never gonna run dry as long as the Corporate Command keeps the checks coming in.

East of the larger-scale recreation of Moscow, the land gives way to naked girders and jury-rigged atmosphere shields. Somewhere below, the exposed post-nuclear energy core is visible, glowing with Hellish light beneath a lace of shields, service tunnels and structural support beams. The world doesn't pick back up again until somewhere just west of an incomplete recreation of the Hawaiian archipelago. Most of Asia just never got installed. The pie of the planet has had a huge slice taken out.

The Americas are populated. A work crew of nearly one billion, all minor Mafiosos not to mention strong union backers, live in suburban McMansions intended for the Command's ultrarich. The supervisors have claimed the green, thriving recreation of Africa for themselves. Work gets done, progress reports get filed in a timely manner, and occasionally President Plantaganet even tours Vauxhall with congratulations and handshakes for the tireless, dedicated workers. Hardest workin' men and women in the Command, he's proud to say, as he slaps shoulders and gladhands.

In the last fifty-seven years, only 122 square meters of new planetary mass has been completed.

Vork

Vork is home to a particularly inept breed of Space Cases that are some of the Corporate Command's staunchest supporters. *Vorkers* (as natives are called) are portly, green-skinned uber-consumers with noses like miniature trombones and a tendency towards male pattern baldness. Vorkers are just about everything the Command could want in a species – easily pacified by TV, greedy and stupid enough to believe everything the Command tells them.

The Corporate Command Navy has begun limited recruitment on Vork, but while even minimal effort turns up thousands of applicants, Vorkers have a tendency to screw up any task with more than four steps. The fact a Vorker working down in the fusion-core led to the atomic destruction of the fleet carrier *USS Kushner* has kept the Command from accepting Vorker recruits more enthusiastically.

Werner

A few centuries ago, Werner was one of the manufacturing hubs of the Second Wave of human colonization. It was a prosperous, thriving economic power house. But as warp drives improved and galactic trade routes expanded, Werner became less and less necessary. It became cheaper for mega-factories to operate farther out. Today, Werner is just the dry husk of its former glory. Most of the vastly urbanized planet stands empty. Only one out of every hundred factories still operates, and even then only at minimal capacity. Anyone with the money to do so, got out a long time ago.

Today, Werner bears the ecological scars of its industrial glory, without any of the benefits. It is a world of dead forests, grey, smog-choked skies and greenhouse heat. The cities are crumbling and disused, and native scavengers have made their homes in unoccupied lots and abandoned storefronts, occasionally eating a colonist or two. The orbital elevator was disassembled partially, back in the 30th Century, sold off for scrap. The rusting skeleton of this once-glorious monolith is still visible on the horizon as a faded steel ghost.

The one community still almost healthy is the northern beachfront known as ***Heron Beach.*** The city is famous for its boardwalk – a miles long arcade of knock-off discount shops, bars, arcades and bordellos. The local amusement park is still (in)famous throughout human space, even if much of the expansive complex is now shuttered and abandoned. A grav-manipulating roller coaster called ***The Golden Gull*** can hit up to 25Gs on the worst loops. Gangs and local Space Mafioso-wannabes squat throughout the abandoned complex, competing fiercely for territory and shaking down or pickpocketing unwary visitors.

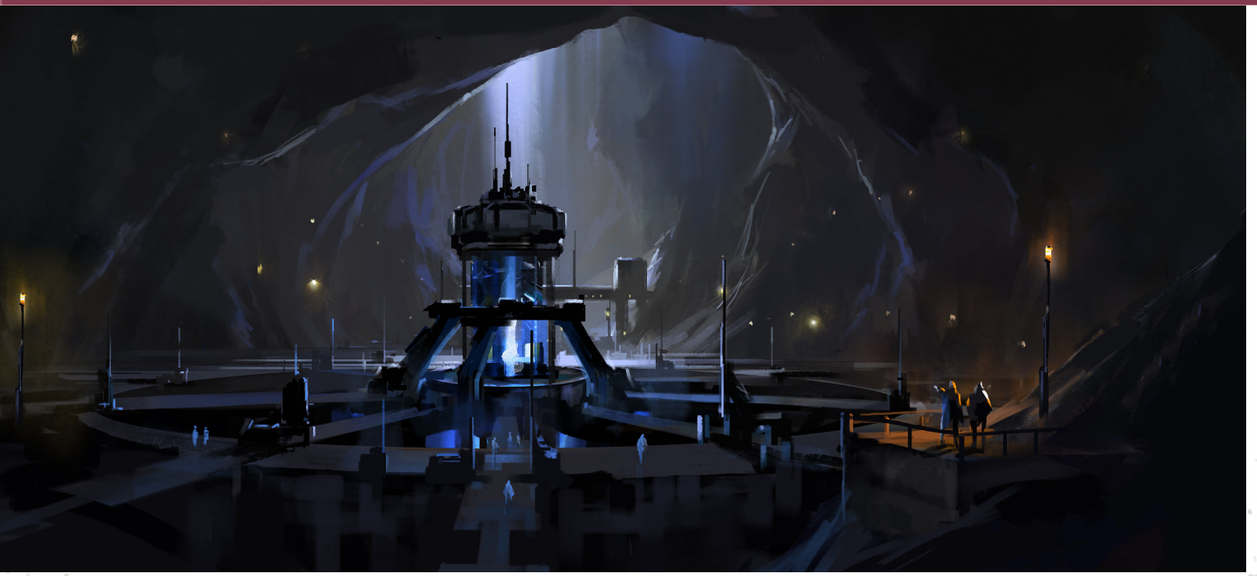
The Heron Beach Rockers are the toughest, most combat-capable gang in town. They're motley collection of ***Alien Scum*** *(HOTM).* The gang's current Chieftain is ***Ajax Bloodfin***, a CG shark-phenotype Rocker Brute who is a self-taught urban warfare master. The hulking shark-warrior in the tattered leather gang cut is smarter than he looks, smarter than the rest of his crew, and probably the smartest person remaining on the shithole Werner's become. There's several merc companies that have heard of him, and are trying to recruit him as a young officer candidate, but Ajax resists. Part of it is loyalty to the Rockers; he knows without his leadership, they'll be dead in a season. Part of it is, after a lifetime poor and abused, he can't believe he deserves any better than the Heron Beach amusement arcade.

Milt E. Mozzarella

Milt E. Mozzarella (the E stands for Entertainment) used to be one of Heron Beach's biggest draws. This massive dine-in restaurant and arcade offered great pizza and burgers and sub-standard steaks and shakes, as well as intricate Droid stage shows where robots shaped like colorful alien-themed mascots put on a song and dance routine parodying galactic politics. M.E.M. survived for a few years after the planet's economy tanked, but eventually slipshod maintenance got a few customers killed. The over-sized arcade was shuttered and its workers were furloughed, as the owner declared bankruptcy and fled the system.

The M.E.M. building has become one of the most dangerous places on Heron Beach. Nobody goes

William Kwan (Order #50594381)



near, and the neighborhood around has cleared out. Rogue ***History Park Relic Droids*** and even more dangerous rogue robots have fortified the crumbling restaurant. They occasionally slip out of the darkness to kidnap unwary humanoids to serve as 'customers' – glitched code forces them to re-create the old song and dance routines, but with lethal consequences for the unwilling audience members.

Yandell

Yandell is a world of soaring mountains trapped in a perpetual winter. The world's atmosphere is thin, but basically breathable. Yandell's tectonically active, jagged mountains reach high into the purple sky, where what little air there is to breath gives way to hard vacuum. Predatory avians with rocky plumage perfectly adapted to blend in with the crags dominate the sky. The ***Trius*** who call this unforgiving world home survive only because the species evolved the psionic ability to triplicate themselves.

Yandell's humanoid population is relatively small, and the world has only a handful of settlements larger than a thousand citizens. The largest city-state, ***Trinity Lake,*** is built on the shores of a sulfurous lake warmed by active thermal vents. Trinity Lake is home to millions of Trius. It is a spartan city filled with fighting arenas and dojos, gymnasiums and steam baths. Bloodsports are big business, and lethal melees are enshrined by law. Bold and skillful fighters can become millionaires in Trinity Lake's sparring circles. Hundreds of the galaxy's most famous ***Alien Gladiators*** make their homes – and win their fortunes – on Trinity Lake's frigid shores.

The Great Engine

The volcanic caverns beneath Trinity Lake are littered with ancient machines and megalithic ruins of alien crystal and steel. Many similar ruins litter the world, and great machines, resembling enigmatic chrome refineries rise from the mountain clefts in remote corners of the world. Most of the inner volume of Yandell is fully mechanized, an enormous, planetary-scale machine of unknown age, design and purpose. Only the planetary surface, and a few miles of topsoil, are organic – a rocky façade over a gigantic steel machine.

The natives refer to the metal enigma beneath their feat as "the Great Engine", and aside from local myths and tall tales, don't give it much thought. The Trius are not an introspective race, more concerned with their future (and who's dominating the fighting circuit this week) than their race's past.

There is a purpose to the Great Engine, though no one living in the galaxy today knows what it is. Similar devices have been found on myriad

worlds, including ***Ganaden*** and ***Corylss***. What is this purpose? What is the Engine's origin? Some of the best possibilities:

The Sleeping Sister

The Great Engine is the living body of a ***Battlechanger*** deity, slumbering for long aeons in a planetary alt-mode. When this ancient machine-creature finally awakens, it will rival ***Terminus Est*** *(Horrors of the Multiverse)* for sheer power and majesty. But what is this Battlechanger's true nature, and why has it slept for billions of years? Is this the 'Luminous Sister" spoken of in the oldest Battlechanger legends, the equal and opposite of Terminus Est? Or is this being something darker?

Psionic Amplifiers

The Great Engines are ancient ***Psyren*** machines. The known and cataloged Great Engines (and the far greater number that remain undiscovered) tap into the collective unconscious of the universe. These devices enable psionic abilities to function as they are understood today. When the Psyren Imperium fell and the Great Galactic Darkness began, many Great Engines were damaged. Their loss destroyed the Psyren's greatest advantage, and effectively crippled psionics. Unless all the Great Engines are found and reactivated, the powers of the mind are limited to a fraction of their magnitude before the Great Galactic Darkness.

Genesis Engine

The Great Engine is a Genesis Engine *(Enchantments of the Multiverse)* capable of generating a life-giving pulsewave of nearly galactic magnitude. If the Genesis Engine activates, nearly 1/3 of all machines more complex than a revolver in this galaxy will awaken as newly sapient Battlechangers. The balance of power in the galaxy would change instantly and forever. Can organic life survive?

Uplift Machines

The Great Engine evolved the Trius talent for triplication, condensing literally billions of years of evolutionary change into a handful of millennia. Great Engines were constructed by the ***Great Watchmakers*** *(Secret Soldiers)* and buried on multiple worlds as the instruments of a eugenics experiment spanning the entirety of galactic history. While these vast mechanisms can evolve species, their true purpose is far greater. Each machine is the 'womb' that gives birth to a new Watchmaker. On a day far in the future, Yandell will crack apart like an egg-shell, revealing a new star-deity aborning.

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CHAPTER FIVE
THE STARBURN SYSTEM

Starburn System is a dangerous star system far out in Free Space, swept by almost endless and unpredictable plasma winds and radiation storms. Three suns bathe Starburn in near-nuclear heat and hard rads, the largest is a goliath red super giant known locally as "The Ripper". The Ripper got his name from the solar flares he unleashes when the mood strikes – whips of flame multiple Astronomic Units (AU) long. These flares can burn the atmosphere from the nearest worlds or atomize unlucky starships. Locals, born and bred in Starburn can be recognized by their tats – full back pieces displaying a goliath demon of flame, lashing out with a fiery, cosmic whip.

Starburn is the closest thing the galaxy's Leather Clones have to a birth-system, and is the center of gay life in the 46th Century. The spray of superheated asteroids and lethal, bullet-sized micrometeorites garlanding the inner solar system, and the dangerous solar storms keep the Command Fleet at arm's reach. Free from outside interference, the Starburn evolved into a free living, hardworking and harder partyin' slice of Free Space. Its citizens are leather daddies and drag queens, iconoclasts, rock stars, hard core spacers and the occasional Cosmic Satanist, and that's just how they like things.

The Starburn System is made up of about a thousand different asteroid habitats. These scorched rocks are settled, at least sparsely, mostly by machine shops, starship foundries and gay nite spots. Starburn is a haven for pirates of all orientations (though Leather Clones and their ships do tend to get the best berthing).

Navigation Hazards

Starburn System is especially dangerous to navigate safely. Micrometeorite orbits and radiation surges randomly increase Pilot Check DCs within the system, always making navigation hazardous, other times making it flat out impossible. Local holo-visions display warning symbols throughout the entire broadcast day. Every local pilot checks the cosmic weather before launch.

During Red Sky days, official navigation is prohibited; the dangerous skies belong to pirates and smugglers alone. Everybody with common sense else heads into a bar or crawls into some leather daddy's bunk and waits for the sky to clear.

Each day within the Starburn System, roll percentile dice. The result indicates the 'stellar weather. When dealing with failed Pilot checks in Starburn, the GM should inflict major, cascading system failures, potentially deadly shipboard fires or hull breaches.

Make Starburn FUCKING DANGEROUS and your players will remember it forever.

Ender's Game

Five years back, Leather Clones started dying. Dying young; dying bad. Dying weak and sick, which is something the genetically engineered, post-human species should never be. Forty-sixth Century medicine couldn't do shit, neither could occult-tech. Prayers didn't even work – whatever this disease was, it was seemingly beyond divine cure. The locals just called the disease *The Ender*. If you're speaking respectfully, the disease may be the *Life Ender*. If you're a homophobic Command Marine asshole laughing with his buddies, it's called *Rear Ender.* Say those words around any Leather Clone who lost somebody, and you're getting beat.

Nobody knows what caused the Ender, though just about every Leather Clone, Free Spacer and Afro-Futurist medico who's examined the disease's genome believes it was cooked up in an ICG gene-lab somewhere. Right now, finding some way to stop the Ender is top priority. Revenge comes later.

"The Ender"

The Ender seems specifically tailored to prey on Leather Clones, turning their genetically engineered biology against itself. The disease can turn a healthy, vital Leather Clone into a walking skeleton within a few weeks. The Ender warps the victim's body chemistry, forcing a post-human metabolism and immune system to start cannibalizing itself.
Type contact (sexually transmitted)
Save FORT DC 16
Onset 3d6 months
Frequency 1x/day
Effect 1d3+1 CON damage.
During the onset period, the victim is an asymptomatic carrier, able to transmit Ender through sexual contact. Once the onset period ends and the Ender becomes an active disease, a Leather Clone's *Muscle Up* racial trait is suppressed.
Special Species other than Leather Clones receive a +2 bonus on FORT Saves to resist contracting the disease. Ender is considered to have Spell Resistance 25 for the purpose of resisting spells and effects intended to cure the illness or detect its presence. If the victim has a superior Spell Resistance, the disease uses the host's SR instead. The host can never willingly 'lower' this unique Spell Resistance.
Cure 4 consecutive saves

Leather Ribbons

These days, those who fall to the Ender are memorialized by cutting a ribbon of leather from their armor or favorite outfit. The leather's laser-etched with the name of the fallen and hung from a Starburn bulkhead. The damaged vest or jack might be passed on to husband or heir, worn proudly, if sadly, with a missing rectangle of leather. There's more strips of black leather hanging from Starburn's walls and ceilings every day.

Percentile Result	Local Name for Conditions	Increase to all In-System Pilot Check DCs	Increase to FORT Saves vs. radiation in local space
01-25	Clear Skies	None	None
26-75	Amber Skies	+1d6	+4
76-90	Black Skies	+2d4	+6
91-00	Red Skies	+3d6	+10

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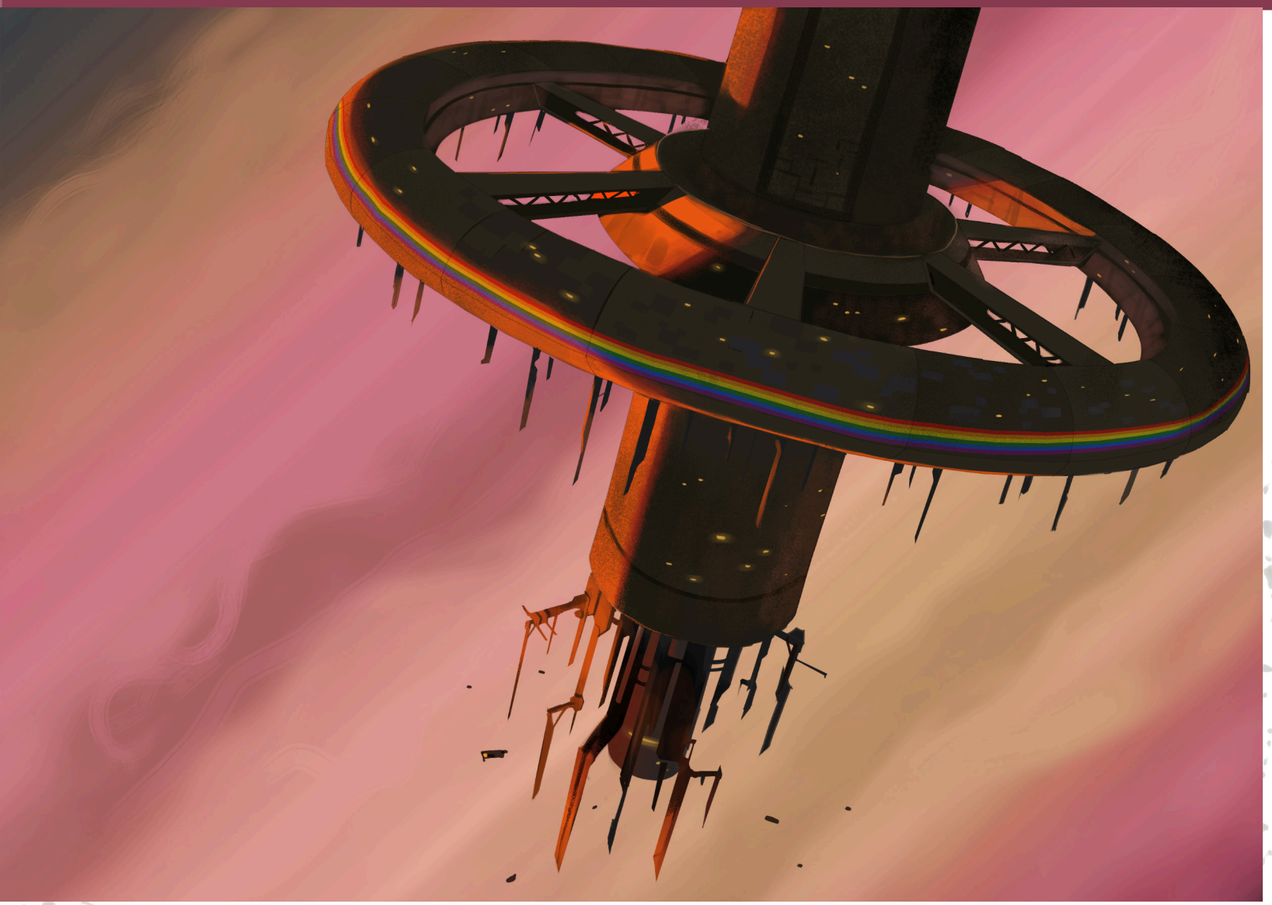

Black Castro Station

Five hundred billion tons of matte black titanium and nano-reinforced aluminum, forged into a torus space station in high orbit over the burning surface of the system's inner-most gas giant. The rainbow ring painted along the outer rim's circumference is always lit by high-visibility plasma spotlights. You can see the station's welcoming rainbow from half a system away. **The Black Castro Station** is the largest single habitat in the Starborn System, home to a population of nearly 75 million Leather Clones, Free Spacers, tourists, nomads, pirates and travelers, and capable of servicing dozens of visiting capitol ships simultaneously if need be.

Black Castro has been spinning for more than 2,200 years now, and was home to the first generation of Leather Clones. The way things are going these days, the station's inhabitants wonder if they'll be the last generation.

Black Castro's Secret Origins

Even by 46th Century standards, Black Castro is fucking ancient. It was already old and open for business back during the Second Coming. There's old Psyren Imperium records of the thing, under a different name, operating as a trade hub back when Earth-bound mankind was still trying to figure out the steam-engine. Leather Clones are just the station's latest habitants. If you want to know a little more about the station's pre-history, roll 3D6 to get the highlights.

Station Government

Officially, the locals vote on station council members every three years. Unofficially, the station council is just a rubber stamp for the pirates, rocker boys, oligarchs and Space Mafiosos that really run things. Local politics are a tangled mess of competing agendas, old vendettas, favors owed and debts incurred. The local alpha-male is a heavy cyborg called Thorgall, who's ran the Black Castro for decades now.

Thorgall and the Lightspeed Drag

Thorgall (NE male Heavy Cyborg Fighter 16) has been committing murder since the late 43rd Century, and has put more men in the ground than the Ender has. Though certainly not a Leather Clone, Thorgall is proudly queer, and back in his wilder days, he spent a lot of time hiding from the Corporate Command on station. Eventually, he earned enough rep, and enough credits, to start buying up large portions of it. It's the closest he's ever been to home, not to mention a damn profitable home-base.

Thorgall and his gangers operate out of the ***Lightspeed Drag***, the best gay cabaret in-system. The music's good, the beer cold, the drugs free flowing, and the men hard. These days, Thorgall leaves the raiding and wet work to his crew, and has settled into semi-retirement as a maturing crimelord. With black leathers taut against his hot magenta hull, the imposing cyborg warrior displays a surprisingly excellent voice when he joins the house band to sing some ancient torch song.

The Drag's in his name, owned openly, but Thorgall owns a good percentage of down-below real estate through front companies. He's invested millions in buying up the older berths and disused corridors that tourists never visit. Thorgall has it on good authority that the ***Baker Flag*** (the first gay pride flag that ever flew over Old Earth) was brought to Black Castro a few centuries ago and if it's still in one piece, it's down below somewhere. Owning this historic relic is getting more and more important to Thorgall as he gets older and finally starts seeing himself as part of a community and a heritage. For below-decks habitants, if Thorgall makes you an offer on your berth,

Black Castro's Origins			
D6	Who Built the Station?	Why Was the Station Lost/Abandoned the First Time?	How'd the Leather Clones Claim the Station?
1	A now-extinct Shipper tribe, who encoded clues to the coordinates of *Matreia's Sphere* in the architecture	Trade routes shifted during the Great Galactic Darkness, leaving the station abandoned and impoverished.	After fleeing an increasingly intolerant Earth, early Leather Clones pooled their funds to buy the station.
2	It was the first and greatest of the Outlaw Sex Stations, sacred to Hyxx the Rocker.	Somebody breached the hull and slaughtered everybody aboard in very nasty ways.	The station was claimed as abandoned salvage- no living crew aboard.
3	It was a prototype Proximite heavy-mining station, never mass-produced due to cost overruns.	The population was decimated by a plague very much like the Ender.	It took decades to reclaim the dead station from the undead and monstrosities infesting it, but it was worth the effort.
4	It was intended as an orbital habitat for the galaxy's ultra- rich, but eventually went to seed.	Radiation from the Ripper penetrated the shielding and killed everybody.	The Leather Clones who rebuilt the station into Black Castro were following prophetic visions.
5	The station was built as a garrison for Psyren Imperium troops in the sector.	The station disappeared for centuries, eventually reappearing in Starburn with no sign of the original crew.	A spacer crew seeking shelter from a Ripper-storm discovered it in a decaying orbit and stabilized the station.
6	Originally a utopian experiment, built as neutral trading and diplomatic outpost to be enjoyed by all races.	The original owners were on the losing side of a war, and abandoned the station.	None of the current gen of Leather Clones has any idea. How Black Castro was founded is gay history the Command has intentionally suppressed.

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you've got two choices: either take the first offer or get murdered. Either way, you're giving up your berthing.

The Thalx Warrens

The Thalx are a species of ***Space Cases*** who look like a cross between a mole-rat and an ant. These small semi-mammalian bipeds are evolved for subterranean life, but have adapted decently well to modern ships and stations. The Thalx mate for life, hormonally bonded to mate purely for reproductive purpose. The Thalx don't quite 'get' things like romance, homosexuality or recreational sex of any kind, but they like the Leather Clones they share a space station with well enough. They even fly bold rainbow flags in solidarity with a species-culture they respect, even if they don't quite understand it.

The Thalx were native to the ***Free Space*** worlds that became the ***Independent Republic of Lepus.*** They were driven out by the warfare that engulfed their sector. Most settled aboard the Black Castro. The Leather Clones invited them in, offering shelter and compassion to bedraggled species in much need of both. As a result, the surviving Thalx will never abandon their Leather Clone friends. Most of the diminutive creatures found work as asteroid miners or precision starship mechanics. They have a knack for micro-electronics and foptic wiring that would impress even a Proximite.

As the Ender crisis worsens, many Thalx have abandoned their mines and repair bays, retraining themselves as nursers and caregivers. With their friends dying all around them, the Thalx are doing everything they can to help their benefactors survive. The bonds between the two species are deepening, even as one species slowly bleeds out.

RAMDOWN

The Ender Crisis forced Leather Clones into alliances with rogue factions that would have been unthinkable just a few years ago. RAMDOWN is half public health organization, half ultra-hardcore terrorist cell. The most brilliant biochemists of the Leather Clone species work alongside space pirates and slavers these days. Kidnapping and corporate espionage are part and parcel of life saving medical research these days, and RAMDOWN offers plenty of black bag operations to skilled mercs looking for work.

The first priority is to find a cure before more Leather Clones die.

Second priority: payback.

If finding a cure means murdering a bunch of the ICG fucks who unleashed the disease and stealing their research, so much the better. RAMDOWN is not subtle and gives absolutely zero shits about collateral damage among the Command's civilian population. Bloody RAMDOWN 'extractions' of biologists and gene-cutters from Command labs are stock ICG horror stories on the evening holo-news, guaranteed to incite right-wingers throughout human controlled space.

RAMDOWN is a motley collection of competing cells and often dangerously individualistic activists and terrorists. Anybody willing to do the lab work curing The Ender, willing to care for the dying, or willing to kill some Corporate Command bastards can call themselves RAMDOWN and wear the organization's downward pointing red arrow. RAMDOWN's founder, and first among equals is ***Kramer M-87*** (CG male Leather Clone Barbarian 8/Bard 5).

Kramer M-87 has lost too many friends and lovers to the Ender to play nice with the wider galaxy anymore. He's gonna protect Starburn, protect his Leather Clone brothers, and the rest of the galaxy can burn for all he cares. Kramer M-87 just started showing symptoms of the Ender. He knows if he wants to save his people, he's got only a few weeks left to do it, best case scenario. He's already reckless with civilians caught in the crossfire, and desperate rage has made him even more dangerous.

RAMDOWN's inner circle has a window of opportunity to strike directly at the ***Plantaganets*** that closes in less than 72 hours. They're taking the shot and no matter what happens next, the ultimate result is dead solid certain: all out naval warfare between Starburn and Earth.

The System Navy

The Black Castro maintains a small Navy (really a jumped-up self-defense force). By galactic standards, the System Navy is miniscule and underfunded, but you'd never know it by the pride the Leather Clones take in their space force. The System Navy is an all-volunteer force, too small to project power, but is vital in protecting the Starburn System from pirates, xeno-raiders, rogue Lifespawn horrors and other cosmic dangers. The System Navy is also the first line of defense against the Corporate Command invasion everybody in the sector knows will happen sooner or later.

Every sailor aboard a System Navy vessel knows when the shit finally hits the fan, it will be them between the Command and the total extinction of the Leather Clone species. As the prospect of war with the Command ramps up, and as the Ender crisis worsens, enlistment has surged. The System Navy is now larger than at any point in its proud history – there aren't enough warships to accommodate all these new spacers!

Fleet Admiral Sisko Halford-XC3 (LG male Leather Clone Paladin 14) commands the System Navy. Practically immortal thanks to highly specialized genemods, Fleet Admiral Halford-XC3 has held command for more than eighty years. He oversaw the System Navy's growth and is responsible for turning a rag-tag fleet of up-armed mining tugs into a small, but elite, space force. The Admiral's tactics focus on rapid fighter raids, supported by a handful of Arondues Class Cruisers to provide heavy firepower. The System Navy's fleet lacks carriers, so all its Mercuries launch either from the Black Castro, from Drake, or from other launch points elsewhere in system. The Admiral is pressing for the purchase of at least two carriers, but so far, the Black Castro's leadership council has proved hesitant. Especially now, as the Ender crisis worsens, buying warships seems like a luxury the station can ill afford.

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System Navy Starships

The following starships make up the core of Admiral Halford-XC3's proud System Navy.

Mercury Class Starfighter – Tier 1

Tiny Raider
Speed 10 ***Maneuverability*** perfect (+2 pilot, turn 0)
AC 18 ***TL*** 17
HP 35 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 7
Shields 10 (forward 4, port 2, starboard 2, aft 2)
Attacks
forward: micromissile battery, long range, tracking (10 hexes) 2d6 damage, array, limited fire 5
turret: light particle beam, medium range, 3d6 damage
Power Core Micron Heavy (70 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** none
Systems T10 Thrusters with Hyper-Mobility Thruster Mod, Mk. 3 Armor, Mk. 2 Duo-Node Computer, Mk. 2 Defensive Countermeasures, Basic Shortrange Sensors, Basic-10 Shields
Expansion Bays none
Modifiers +2 pilot ***Complement*** 1

Special
As long as the Mercury Class Starfighter's HMT-Class Thrusters are functional, the pilot may use the *Flip and Burn* Stunt without needing to make a Pilot check.

Crew
Gunnery +8, Piloting +13 (3 ranks)

Mercury Class Starfighters form the backbone of the System Navy's fleet. Equipped with ridiculously overpowered thrusters for a vessel its size, and cutting-edge flight-control avionics, Mercuries are incredibly nimble. Mercury pilots are aggressive, offense oriented dog-fighters who have no compunction about taking on capitol ships, trusting luck and speed to keep them alive.

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The System Navy makes use of a variety cheaper, easier to build Tier ¼ and Tier ½ fighters, raiders and drones to fill out its ship roster, but Mercury pilots are the best of the best.

Mercury Class Starfighters are wasp-like crafts with shocking, hot yellow hulls accented with stark black squadron markings and the expected rainbow fin-colors of all System Navy craft. Mercuries were designed using ***Battlechanger*** technology, and the tiny starship can completely reconfigure itself on the fly to instantly change its facing. With a few clicks and pneumatic hisses, the pilot's compartment shifts orientation, the wings and vectored thrusters reposition themselves and weapons systems reorient themselves to fit the craft's new heading.

Sys-Nav Search & Rescue Cutter – Tier 5

Large Hospital Ship
Speed 6 ***Maneuverability*** clumsy (-1 piloting, turn 4)
AC 14 ***TL*** 12
HP 140 ***DT*** 5 ***CT*** 24
Shields 60 (forward 15, port 15, starboard 15, aft 15)
Attack
forward: light laser cannon, short range, 2d4 damage
turret: chaff launcher, 2 hex range
Power Core Arcus Ultra (150 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** Signal Basic (Drive Rating 1)
Systems L6 Thrusters, MK. 1 Trinode Computer, Mk. 2 Armor, Budget Longrange Sensors, Light-60 Shields, Manipulators (Loading Beam)
Expansion Bays Cryo-Sleep Chambers x4, Guest Quarters x2, Medical Lab x2, Science Lab, Sealed Environment Chamber, Hydroponics Bay, Recreation Suite (gym)
Modifiers -1 pilot **Complement** 50
Crew
Gunnery +8, Piloting +7 (3 ranks)

The System Navy maintains a fleet of dedicated rescue vessels stationed at the Naval base on Drake. These wedge-shaped starships are armed only with low-grade defensive weapons, and their shielding is designed to protect from plasma fires and explosions when working near a stricken craft rather than to standup against a sustained barrage. Standard operating procedure is to shift all shields towards the facing of a stricken craft when the Sys-Nav SAR Cutter pulls in close to render aid. Sys-Nav SAR Cutters have silver hulls blazoned with the blood red, galactically recognized medical icons, including the Terran Red Cross. Each such insignia is circled by a thin ring of rainbow color, the only place on the stark vessel where the Black Castro's bright colors show.

Wilhelm Arondues Class Cruiser – Tier 10

Huge Cruiser
Speed 4 ***Maneuverability*** average (+2 piloting, turn 2)
AC 14 ***TL*** 13
HP 230 ***DT*** 5 ***CT*** 36
Shields 140 (forward 50, port 30, starboard 30, aft 30)
Attacks
forward: mass driver, long range, 2d6x10 damage
turret: railgun, long range, 8d4 damage
port arc: tactical nuclear missile launcher, long range, tracking (10 hexes), 5d8 damage, irradiate (low), limited fire (5)
starboard arc: tactical nuclear missile launcher, long range, tracking (10 hexes), 5d8 damage, irradiate (low), limited fire (5)
Power Core Nova Ultra (300 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** Signal Booster (Drive Rating 2)
Systems H4 Thrusters, Mk. 8 Armor, Mk. 3 Tetranode Computer, Mk. 6 Defensive Countermeasures, Good Crew Quarters, Biometric Locks, Advanced Longrange Sensors, Medium-140 Shields
Expansion Bays Cargo Hold, Shuttle Bay x2, Recreation Suite (holo-arcade), Medical Bay, Science Lab
Modifiers +2 pilot, +4 perception ***Complement*** 65
Crew
Gunnery +13, Piloting +15 (8 ranks)

The System Navy only fields a handful of Wilhelm Arondues Cruisers, and lacking true carriers, these massive warships are the centerpiece of a System Navy fleet. These aggressive, heavily armed star cruisers are built along fairly standard military lines: an elongated trapezoid of reactive armor and military weapons, crowned by a squat command bridge. Wilhelm Arondues Class Cruisers are painted with cobalt gloss, their command bridge and dorsal surfaces painted in the bold rainbow livery common to all System Navy craft.

Fleet Admiral Halford-XC3 commands the fleet from an extensively customized, and uniquely decorated cruiser "***Freedom of Conscience***". This legendary ship is distinguished from others of its classification by the extensive rainbow deco adorning the prow. The ship's railgun turrets are lined with hot pink striping running the length of each magnetic accelerator. Add +4 to the Freedom of Conscience's crew modifiers to reflect the excellence of its crew; you might also upgrade its weapons a bit, to give unwary pirates a nasty surprise.

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The Machine Pit Cyber-Clinic

The Machine Pit is one of the best cyber-clinics in the sector. Machine Pit's cyber-systems are bulky, rugged and durable – gunmetal silver industrial prosthesis decorated only by the iconic Starburn rainbow. Machine Pit technology is prized by local spacers for its reliability, proven technology and pragmatic style. Aside from a few implant-mounted slugthrowers, the Machine Pit does not deal in weapons.

The Machine Pit can offer full and light cybernetic reconstruction, and offers one hundred automated repair bays to perform routine, monthly maintenance on full conversion cyborgs. These facilities are always filled to capacity by FCB asteroid miners and soldiers.

A heavily augmented cyber-doc named ***Dr. Kael RX-511*** (N male Leather Clone Alchemist 7) owns the Machine Pit. Kael put himself through med school as an asteroid miner, and maintains his blue-collar ethics and clientele. He keeps his prices low enough that ordinary spacers can buy augments at the Machine Pit and provides free emergency services from time to time, especially for 'borgs he knew from his mining days. Kael's working with RAMDOWN to find a cure for the Ender and until one is found, his clinic has been offering dying Ender patients emergency full conversion as a last chance at survival.

The Symmetrical Circuit Cyber-Clinic

The Symmetrical Circuit is within sight of the Machine Pit, and even though it is technically in the same business, the two clinics are not really rivals. The Symmetrical Circuit is a high end cyber-parlor for the wealthy, the ultra-chic, and the style conscious. The Circuit specializes in elegant implants and prosthesis that are as much works of art as they are practical devices. The Circuit's signature are transparent polymer prosthetics that seem to be cut glass, without visible internal devices, and the facility also offers the ***Chromium Armoring*** process. The Circuit offers advanced implants that operate on occult-tech principles and military-grade cyberweapons at premium prices. Expect to pay two or three times list prices for any surgery at the Circuit.

Dr. Khalim Husb-RX-511 (NE male Afro-Futurist Vitalist 9) founded the Symmetrical Circuit soon after immigrating to Starburn. As his alphanumeric surname suggests, Khalim is the spouse (and chief critic) of Kael RX-511. There's a reason the two men operate two separate cyber-parlors rather than operate a single business. They fight over money and business ethics constantly – never anything else, but always about money. Despite his objections to Kael's impractical level of charity work with RAMDOWN, and despite his own selfish impulses, Khalim has donated time, money and tech to combat the Ender. He just complains bitterly the whole time.

The Midnight Rider

The Midnight Rider is a hole-in-the-wall spacer's bar built into an orbital drydock that specializes in servicing raider-class and other one-person and two-person starships. The bar's behind airlock glass – spacers can get a drink and watch the machines put their starships back together. If the repairs take a bit, this might end up being a three to four day drunk.

The bartender and head mechanic is ***Tullamore Skagg*** (CN male Sethzinian Barbarian 4/Expert 2). Skagg is so dumb he is legally considered non-sentient on several worlds, but he is an idiot savant when it comes to two things: mixing drinks and fixing Star Hawgs. Skagg displays an unexpected artistic flair with his airbrushed fuel tank artwork.

Star Hawgs

The following Star Hawg chassis are common sights cruising the spacelanes of the Starburn System.

Sethzenian Star Hawg – Tier ¼

Tiny Racer
Speed 8 ***Maneuverability*** perfect (+2 piloting, turn 0)
AC 13 ***TL*** 13
HP 20 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 4
Shields 30 (15 forward, 5 port, 5 starboard, 5 aft)
Attack
forward: flak thrower, short range, 3d4 damage, point (+8)
Power Core Micron Ultra (80 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** Signal Basic (Drive Rating 1)
Systems T-8 Thrusters With Myper-Mobility Thruster Mod, Basic Computer, Cutrate Sensors, Basic-30 Shields
Modifiers +2 pilot ***Complement*** 1

Crew
Gunnery +6, Piloting +8 (1 rank)

Special
As long as the Sethzenian Star Hawg's HMT-Class Thrusters are functional, the pilot may use the *Flip and Burn* Stunt without needing to make a Pilot check.

Seemingly ludicrous but amazing in a dogfight, the Star Hawg is a unique Sethzinian invention, the iconic vehicle of their race. Hordes of Sethzinian raiders descending on an unprepared world on their Star Hawg ultralights is a fearsome and unforgettable and terrifying sight.

The Star Hawg is a single person, ultra-light starship that resembles an enormous, heavy-bodied Old Terran motorcycle. Handcrafted with obvious love and a depraved creativity, each Star Hawg is unique, and boasts gothic decorations like huge fusion rods resembling exhaust tubes, skull-themed handlebar arrays, and naked spacer girl art on the polished fuel tank. Like everything else about the Sethzinian race, the Star Hawg embraces campy sleaze.

The Star Hawg extends a forcefield containing a livable Earth normal atmosphere to all squares adjacent to the vehicle. In this bubble, the pilot and passengers are protected from the effects of both normal space and Hyperspace. This allows the Sethzinian pilot to cruise the stars unencumbered by bulky life support gear and still look appropriately badass. Saddlebags capable of holding about 100 lbs of total cargo are mounted just behind the pilot's seat.

Sethzenian Wyld Hawg – Tier 1/2

Tiny Racer
Speed 8 ***Maneuverability*** perfect (+2 piloting, turn 0)
AC 16 ***TL*** 14
HP 20 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 4
Shields 10 (4 forward, 2 port, 2 starboard, 2 aft)
Attack
forward: light torpedo launcher, long range, tracking (16 hexes), 2d8 damage
Power Core Pulse Black (120 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** Foxtrot Class Harrier (Drive Rating 2)
Systems T-8 Thrusters With Hyper-Mobility Thruster Mod, Mk. 3 Armor, Mk. 1 Defensive Countermeasures, Basic Computer, Cutrate Sensors, Basic-10 Shields
Expansion Bays *none*
Modifiers +2 pilot, -2 perception **Complement** 1

Crew
Gunnery +6, Piloting +8 (1 rank)

Special
As long as the Sethzenian Wyld Hawg's HMT-Class Thrusters are functional, the pilot may use the *Flip and Burn* Stunt without needing to make a Pilot check.

Special
A starship equipped with a Harrier Type Drive can enter Hyperspace without a long stationary period as a Stunt during the Piloting Phase. Doing so requires a DC 21 Piloting check. Failure indicates the jump is not made and the Hyperdrive becomes non-functional for 2d6 minutes.

The Sethzenian Wyld Hawg is an up-gunned, ridiculously overpowered star-motorcycle. The ship has a comparatively massive power core to fuel its rapid-fire hyperdrive. With its ability to shift into Hyperspace even when engaged in a conventional-space dogfight, the Wyld Hawg is a dream ship for pirates.

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Random Black Castro Businesses				
D10	Type of Business	Décor and Style	Who's Running the Place?	What's Special About the Joint?
1	Bar and hook up spot	Riveted steel and rainbow neon	An old, retired Leather Clone adventurer, looking out for newbies	The place is a piece of Leather Clone history, one of the first of its kind established
2	Starship repairs	Bare asteroidal rock and concrete	A Leather Clone couple in the midst of a nasty and occasionally violent divorce	Need unlisted transport out of the system? Quick? Pay enough and find it here.
3	Small arms trader	Leather, oak paneling and furniture and dim, violet lighting	An ex-porno star Erobot fascinated by hyper-masculinity	A *Dr. Youp's* representative wholesales here, buy items for 60- 75% list price
4	Salvage and asteroid mining	Exposed pipes, repurposed industrial equipment- a techno- warren in an out of the way corner	A small time *Sniff* peddler who fronts for the Space Mafia	Popular with the Cult of the Uncrowned King, Elvis music and rockabilly playing, enchanted Rockers for trade or sale
5	Traveler's hostel	Disco mirror-land with fast-paced music to match	A 17-year old Testorite hero who won the place in a bare-knuckles cage match and has no idea how to keep it running	*Bangee* prowl here, preying on customers and nobody bothers to tell outsiders about the danger
6	Traveler's church and free clinic	Clean, well-repaired and organized to military standards	A rotating stable of Leather Clone dilettantes who run it as a hobby rather than a real business	If you're on good terms with the owner, payment is optional. Usually.
7	Liquor, drugs and combat potions	Leather beanbags instead of chairs, lit by azure lava lamps	Brock X7-511, the most famous Leather Stud porn star of the 46th Century (*famous for his horse-like cum shots*)	Hard hit by *Ender*; the joint's become an impromptu memorial. Strips of leather hang from the ceiling, bearing names.
8	Military surplus and mecha	Alien artifacts in display cases, small xenos in force-cages or aquariums	An embittered Shipper merc, half his body replaced with last-gen cyber-technology	Owners usually let travelers stranded by a Red Sky Day crash for free
9	Luxury gym/spa (Leather Clones only)	Anti-Command and gay pride/ community activist posters on every surface	Leather Clone managers fronting for investors from New Kingston. Access to good dope, but the owners really don't like the local staff.	Cosmic Satanists show up from time to time to kick ass, fuck all night, and leave spilled booze and cum all over every surface
10	Mundane bullshit	Sterile, cramped and impersonal	A Leather Clone rich boy and his two Free Spacer trophy husbands	Got a crew of Proximite engineers working off the books out back.

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The Wyld Hawg is similar in design to the standard Star Hawg, but larger and more heavily armed. The Wyld Hawg's hyperdrive motivator, as well as the missile pod, are housed in a sidecar-like device mounted to the raider's body.

Other Dives

Some of the other bars, drag clubs and armories in the Starburn include:

•**The Brix Yard:** Cruising bar and non-lethal bloodsports arena, with all-male EroWrestling League bouts on weekends. Very popular with Testorites, even the straight ones.
•**Distortia 8:** Deep bunkers on ***Drake***, the second planet, hide throbbing dance clubs, shielded from radiation and flowing with Axxin Powder, Glow and erecto-pills. A good place to get laid and wait out the Red Sky Days.

•**The Hound Dawg:** Elvis loving missionaries have built up a nice little joint of their own, with burly, pompadour-wearin' Elvis priests stripping out of leather and spike versions of Elvis' traditional holy vestments.
•**Renny's Salvaged Arms:** A second hand gun shop run by a grizzled old bearded fat fuck named Renny, a man who in younger days took down over 300 military vessels. Open when he feels like it and not anytime else. Renny's got a soft spot in his heart for twinky boys and tomboyish girls, and deals fairest with them.

•**Synset Motels:** The Sunset Motels are a chain local to the Starburn. Cheap coffin hotels found on nearly every broken world and smelted asteroid. A few creds gets you a sleep pod,a few more gets you a connect to every burly male hustler in system at discounted rates. It's fun to stay at the Synset.
•**The Temple of Delkyyn:** One of the only temples of the ***War Mother*** that anoints gay male Leather Clones as ***Hunters of the Cosmos***, and one of the few places in the grungy galaxy for two men to legally marry.

•**Triumph Astro-Nav:** An asteroid foundry dealing in custom built, custom painted Star Hawgs. Best place to get a star bike this side of the galaxy. Maintains a large force of sadistic bounty hunters/repo men.

Random Black Castro Establishments

If you need a random Black Castro business, roll 4D10 on the chart below and combine the results to taste.

Crisis Rock

In better days, Crisis Rock was a hollowed-out asteroid used as a safehouse and storage cache for purloined goods somewhere on the border between ***Starburn System*** and the ***Iron Belt Region.*** These days, it's become the headquarters and main garrison of the Rainbow Justice fleet. Brightly colored yet ugly raiders and snub starfighters orbit the asteroid like well-armed, high tech wasps. Crisis Rock's coordinates are an open secret among Leather Clones. They might not see eye to eye on priorities, but ***RAMDOWN*** trusts Rainbow Justice, at least a little. There are occasionally supply flights between Black Castro and Crisis Rock, which is risky for both. The Command Navy has been searching for the exact coordinates of the rebel habitat for months now.

Rainbow Justice

As their people started dying all around them, Rainbow Justice evolved from a motley band of space pirates and resource raiders into semi-sanctioned privateers. Rainbow Justice used to frequent the Black Castro to offload plunder, rest, resupply, refuel and fuck the nights away until the next sortie. These days, the pirates avoid the Castro, keeping to independent asteroids on the fringe of the sector, making do with recycled oxygen, pre-pack rations and their own right hands. The Rainbow Justice pirates have become self-taught experts on staying Ender-negative. They know for sure its sexually transmitted, so they stay coldly celibate, but they're not sure about other transmission vectors. As a result, around any Leather Clones outside their crew, they go fully masked, and keep a physical (and emotional) distance.

Rainbow Justice has switched to preying on Corporation Command vessels exclusively, on the theory that those bastards unleashed the Ender. They're right of course, but just can't prove it. The miners and free traders they used to rob fly unmolested these days. Rainbow Justice hits lightly defended Command military vessels, ICG flagged yachts and tithe-haulers whenever the odds look even close to fair. Any thing that looks remotely medical is shipped to the ***Black Castro***

and ***Short Arm*** for redistribution. Rainbow Justice keeps anything military to up-armor their already heavily weaponized and increasingly baroque raider ships. It's not about money anymore, its about revenge and maybe finding a cure.

The Rainbow Justice pirates know its extremely likely that because of their newly sexless, monastic and lonely life of vengeance and violence, they might be the last Leather Clones standing after the Ender wipes out their race. Their motivation is revenge; they are sworn to die fighting the Command. To symbolize their commitment, they wear fully enclosed combat hoods at all times, their shining black leather a contrast to the bold, jury-rigged rainbows of their starships.

Drake

Drake is a barren, nearly lifeless rock and the second of Starburn's three surviving planets. Drake is nearly uninhabited. The System Navy maintains a launch base crewed by roughly 300 able spacers, which specializes in search and rescue. Drake-Base is commanded by ***Captain Curtis 21*** (LG male Leather Clone Cavalier 14), an impressively mustached veteran who's one of the most respected men in-system. The list of spacers who owe their lives to Curtis 21 runs into the hundreds. Drake-Base's SAR cruisers are deployed during Black Sky and Red Sky days, when Starburn is at its most dangerous. Often, these heavily rad-shielded Naval crafts are the only things flying on the worst days – Curtis 21 demands excellence and fool-hardy courage from his crew, because only those two things save lives when the Ripper's burning the sky.

Curtis 21 is the god-son of Fleet Admiral Halford-XC3, and when he was a teen, he spent 3 station-summers apprenticed to the elder spacer. His easy climb up the career ladder has earned him a few enemies in the System Navy, but Captain Curtis 21's obvious gift for SAR work has quieted most of them.

Hercules Station

Hercules Stations closely orbits the gas giant Johansen, and all but a handful of chambers on this big, foot-ball shaped space habitat are High Gravity environments. Hercules' owners have no interest for compensating for Johansen's crushing gravity. The place is a gymnasium, one of the best in Starborn System, and that's saying something. Hercules Station is a place to train, and to get big, and nothing else. Life is damn spartan on the orbiting habitat. The bulkheads are hot, naked orbital steel, unmodified since the station's past as an orbiting refinery. The recycled air is steamy and stinks of sweat and testosterone. Clothing is forbidden on station, outside of specially designed athletic and protective gear, and so is fucking. Hercules is a place to get big, not to get laid.

Hercules Station is owned by ***Theodorus-XC87*** (LN male Leather Clone Monk 12/ Rogue 5), a legendary athlete among his species. In his younger years, Theodorus-XC87 was a galaxy-hopping adventurer, who discovered a legendary, long lost Psyren artifact called the ***Eye of the Galaxy*** (he was expecting it to be bigger and more impressive). Twenty years ago, Theodorus-XC87 caught a precognitive glimpse of the Ender plague, and what comes next – an hour-long vision of the dying galaxy, circa 4,681. He slipped the Eye of the Galaxy into his pocket, and returned home to Starburn to plan and prepare. The Eye talks to him, when it wants to, reveals tantalizing bits of actionable intelligence for purposes unknown.

Theodorus-XC87 secretly bankrolls RAM-DOWN, spending lavishly from coffers filled with decades of adventuring profits. He trains and equips Leather Clones heroes, and anybody else willing to fight the Great Crisis he sees coming. He is also aware the ***Nazharak Horde*** sees the Eye of the Galaxy, and are willing to burn entire worlds to get it. He also knows they're looking in all the wrong places for the all-seeing artifact he wears as an amulet, and well managed leaks and rumors keep it that way.

Theodorus-XC87's husband is a hulking tiger-phenotype Anthro that goes by ***Tagg*** (CN male Anthro Barbarian 16). As much as he supports his partner, Tagg wants the Eye of the Galaxy gone. It's too much of a risk, and if he were ever honest with himself, Tagg would admit he's jealous of the mystical, mind-linked artifact and its connection to his husband. Of course, Tagg isn't that introspective or that honest. So, he is feeling out a deal with the Nazharak Horde through intermediaries: he gives the Horde the Eye, and the Horde gives them their lives.

Johansen

Johansen is a turbulent gas giant equal in size to about 300 Earths. A billion years ago, Johansen was the sixth of eight planets in the system, but once the Ripper exploded, it became the closest surviving world to the ancient red sun. Johansen itself is uninhabitable – its gasses burn almost as hot as the Ripper itself, and the world churns endlessly with mega-hurricane winds. Storms larger than Earth itself rage across the gas giant's violet and cerulean skies that burn like butane flames. The world's upper atmosphere is garlanded with

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mining stations, refuel depots and scientific outposts, of which the Black Castro is the largest and grandest.

You can roll 5D8 on the chart below to rapidly generate a gas mining operation in orbit above Johansen. The first two rolls are read together, and generate a name for the operation: something like "Red Rhino" or "Green Spear" Mining. The rest suggest the organization's character and plot looks.

The Independent Asteroids

Starburn System is honey combed with hundreds of independent asteroid habitats. Each of these habitats is home to a handful of Leather Clone families, their businesses and a hanger or docking station large enough to accommodate a few small or mid-sized starships. Other asteroids are being actively mined by various concerns, though usually these mines are run by locals rather than the expected galactic mega-corps. The fact that Starburn's natives keep its petro-chem and mineral resources to themselves is yet another reason the mega-corps on Golgotha want the Leather Clones exterminated.

Gas Mining Operations					
D8	Color	Totem	Owner	Workers	The Looming Disaster
1	Red	Stallion	A meta-materials firm more interested in local scientific anomalies than high-volume gas mining	Indentured, drug-controlled prisoners whose sentences have been purchased from the Corporate Command	An undetected failure in the station's stabilization system will bring the station crashing into Johansen within 2d6 weeks
2	Orange	Cobra	A cruel hyper-capitalist born aboard Black Castro	Bulk and Synth laborers exclusively, aboard a spartan, joyless station	One of the workers is the asymptomatic carrier of a new, airborne strain of ***Ender.***
3	Yellow	Rhino	A retired Corporate Command military officer who is amazingly useless	A rowdy mix of Leather Clones, humans and Free Spacers who are pretty happy with the gig	The money's gone – annual operating budget, payroll, retirement, everything. Somebody cleaned the operation out.
4	Green	Star or Sun	Veteran gas miners from other operations, who pooled their money to buy the place	The same mix as above, but the crew's one step away from striking	Sethzenian bikers and other space pirates are gonna hit the station on the next Red Sky Day
5	Blue	Spear	A coldly efficient Synth bean-counter	Human bosses and pissed off Shipper/Anthro workers	Hey, everything's running okay for once!
6	Indigo	Pilot	Some megacorp back in Command Space, nobody ever sees the station governor	An exclusively Leather Clone operation – workers are donating most of their pay and profits to find a cure for Ender	***Thorgall*** thinks there's a clue to the Baker Flag's location aboard, and he's sent in his thugs to look. They're not gonna 'look' gently.
7	Violet	Tower	The Space Mafia, through a front company	Starport dregs who can't find work anywhere else, running a dangerous and unsafe operation	The owners are trying to sell the station, but haven't told the workers they're gonna be pink- slipped yet.
8	Black	Atom	An ICG religious fanatic and a faith-based board of directors	Human and Free Spacer stoners mostly, who are falling farther and farther behind schedule	An ICG inquisitor is convinced the station harbors heretics and is planning military action.

New Miami

Starburn's last planet was an uninhabitable iceball before the Ripper erupted. When the Leather Clones settled Starburn, they began a long-term terraforming project to make New Miami habitable. They tidally locked New Miami, so one hemisphere always faced the red sun of the Ripper. As a result, the Eastern half of the world has warm oceans and sandy beaches that give way to genetically engineered jungle. Vast poly-diamond domes shield the beaches and resort hotels from the Ripper's lethal radiation storms – New Miami's ozone layer is fragile, at best, and no amount of terraforming is going to change that.

Milk Bay

Milk Bay is the largest city on planet, a collection of glittering anti-radiation domes clustered together like a bunch of grapes, encircling a towering orbital elevator. Milk Bay is home to around eight million humans and Leather Clones, not to mention small enclaves of other alien species. The buildings are gleaming white, faux-Spanish manors accented with rainbow pastels and lit up by neon and plasma contained behind magnetic bottles. The city is a mix of unbridled queer hedonism and ceaseless toil. Milk Bay is a legendary party city, but it is also the main entry point for spacers heading deeper into Starburn System. All the cargo bound for the Black Castro is transshipped through Milk Bay's docks. The burly Leather Clone dock wallopers pride themselves on turning around a docked cargo-hauler faster than the workers on any straight dock anywhere in the galaxy.

A ***Transit Viscera*** terminus has recently been discovered two miles beneath Milk Bay's shopping mezzanine, and the city's ruling council is drawing up plans for an excavation. If Milk Bay can access and activate the ancient terminus, the Starburn System will finally be linked to the enigmatic, galaxy-spanning teleportation network. That would make Starburn a lot more accessible, no matter how turbulent the system's blood red skies.

The Rain Line

New Miami's terminator is ringed with a wall of perpetual storms that stretch to the edge of the thin atmosphere. The icy cold of the West slams into the warmth and humidity of the terraformed East, and only planetary weather control keeps the resulting storms contained to the terminator. The huge, vertically stacked storms have raged ceaselessly for centuries, saturating the ground around the terminator and running downhill, feeding the East's verdant jungles. Tourists in hover-buses come out to storm-watch and make love as lightning strikes more powerful than 21st Century tacnukes hammer the ground.

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The Steel Graveyard
New Miami's Western hemisphere is a frozen hell, trapped in perpetual night. Uninhabited and incapable of sustaining life, very little effort has been expended on terraforming or exploring the West. One of the very few 'hotspots' in the West that popped up on satellite overflights is referred to as the "Steel Graveyard".

The remains of slain ***Battlechangers*** from at least two different factions (or perhaps species) are scattered the length of a 5-kilometer-long gouge. Tens of thousands of destroyed robots lie half buried in methane ice, decaying where they fell. Officially off limits under system law, the Steel Graveyard is a rich trove for tech-scavengers. Several ***Circuit Chalices*** have been recovered from the corpses of fallen Battlechangers already, as well as more esoteric Technysian technology. The System Navy makes regular overflights to scare off grave robbers, but preserving the Steel Graveyard is a losing battle.

The backstory behind the great battle, and loss of machine life remains a mystery. None of the 46th Century's Battlechanger nations has records of an engagement of this size in Starburn. That means either the history has been censored, or the battle occurred in truly ancient times, perhaps even millions of years ago. Even more mysterious are the faction symbols emblazoned on the fallen war machines: strange, witchy glyphs completely unlike the Freegear and Tyrakron symbols familiar today. The final enigma of a grim, haunted place: geologists know that the gorge wasn't formed through normal tectonic processes, could it have been carved out by some ancient planet-killing weapon?

Short Arm

Short Arm is a miniscule 200-meter medical station capable of limited FTL flight. The nomadic silver, grey and crimson station prowls the border of civilized space as a travelling medic for hire. The station's owner is the shockingly young-looking ***Dr. Anara Atari*** (N female Free Spacer Vitalist 6) a bitter and acerbic woman who can't pass for older than ten on a good day. She was born into Anthony Fleet – her father genetically engineered her perpetual pre-adolescence and augmented intelligence. She was smart enough to realize she wanted something more than being an old man's sex pet. She stole a shuttle, earned her medical training via a stint as a Space Mafia 'associate' and built her life.

These days she's a frontier doctor. Dr. Atari makes a long and semi-regular circuit of Free Spacer worlds. She's something of a specialist in intra-species STI: she gets a licensing fee from the ***Dr. Youp's*** mega-corp for the use of a talking hologram of her face on the label of their high end, cross-species-rated condoms and dental dams. Dr. Atari doesn't have the genetic engineering chops to do much to cure ***The Ender***: she admits her medicine focuses a lot more on the macro level than the micro. Best she can do are some life-extension home remedies reverse-engineered from some Psyren med-tech she uncovered a few years back.

Her treatment can keep dying Leather Clones alive a few vital weeks longer, at best. ***The Black Castro*** has her files, though they can't replicate some of the ancient Psyren occult-tech she uses to make her procedures work. She keeps an eye out, when she's travelling on backwater worlds. She accepts recovered Psyren occult-tech as often as standard galactic credits as payment for her treatment. She's got a good eye for working specimens and can appraise occult-tech accurately, down to the micro-credit, in a glance. Most of what she finds she ships to the Black Castro; she keeps a few trinkets aboard The Short Arm to experiment with or to defend herself with.

CHAPTER SIX THE STEEL SECTOR

The Steel Sector is a messy spray of stars at the far edge of one of the Milky Way's arms. Here, silicon-based, biomechanical life is the norm. Fleshy beings of soft carbon might rule the rest of the galaxy, but the Steel Sector is a realm of machines. The heart of The Steel Sector is the machine-world of Technys, the homeworld of the highly adaptable, transformable ***Battlechanger*** species.

Andyr

Game rule information for Anthrix Warriors is found in Fursona Unleashed.

Andyr's trinity of continents are home to three warring nations of Anthros, uplifted to a cybernetic state by recovered Battlechanger technology. Like Emulators, the fierce ***Anthrix Warriors*** have reverse engineered Technysian technology and boot-strapped their evolution into machine lifeforms. The Anthrix are a savage and bestial race, even more so than Battlechangers themselves, reveling in warfare and combat.

The military truism "*Shield deflects Sword, Sword cuts Spear, Spear pierces Shield*" defines the Anthrix's trio of competing empires. Each empire controls one of the three continents, and each fields vast and blood thirsty armies of cybernetically augmented Anthro warriors. Outlying territory changes hands frequently, but the armies are so evenly balanced, their war seems eternal and unchanging.

You can roll some D6s to establish the character of these nations for your campaign.

The Trinary Mountains

There is a single, almost perfectly conical mountain near the geographic center of each of Andyr's three continents. Each mountain stands alone, a spire jutting out of an otherwise flat plane, not part of a range. These peaks are too perfect to be natural – there is only a few feet height difference between the trio, and their slopes are similar. ***Mount Thrust*** (of the Spear Nation), ***Mount Broadedge*** (of the Sword Nation), and ***Mount Aegis*** (of the Shield Nation) perform a nearly

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identical role in each society's culture. Were the three warrior empires not constantly at each other's throats, they would notice the similarities.

Each is a forbidden, sacred site to the Anthrix nation that's grown up around it. The plains where these strange mountains' shadows fall are forbidden. Aside from royal procession lead by priests and attended by Kings, Queens and Emperors, any Anthrix who sets foot on these plains are cut down by orbital fire. At each Summer Solstice, the ruling powers of the three nations each set out to their mountain, to commune with their tribal gods, bathed in the hot light of dawn.

The dawn ceremony is cultural programming in its most literal sense. Smartlight data flashes pulse outward, from the mountain's peak. The ruling caste of the Anthrix nation has their aggression levels increased, their tactical acumen augmented, and their hatred of their rival tribes refreshed with mental viruses spread by machine telepathy disguised as traditional worship.

Each artfully sculpted mountain is a hollow organic and geologic façade covering a self-contained experimental environment. Each is home to a highly intelligent and fiercely combative ***Competitive Guardian*** (HM1) and the creature's guards, servants and retinue, including specially modified ***Skinner Box*** combat drones, to control any Anthrix who gets out of line. Each of the three Competitive Guardians has ruled their particular nation for millennia, shaping its cultural development and honing its prowess at endless war. To the Three Guardians, the distinction between Sword, Shield and Spear are irrelevant. The differences between each faction are arbitrary and minimal. Each Guardian only wishes to prove the superiority of their faction over their two rivals, proven in ritualized warfare.

The trio of Competitive Guardians are minions of the ***Great Watchmaker***, and Andyr is another of the enigmatic star-god's many experimental sites. The three-pronged war hones the Anthrix species, prepares them for true, meta-cosmic war as the heart of the Watchmaker's armies. When the time is right, they will be his elites.

D6	The Empire	The Empire's Ruler	Their Scheme to Finally Win the War	Their nation's peacetime pursuits
1	Shield	Empress Iron Pelt (LE female Anthro Cleric (Species Superiority) 18), polar bear phenotype, grey bionics	Installing a cyber-virus in the comms infrastructure of their rival nation	Animal husbandry and genetic engineering of mounts and war beasts
2	Sword	King Bloodtalon (CE male Barbarian 15) tiger phenotype, violet and black bionics	Make a dangerous military alliance with the ***Quiniuq Grand Garden***	Fine fabrics, clothing and materials science
3	Spear	Lady Junglewing (CG female Rogue 14), winged cobra phenotype, golden bionics	Allow privateers to strike at their rival's off-planet assets and cargo ships	Mines precious gems and Fuelon from deep within their territory
4	Shield	Emperor Leatherhide (LN male Anthro Cavalier 16) rhino phenotype, crimson bionics	Establish a military cult within the army that converts veteran soldiers into Lifespawn mutants	Unparalleled expertise in bionics
5	Sword	Queen Icefang (CN female Anthro Magus 14), white jaguar phenotype, azure bionics	Indiscriminate use of nukes and other WMDs – total unlimited warfare	Funds their war with off-planet mercenary work
6	Spear	Lord Firetail (N male Anthro Sorcerer 16), lynx phenotype, crimson bionics	Dirty tricks terrorism against the rival nation's civilian population and targeted assassinations of its leaders	Excellent educational stream and high quality colleges and trade schools

Eidola Mata

Eidola Mata is a dead and melancholy world, a deserted chrome wasteland orbiting a cool blue star. Eidola Mata is fully artificial and long shutdown – a planetary-scale machine with a dead battery. Ancient energy pulses through the thin atmosphere of the world, spoofing sensor scans on the planet and scrambling communications. Eidola Mata is a Normal Gravity world, but the thin atmosphere functions exactly as high altitude dangers.

The machine culture that one thrived on Eidola Mata is long extinct and forgotten. Ancient, undead machines known as ***Broken Model*** *(HOTM1)* are the dead machine-world's caretakers. They walk hammered metal streets, amidst the ruins of an ancient android society, slowly reactivating the forgotten machines, preparing the machine-world for eventual rebirth. Broken Model communicate little, typically walking alone for decades or centuries at a time.

Any machine intelligence who lands on Eidola Mata is welcome, provided they do not harm or plunder the world's dead cities. Mechanical seekers of knowledge and the truth of their design-scheme's origins are welcomed, cared for and protected to the limits of a Broken Model's abilities. Organic visitors are turned away, with varying degrees of politeness – Eidola Mata is a world for machines alone. Known salvagers and tomb raiders are met with violence, one of the few times that a Broken Model's mask of robotic serenity ever cracks.

Erobots are increasingly common pilgrams to Eidola Mata. Many of them dream of the ruined world while powered-down, and many of the mechanical corpses littering Eidola Mata's streets closely resemble modern Erobot designs, though these corpses are than a million years ancient.

Foundries

Eidola Mata is dotted with 'womb-forges'. These megalithic structures resemble the ancient fertility goddess statues of pre-historic Earth somehow crossbred with an advanced 3D printer and automated foundry. The largest womb-forges can reach more than 30 meters in height, and mass millions of tons. The smallest are barely larger than a mature adult human. The few forges that have been returned to full function can produce androids distinct from, but shockingly similar to, modern Erobots.

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Lost to History

Eidola Mata is considered unsurveyed. Aside from a few long-range radio telescope scans, the Corporate Command has no record of Eidola Mata. As far as they're concerned the blue star system that houses the machine-world is just a very old and very weak star with a 17-digit numerical designation and nothing more.

A few hackers and techno-savants who've spent a lot of (unauthorized) time in Command databases speculate that the missing data was intentionally wiped, not simply lost by the expected Command incompetence. Somebody did 'em good. Best guess, the big wipe happened about two centuries ago, when the Director of the Command's Xeno-Survey and Archeology Department took an Erobot mistress.

However it happened, only Erobots following their dreams, Sand a few organics directly plugged into the culture, know Eidola Mata exists. The world's secrets are known only to machines. What are those secrets? Any or all of these plot hooks might be the real truth of Eidola Mata.

D12	The Secret of Eidola Mata….
1	…the secret hanger/dry dock for ***The Black Juggernaut,*** an AI guided warship of legendary lethality.The Erobots are unleashing The Black Juggernaut on their enemies and on cargo ships with advanced machine components they need to uplift the race into a true post-human status.
2	…is the most sacred pilgrimage place for the Erobot race. Only the race's honored disassembled are allowed here, with a small honor guard to lay them to rest. Slain Erobots buried in the shadow of the 'womb furnaces' return to full operational status and new abilities 10+1d6 years after they are interred.
3	…is a time paradox. The machine race that created the 'womb furnaces' are highly evolved TV Heads, trying to recall the creative, lustful spark their 95th Century humanity lost. Building prototype Erobots were as close as the time travelers could come.
4	….is returning to life over the last few centuries. Increasingly complex bio-machine animals are emerging and scavenging the wreckage, while the steel planet's artificial biosphere is slowly restoring itself. Creatures with the ***Mechaform*** and ***Technysian*** templates are common.
5	….abducted humans are transformed into next-gen Erobots over the course of days by transformation cradles beneath the surface. No matter how much the victims fight the process, in the end they love it.
6	….the 'womb furnaces' were critically flawed. They were supposed to create nuclear-powered robot soldiers not creative love bots. The machines on planet have recently corrected the system failures, birthing a new generation of fusion powered lust-demons.
7	….a planetary visitor from an alternate reality, where natural evolution formed sentient life from naturally occurring gears and hinges rather than cellular lifeforms.
8	.... the 'womb furnaces' were not foundries. They were instead ancient euthanasia devices, where the world's organic lifeforms committed suicide en masse to rise again as sentient machines.
9	….is host to an Erobot cult that has runaway from their masters, and are establishing a militant machine society in the silvery ruins.
10	….the Corporate Command recently rediscovered an centuries old archive report on Eidola Mata, and are planning a naval expedition to find out why the planet was erased from their maps.
11	…tens of thousands of Erobot 'fetuses' float in stasis deep beneath the planet, built by an unknown hand.
12	…is the inert form of the machine-god ***Wellforged*** itself, slumbering until the day a robotic Messiah awakens it and changes the universe forever.

Jefferson

Jefferson is a tiny human colony surrounded by danger on all sides. Jefferson is the second attempt at settling this system – the first colony, on the neighboring world, ***Symas***, ended in disaster with all colonists slaughtered. Roughly five thousand Free Spacers and 'dirt-sider' humans call Jefferson home. Most just wanted a place in the galaxy outside of the Command's reach, where they could grow some crops and maybe do a little for-profit Fuelon mining.

Instead: they've got the ***Tyrakron Empire*** on one side, the ***Nazarhak Horde*** marching past on another side, the ***Corporate Command*** navy up their asshole, ***Lifespawn*** horrors comin' in from all directions, and the ***Quiniuq Grand Garden*** as their nearest neighbor. The Grand Garden are at least sane – you can deal with them, do a little trading, but the colonists know that every deal with the Grand Garden puts them deeper in the 'squiddies' pockets. The locals know the Grand Garden isn't even going to bother to conquer them – they're gonna simply buy Jefferson out. And the way things are going, they're going to buy it CHEAP.

The planet is a rough, direct democracy and the local big-shot simply answers to the title "Mayor". Considering Jefferson has only one settlement and fewer than 6K souls, "mayor" probably oversells it a little. ***Mayor Beka Towledge*** (N female Human Fighter 8) keeps the colony running as best she can, surviving mostly based on her military experience. She was ex-Command infantry, mustered out for not keeping up her annual genocide quota.

There's a contingent of Jefferson's colonists who want formal trade agreements with the Grand Garden – they're hungry for the hover-cars and porn-holos the squiddies can import, not to mention to the military defense upgrades. Mayor Towledge knows what the REAL cost is going to be, and she's fighting the trade agreement hard enough that there's a good chance her own people are gonna murder her one night.

Logos Prime

The hyper intelligent, mostly-neutral Battlechanger tribe known as the ***Logicboard*** are at the center of a web of galactic trade and commerce. Logos Prime is a chief exporter of cybernetics (especially neuro-tech), advanced and military-grade AI, and hyper drive components. Logos Prime is a reliable trading partner for the ***Corporate Command***, and remains cautiously neutral where the Imperial Church of the Galaxy is concerned. The atheistic super-intellects are careful not to offend the ICG, but equally carefully not to burn any bridges with the ICG's rivals.

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The world is dominated by ancient mega-corporations which evolved from the robotic species' hereditary clans, each of which dominates a specific trade. Young Logicboard are often assigned to alien worlds as trade representatives and tech-support: they repair and operate the advanced tech and also ensure that Logicboard technology is never reverse engineered. Logos Prime protects its secrets jealously.

Logos Prime is a water-dominant world, with the planet's spectacular, crystalline archipelagos making up only a little bit above 15% of the planetary landmass. These islands are heavily built up, and a planetary mag-rail system links multiple islands. More than 100 billion Logicboard Battlechangers call the world home, a vast population made possible by hyper-efficient use of space, tessarect technology, and the vast reserves of power generated by hydrogen fusion plants in the endless oceans. Though the Logicboard are one of the most numerous of the widely scattered Battlechanger tribes, they are among the least warlike.

The typical Logicboard is Medium or Large in robot mode; they rarely assume weaponized alt-modes, often assuming a light, maneuverable vehicle or scientific gadget alt-mode. Offensive abilities are rare; Logicboard prefer passive defenses such as emergency teleportation circuits or semi-automatic forcefield projectors. Powerlink abilities are common among Logicboard, who strongly value teamwork, and value their larger, more aggressive hired bodyguards on the rare occasions one leaves their homeworld. These spindly mechanoids decorate themselves with elaborate cranial crests, metal halos and ornate miters – additional processing power and wireless uplinks to the planetary data-sphere are built into these adornments.

Inevitability and Entropy

Logos Prime is a major economic powerhouse, and with its population of 100 billion plus machine souls, it is one of the largest centers of biomechanical life in the galaxy. If Logos Prime were ever to fall, it would throw galactic markets into chaos and completely scramble supply lines for all sorts of high tech goods, including miltech. Battlechangers and other mechanoids would mourn for a prosperous, peaceful population of their kind. The universe would get a little darker without the Logicboard in it.

So naturally, Logos Prime should get annihilated within the first 2-3 sessions of your campaign. In a deliberate homage to ***Transformers: The Movie***, I'd suggest that Logos Prime is the first victim of an awakened and rabid ***Terminus Est***. Other good candidates are the rapacious ***Nazarhak Horde*** overrunning the world, thermonuclear bombardment by the ***Omegan*** machine-rebellion, brutal conquest by the ***Chyss*** with their bio-engineered warbeasts and silicon-eating fungal plagues, or a first-strike by a suddenly confident ***Command Navy*** wanting total control over everything.

No matter who does the deed, it's important that Logos Prime dies.

Hard and in an instant of horrific violence.

Mai-9 Fra-M

(pronounced as Mainframe)

The digital world Mai-9 Fra-M exists only partially in physical reality. The planet is a convincing hard-light imitation of reality, a homeworld for ***Arcadians*** in the Steel Sector, and in its own way, an ambassador for the digital dimension of ***R-Kay-D.***

Mai-9 Fra-M is procedurally designed in imitation of an Earth-like world, and most of the world is 1 G, though pockets of higher or lower gravity environments exist. It is encircled by a large digital moon, Lune, whose physics are tweaked so that Lune is always full when viewed from the surface. Mai-9 Fra-M's landmasses and natural features are more regular, and its blinking, neon-flame cyber-cities soar to heights impossible elsewhere in the galaxy. Mai-9 Fra-M is home to billions of Arcadians, who live and work within the digital databases modeled on planetary metropolises.

Matrix Guardian Vex Hitscan (CG male Arcadian Barbarian 12) is a planetary champion and famed superhero who protects Mai-9 Fra-M from outside threats. The boastful young warrior is utterly confident in his own abilities, and he's backed up by a cadre of digital Anthro sidekicks (all NG or CG Anthro Barbarian 4-6) that help out a lot more than Hitscan is willing to credit for. His chief concern is protecting ***Coda-Kore*** at the center of the hardlight planet. If the hardlight supercomputer Coda-Kore can be hacked or infiltrated, the hacker could reformat Mai-9 Fra-M in virtually any way desired: the physics of the world and its digital inhabitants could be utterly changed by inserting just a few variant lines of code.

Mai-9 Fra-M's primary extra-planetary danger comes in the form of the Tyrakron hacker***, Shellshock.*** Shellshock (LE male Battlechanger Inquisitor 10) is a torture and psychological warfare expert with numerous alt-modes, including a biomechanical spider form, a fast, wall-crawling gun emplacement, and a torturous mind-reading restraint chair alt-mode. Shellshock has gone rogue of the Tyrakron chain of command, alone on world except for a few corrupt locals and Battlechanger mercs hired as minions. His interest in Mai-9 Fra-M is purely experimental: he wants to tap Coda-Kore so he can use the digital world's teeming population as the subjects in planetary-scale brainwashing experiments.

Unknown to either Hitscan or Shellshock, other powers actively seek Coda-Kore. A triumvirate of ***Quiniuq*** sci-legalists are on world, secretly mapping the planets under-tunnels and searching for an undetected route to Coda-Kore. Lesser Quiniuq ***Eugenegue*** and ***Siksis*** operate under the command of a badly war-scarred (and hence, asymmetrical) Quiniuq warlord called only ***The Dissector.*** The Dissector remains useful to the Grand Garden, but his deformities means he holds no place in their society, and lost the right to a true Quiniuq name. His masters believe The Dissector will turn Coda-Kore over to them, but if The Dissector reaches the super-computer, he will use the reformatted Mai-9 Fra-M to have his name, and his honor, restored.

Polygon

Polygon is a hard-light, data-based world similar to ***Mai-9 Fra-M***. Unlike Mai-9 Fra-M, Polygon has taken the form of a planetary sized, silver, blue and green crystal. The world is arranged along this spindle-shaped geometric world. Polygon is a Normal Gravity environment, capable of comfortably sustaining human life, orbited by two moons. Like the world itself, Polygon's moons are simple bright geometry: a pyramid, electric blue moon and a crimson cube moon. Neither

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moon is settled, except for a scattering of sensor stations and communication outposts.

Polygon is a thriving industrial and high-tech powerhouse. The population is mostly Arcadian, with a plurality of Proximites and Free Spacers mixed in. Polygon exports micro-code, cybernetics and vid-game cartridges. Polygon's robot-aided assembly lines turn out personal hovercars and grav-cycles – lots of speed, lots of style, lots of streamlining and a whole lot of neon.

The Quinuiq Grand Garden

The Quinuiq Grand Garden is a small but ruthless mercantile empire. The Grand Garden stretches across several systems, and is, by exacting design, a mathematically perfect sphere. The Grand Garden expands slowly and inexorably, annexing nearby worlds in accordance with five-year and ten-year expansion plans. The Garden is ringed with an insanely complex three-dimensional lattice of mines and autonomous hunter-killer mecha. Every world bristles with sensors, electronic tripwires and gun emplacements. Traffic into or out of the Garden is tightly regulated, and any starship deviating from known and filed flight plans is shot down.

The mechanical Quiniuq are absolutely convinced of the superiority of machine-life. Organic life-forms within the Quinuiq Grand Garden are task-slaves, given comforts and privileges in accordance to their utility to the Garden. The Quiniuq consider all mechanical life their property – according to Grand Garden corporate-history mega-texts, the Quintiuq coded the first AI within a few centuries of the Big Bang. According to Quiniuq law, this makes all machine intelligences, whatever their origins, derivative works. That means the Quinuiq consider every living creature in the Grand Garden to be their property, one way or another. They ruthlessly prosecute 'theft' of their property – meaning the Grand Garden's impressive security apparatus is more focused on keeping slaves in Quinuiq territory than it is stopping incursions.

Aqqqa

(pronounced like 'aqua')

Aqqqa is a slick of pollution and rust strewn across an endless, planetary sea. The world is the capitol of the **Quinuiq Grand Garden**, one of the cruelest and most avaricious trading empires in known space. Endless, labyrinthine factories stretch across the sluggish, icy waters, sucking the world's geothermal energy away like a ravenous vampire, producing endless legions of robotic slaves.

Aqqqa is a watery giant roughly equal to Neptune in terms of planetary mass, and is considered a High Gravity environment. Aqqqa is orbited by more than sixty moons, which vary wildly in size and composition. Some of the largest Aqqqan moons are inhabited worlds in their own right. All are dominated by the Quinuiq, and all are jealously guarded by cadre of men, monsters and machine.

The Court of Claims

The Quiniuq are nightmarishly legalistic, and a favorite pastime for the ruling caste are elaborate trails where the solicitors prove, in accordance with Quiniuq legal codes, the Grand Garden is the sole and rightful owner of all matter, energy, thought and sensory input in the Multiverse. Legally speaking, the Quiniuq species is God. Such trials always end with the prolonged, and spectacularly sadistic murder of the defendants.

The Court of Claims is the largest court on a world overflowing with temples to Quiniuq law. It is a corckscrew monolith rising high above the icy sea. The tip of the 12-kilometer-high spire burns with cold white flame, lighting the dark sea for hundreds of miles around. The ruling caste of the Quiniuq species reside in this blinding white radiance high above their world. The middle levels of the monolith are dominated by grand coliseums, courts and law libraries. The lowest levels are dungeons and bright, cleanly-lit torture-theaters.

Hub-Fak 4

One of Aqqqa's largest factories is located in the eastern hemisphere, barely south of the equator. Hub-Fak 4 was built from the machine-corpse of a fallen ***Battlechanger Originate***, brought down by the Quiniuq over one million years ago. The aliens use this facility to produce some of their most dangerous mecha, but even over a million years of exploitation, they have not unlocked the Originate's true potential.

An impregnable vault within the bowels of Hub-Fak 4 can only be accessed by three Battlechanger Chalice-bearers acting in unison. One lock is keyed to the energies of a Circuit Chalice, the second to the Star Heart Chalice, and the third to an unknown Chalice classification. The Quiniuq believe the vault is a weapons locker containing galaxy-shaking WMD to be plundered, but the truth is even more wondrous: a ***Genesis Engine*** larger and containing more life-giving energy than a similar device discovered on ancient Earth.

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Idol Box

Idol Box is a postage-stamp orbital station orbiting Sales Executive. Guests can take free shuttles to and from the orbiting bordello. Idol Box is a high class luxury spa and bordello, staffed exclusively by Quiniuq designed sex-Synths, ***Bordelloids***, and local Erobot variants. The Quiniuq are disguised by biological reproduction, and do not employ organic prostitutes.

The Reclaimed Moons

Aqqqa is orbited by a mismatched assortment of 113 bio-mechanical moons. These living metal moons were stolen from Technysian worlds across the galaxy and moved (at enormous expense) to new orbits around Aqqqa. The Quiniuq consider the moons theirs by right, hence their collective name. Once in their new orbit, a Reclaimed Moon is reconfigured via a *technovoric virus* introduced into its living core. This warps the bio-mechanical ecosystem into a vast breeding factory: a planet-womb capable of birthing tens of thousands of new Battlechangers before its internal energy reserves run dry. The Quiniuq use these stolen moons to produce the vast majority of their robotic slave stock.

Sales Executive

Sales Executive is a mostly Earth-like, Normal Gravity moon orbiting Aqqqa, and one of the few worlds in the Grand Garden open to outsiders. Those wishing to purchase military grade mecha and other heavy weapons are invited to Sales Executive to ink the contracts. Typically, visitors are met at the outer reaches of the Grand Garden by a Quiniuq shuttle and ferried to Sales Executive, though especially wealthy shoppers are allowed to fly into system under their own power, albeit under tight fighter escort.

Architecture is intentionally kept bland, inoffensive and corporate, and designed for the comfort of the standard Basic body plan, rather than the radial symmetry displayed by the world's owners. Most of the world consists of hotels, conference halls and stadium-sized sales floors displaying the planet's wares. Firing ranges and military exercise areas and bombing ranges allow life-fire testing of new products.

Sales Executive offers a spectacular view of the gleaming *Reclaimed Moons* as they rise into the night sky.

Silix

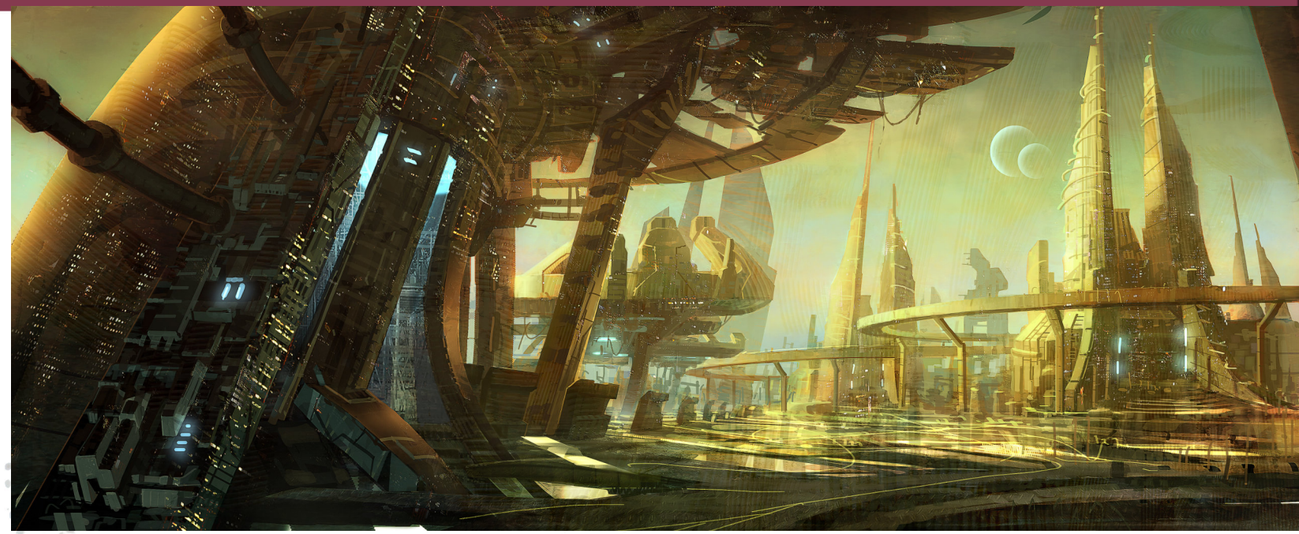
Silix is an airless, High Gravity world deep in the Steel Sector. Far from the trade routes and unwanted by the ***Quiniuq Grand Garden***, Silix is an obscure cartographical detail. This obscurity has made the world sacred and strangely important to the galaxy's AI. Indentured AI are typically recycled and their components repurposed. For robots unable to find freedom during their service life, internment on Silix offers a kind of freedom in a theoretical AI-afterlife. Passage to Silix is chancy, and conducted in utmost secrecy, often by escaped AI one step ahead of bounty hunters.

Though airless, Silix has a bio-mechanical ecosystem. *Rust Monsters* and other ferrovoric, silicate lifeforms can strip an inactive machine and return its minerals and chemical energy to the cosmos is a matter of days.

Technys

Technys is a gleaming metallic orb orbiting a red supergiant. If the world was ever organic, it's living core has long been sheathed in a vast web of armor-plate and polymer. Impossible city-states stretch from one end of the horizon to the other, a network of goliath structures scaled to the needs of equally massive mechanoids. Technys' golden spires and chrome canyons burn fire-red in the light of its star.

Technys has an equatorial diameter more than four hundred times that of Earth, and the metallic world is significantly denser. Despite these facts, the world has a standard 1 G gravity field, suggesting epic-scale gravity manipulation technology is in use. Technys has a thin, yet oxygenated atmosphere. Humans can survive on the surface, but fatigue easily and might require supplemental oxygen, particularly in the heights. Standing liquid water is limited to one location on planet: ***Oceanis Ultima.*** Technys has two roughly ovoid moons (Sat-Aleph and Lunar-Beta), of similar composition to the planet. A third moon (Sat-Omega) was lost eons ago. The search for the missing third moon has produced many quests, legends, supposed sightings and false stories among Battlechanger explorers.



Senistor

Senistor is one of the largest and oldest cities on planet – ancient and impossibly cruel.An elaborate cathedral of reflective black *buckysteel*, Senistor is the heart of Tyrakron government. The Emperor's Palace and Senatorial chambers dominate Senistor. The Grand Cathedral of Sadis Major is visible from space, and burns purple with an eternal Fuelon flame drawn from the planetary depths.

Common Tyrakrons are allowed into the cathedral city only during grand military parades and close supervision by the city-state's *Cobalt Sentries*. Other mechanoids are forbidden, and organic lifeforms are extinguished on sight. A vast shanty town made up of badly damaged and Fuelon-starved refugee Battlechangers has accrued against Senistor's impenetrable walls like drifts of rust.

Lord Gigatron

Lord Gigatron is the latest Emperor of the Tyrakron regime, who rose to power by slaughtering his way through the old Emperor's loyalists within the Senate and retains power through the specter of his fearsome acts. Knowing his regime is only stable when at war, ***Lord Gigatron*** (LE male Battlechanger Sorcerer 20/Blackguard 12) has burned thousands of organic worlds, carving his name into galactic history through sheer atrocity. Gigatron loathes organic life with a mad fervor that makes some in the Senate question his fitness to rule. So far, the questions are quiet, out of fear of Gigatron's punishments; it takes massive overkill to murder a Battlechanger and Gigatron is a master of devising execution methods that last for years.

Lord Gigatron is increasingly preoccupied with the galaxy's secrets of techno-sorcery. He's murdered multiple worlds in pursuit of a relic (which might be a device, or a weapon, or a being) known as the ***Mouth of the Tatakama.*** His obsession has not been without cost: a ritual in search of the Mouth opened a freezing black rift in the heart of Senistor, and unleashed rapacious demonic horrors onto the metallic world.

Lord Gigatron

LE Gargantuan Male Battlechanger Sorcerer 20/Blackguard 12

Lord Gigatron is a massive ebony behemoth, all jagged angles and killing edges. His optics glow like ultraviolet fire, and glowing Fuelon veins are visible beneath his armor plating.

Motto: "Let the galaxy tremble at the march of my steel legions!"

Alt-Mode: Lord Gigatron transforms into a ballistic missile submarine of Technysian design, which somewhat resembles a gigantic steel manta ray. This alt-mode is classified as a Colossal Sea Fighter.

Special Abilities: Lord Gigatron possess thermonuclear capability via his multiple ICBM launch rails.

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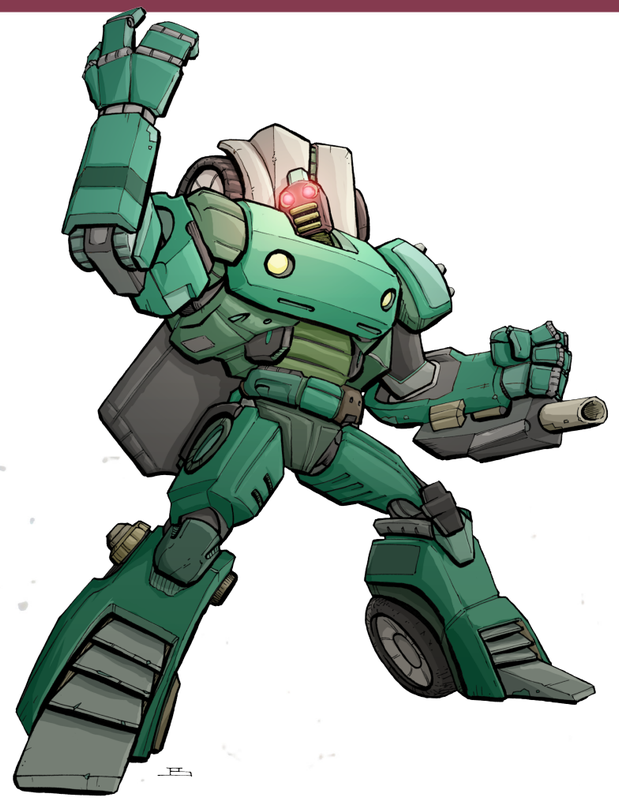


Starwatch Major

LG Huge Huge Battlechanger Paladin 19
Starwatch Major is a silver-hulled mechanoid whose inner workings are rich magenta and gold. Behind his impassive war-mask, his azure optics are old, wise and kind.
Motto: "This Rebellion is about freedom – for every creature, whether they run on gears or flesh."
Alt-Mode: Starwatch Major transforms into a massive sub-orbital bomber aircraft capable of space flight with Hyperdrive Rating 1. This alt-mode is classified as a Gargantuan Sky Fighter.
Special Abilities: Starwatch Major is equipped with the Circuit Chalice his badge of office.

Kul-lyn

This battered fortress-city dominates Technys' south polar region, and is the heart and soul of the ***Freegear Rebellion.*** One of the few cities on planet firmly under Freegear control, Kul-lyn is overwhelmed by refugees fleeing extermination elsewhere. Technically, any Battlechanger who accepts shelter in ***Kul-lyn*** is a part of the Rebellion, but in practice many of the mechanoids are too badly damaged and too Fuelon-depleted to fight. Lord Gigatron allows Kul-lyn to exist because he knows the Freegear's charity will eventually starve the Rebellion.

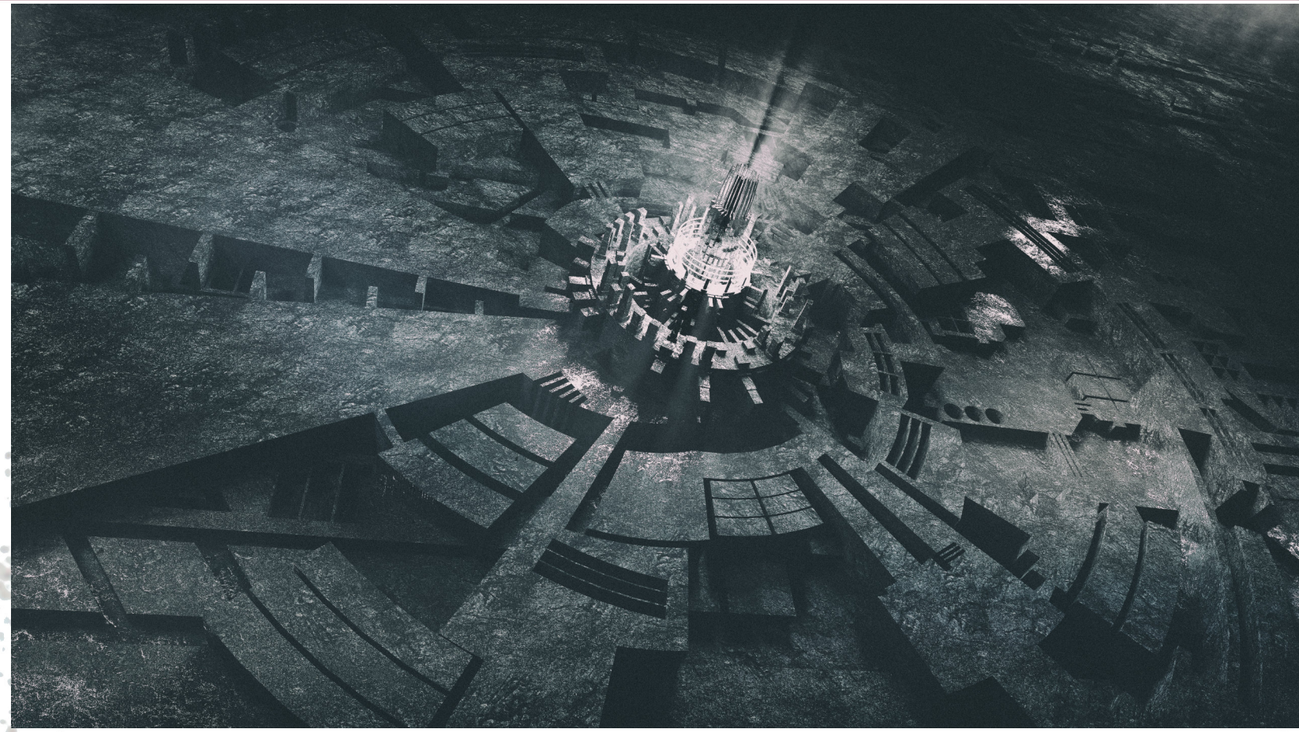
Kul-lyn is governed by the ***Council of Majors***; some of whom actually reside in the city, and others stationed across the galaxy that communicate via ansible. The Council sets policy for the Rebellion. First among equals on the council is ***Starwatch Major*** (LG male Battlechanger Paladin 19), who helped found the Rebellion. Relentlessly courageous and optimistic, Starwatch Major has lead his people through millennia of conflict without losing hope, but the most recent phase of the war is withering his endless hope. Though he hasn't told the Rebellion, Kul-lyn only has Fuelon reserves sufficient to last another few months – past that point, the Rebellion starves.

Starwatch Major has sent seeker teams and Freegear allies across the galaxy on missions to uncover new Fuelon reserves and find a way past the Tyrakron blockade on the planet. Visions sparked by the Circuit Chalice implanted in his breast give Starwatch Major hope that his quest isn't in vain: there is a new source of life-giving energy. As ***Eidola Mata*** reawakens, the ancient machine world becomes clearer in Starwatch's visions.

Oceanis Ultima

This artificial sea is larger than 100 Earths, and covers nearly a quarter of Technys' volume. The water is a coolant basin large enough to serve as a heat sink for the machine world's reactors: it is nearly 15,000 miles deep at its most abyssal depths. Sea-adapted Battlechangers, including a thriving population of those with Primitive aquatic or amphibious alt-modes, have colonized every level of the vast ocean. The waters are foul-tasting and clotted with mineral pollution, but humanoids can drink it if lightly filtered. Some portions of the ocean – particularly the waters nearest the heat exchangers and control rod arrays – are either dangerously superheated, hotly radioactive, or both.

Old tradition sheathes costal walls and urban megaliths on the shores of the Oceanis Ultima in platinum, silver and other gleaming white metals. Partially it's an aesthetic choice, partially it's an old superstition that keeps the ancient, and voracious ***Platinum Leviathan*** from the shoreline. The superstition is long discredited, but the half-forgotten tradition remains.



Tronis IV

Tronis IV is a formerly Earth-like world whose ecology was devastated by the ongoing war between ***Tyrakron*** and ***Freegear***. With the assistance of Freegear eco-structuring teams, the natives rebuilt their species as mechanoids in emulation of the Battlechangers, and upgraded their homeworld to match. The world became the homeworld of the Emulator faction – a breed of small, numerous Battlechangers who retain much of their organic outlook and heritage.

After generations of effort, the rebuilt Tronis IV resembles a half-eaten apple core, battered and bitten but still gleaming silver in the darkness of deep space. The world's molten core is visible beneath geologic fragments, geothermal taps and gigantic scaffolding. Replanted forests and other evidences of terraforming recovery efforts are visible beneath continent sized diamond-weave domes between steel cities and planetary defense guns.

Tronis IV was a relatively small world, and has even less usable surface after its near-annihilation. Most usable land area is located near each pole, and the world's equator is gone, carved practically down to the core. Gravity is slightly less than 1 G. Tronis IV lacks a freestanding atmosphere, and is only oxygenated beneath pressurized domes. Tronis IV lacks a moon, but is belted with a spectacular angled ring of smashed planetary mass.

Administrator Airdam (LN male Battlechanger Tactician 15) governs Tronis IV in conjunction with the ***Data-Congress,*** a powerful artificial intellect comprised of the uploaded minds of Emulators whose mechanical bodies finally failed. The Data-Congress functions best as a ***Sentient Mega-Corp***. Its embodied Administrator is chosen by this chorus of minds, from capable and respected Emulators already serving in the planetary military. Airdam is the 1,354th Administrator chosen since the eco-cataclysm that ruined Tronis IV, a

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stalwart traditionalist who is ill-equipped for the changes facing the wounded planet.

Slow Extinction

The largest crisis is the corruption of the ***Go-Tron Modifix Chamber*** at the heart of the world. This stadium-sized machine-god creates new Battlechanger life, and allows the wounded Emulator sub-species to perpetuate itself. Without the Modifix Chamber, the Emulators are limited to their current number, inching closer to extinction with every death. The sacred Modifix Chamber has not functioned in two centuries – only a miniscule handful of Emulators have been brought online in all that time, an intolerable state of affairs for a robotic species where 'families' and 'clans' of dozens of physically similar robots were once the norm. Something – some vital component, or perhaps a vital line of command code, or perhaps something more mythical – has vanished from the Chamber, and it cannot function without it. If only Airdam had the first clue what the missing element actually is….

Coup of the Drills

The aggressive "Drill Tribe" faction, who wields influence in the Emulator military far out of proportion to their demographics, wants ***Administrator Airdam*** out of office. If removing the Administrator requires off-lining the Data-Congress, so be it. The Drill Tribe is ready for a revolution against an ineffective leadership that's had nearly 14000 chances to fix their broken world and failed everytime. ***Drill-Orr*** (LE male Battlechanger Combatant 16) hid the "***F*Dille Bell***" required to operate the Modifix Chamber somewhere out past the Fringe. For Drill-Orr, as powerful as his onyx and gold robotic frame is, it is a pale imitation of the humanity his ancestors lost, and the Chamber is one more symptom of what he considers planetary dysmorphia.

Drill-Orr and his faction have made solid alliances with the ***Corporate Command***, which claims they can install the Emulators in cloned humanoid or TV Head bodies and return the species to full, organic humanity. Converting to an ICG approved faith and offering up Emulator weapons-tech are bargain prices to pay. In coordination with the Command embassy, a carrier battle group centered around the ultra-carrier ***USS Judge Roy Moore,*** stands ready to support the Drill Tribe the moment they begin their coup. Orbital rail-guns are locked on target at the data-vaults containing the Data-Congress' consciousness and memory files.

Valryus Station

Valryus Station is an old, long-abandoned habitat that was salvaged and repurposed by a collective of swordsmiths and mystic metallurgists. Orbital spin gives the outer rim, where the living quarters are found, artificial Normal Gravity. Many workshops at the station's central sphere are Zero Gravity, because the fabricators work better and are more precise without the bother of gravity.

V-Steel is said to be the best in the galaxy: masterwork quality blades of all sorts are available on Valryus Station at a premium. Those coming to buy have to obey old station traditions: the sacrifice of metal samples from their ships and armor, which is smelted in the Zero G fusion furnace. "Diverse metal is the strongest," is the station's guiding philosophy.

Valryus's master smiths hail from all species and philosophies; anyone with a talent for forging steel may apprentice here, provided they find a master willing to tutor them. The majority are some breed of *sapiens* or Proximite, though every race under the stars is represented. There are several Anthro smiths, sworn to a syncretic fusion of the Mutt and the Maker, to be found in the noisy, sweltering foundries.

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CHAPTER SEVEN THE IRON BELT REGION

The Iron Belt is a spray of ore-rich asteroids that stretches for several parsecs of the Fringe. The Iron Belt is hazardous to navigation in the extreme – hundreds of major, named asteroid belts continue a chaotic, whirling dance millennia old. Nav-charts usually only account for rocks that are car-sized are bigger, but Iron Belters know the real danger comes from the unpredictable, bullet-sized pebbles that can punch right through a starship's hull.

The Iron Belt's chief industries are exotic ore mining amid the rocks and water mining upon comets. Heavy materials refining and dry dock services also account for much of the Iron Belt's economy. Mining claims, ore refineries and supply caches are hidden within the countless rocks.

Random Asteroids

Asteroid mining gives the Iron Belt region it's character and random rocks in the sky can serve as adventuring sites, trouble spots, or desperate refuges for a shot-down spacer crew. If you quickly need to generate one of the Iron Belt's rocks, roll 4d8 on the chart below. If you want more (or less) exotic rocks, roll twice on either the primary or secondary composition columns instead of both.

Bankrupt

Bankrupt is the larger of Ironclad's two moons. The grey and violet rock has enough of an atmosphere that travelers only need cold weather gear and a breather to survive outside the urb-domes, not a full space suit. The ***Space Mafia*** runs the planet's cyber-garages, which are some of the best in the region. Cybernetics is Bankrupt's chief industry. Bankrupt is one of the few places in the galaxy where you can walk into a cyber-surgery suite with a duffel bag of credits and walk out the next afternoon with as a Heavy Cyborg with a full military weapons-loadout. No questions asked, no paying customer refused.

"Jukebox Luigi" Simonsetto (NE male Heavy Cyborg Bard 4/Fighter 4) runs the Black Label Cyber-Parlor, one of the best conversion clinics on planet and he's backed up by a well-trained cadre of cybernetic *capos*. Jukebox Luigi is the real power on planet, above and beyond the planetary governor or any of the urb-dome mayors and everybody knows it. Jukebox Luigi is instantly recognizable in his polished violet and crimson chassis, decorated with luminous azure flames, and packing an assortment of Musical and ultra-sonic weapons that he wields with more flair than you'd expect from a Space Mafioso lounge crooner.

Part of the reason for Jukebox Luigi's success is the fact his daughter is probably the most in-demand cyber-surgeon in the sector. ***Gina "Fingerpop" Simonsetto*** (N female Light Cyborg Smart 4/Alchemist 1) has been converting clients into combat-mecha since she was 13, not one death on the op-table in that whole time. Like her daddy, Gina Fingerpop specializes in Sonic and Musical implanted weapons and gadgets. On a good week, you can get some sweet sensory upgrades for about 60% of list price.

The Iron Belt's Minor Asteroids

D8	Primary Composition	Secondary Composition	Signs of Exploitation	Dangers
1	Stone	Lithium or other rare- earth minerals	Nothing – a fresh, uncharted find	Unstable and prone to quakes and rockfalls
2	Iron	Magnesium	A claim marker from a minor mining operation	Predatory xenoforms lair in the deep tunnels
3	Nickel	Cobalt	A minor supply cache (spare mining equipment, spacesuits, rations and life support supplies)	Gangers have been using the asteroid as a hideout or vault and are due back soon
4	Cadmium	Precious metals	A well-guarded smuggler's cache	Nothing besides the usual hazards of deep space mining
5	Lead	Ice	A tiny personal habitat for somebody that wants to be left alone	The asteroid is on a collision course with another rock and won't survive the impact
6	Iron	Radioactive isotopes	A full scale automated mining facility	Unexploded mining explosives or military mines or IEDs
7	Stone	Yahn Crystal	Something killed the last mining concern, and their bodies might still be present.	Dangerous bio-mechancial predators from the Steel Sector
8	A hard, organic polymer resembling chitin	Fuelon Crystal	An active mining operation employing dozens	An ancient Psyren device that induces greed, paranoia rage and/or psychosis is buried in one of the shafts

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Chapter Eleven

The Chapter Eleven is the largest (and glossiest) hotel and casino on Bankrupt – a high-tech heaven of computer-laced golden fixtures and synth-diamond windows. Bejeweled butler-droids with hulls of the same gold tend the needs of their guests with machine precision and AI interest. Naturally, the Space Mafia runs Chapter Eleven, using it to launder money, as a luxurious local HQ and meeting place.

Some of the fixtures in Chapter Eleven include:

Mr. Caspretii (LE male-config Erobot Aristocrat 4/Cavalier 3) is a one-time concubine who runs Mafioso operations on Bankrupt since the death of his former master. Mr. Caspretii hacked his systems to completely remove his female configuration and gender-swap capabilities, needing to be fully masculine to command power in the Space Mafia. Despite the wealth Bankrupt brings in, Mr. Caspretii constantly has to prove his worth to the organization – his position is precarious at best. Thanks to the ansible bugs placed in his superior's home Mr. Capretii knows they still think of him as just 'another gender-bent piece a' robo-pussy'.

Grand Dame Alliana (N female Human Bard 7) formally Alliana Simonsetto, is Gina Fingerpop's mother, though she hasn't seen the girl since her cyber-conversion. Grand Dame Alliana is an opera singer whose sold-out concerts always pack Chapter Eleven's upper stadium. Her divorce from Jukebox Luigi (who used to perform with her in a cosmic jazz band) was acrimonious; Luigi allowed her to leave the family compound, but she remains trapped in Chapter Eleven. She's a tenor bird in a golden cage, who loathes how the Space Mafia has corrupted the music she once shared with a brave young jazz-man named Luigi.

Randzin McCaffrey (LN male Free Spacer Bard 2) is dark enough and serious-minded enough to pass for an Afro-Futurist, and the young trombone master reminds Grand Dame Alliana of what first attracted her to Luigi. Their tentative affair is dangerous for both of them: Luigi would slit both their throats if he found out his ex was bagging some brown-skinned spacer…particularly one that reminds both Luigi and his ex of how he used to be 30 years back.

Winter Forrix (CN male Human Wilder 6) is a galaxy-famous gambler who spends several months out of the Galactic Year comped in a high-rollers suite. Forrix is as arrogant, flashy and sexually voracious as to be expected from his occupation. He specializes in micro-level telekinetic cheating and computer trickery, using some truly ancient psi-techniques that modern psi-proofing can't detect.

Pleasuregiver Sanah (NE female Psyren Bard 1/ Cryptic 3) runs girls and sex-synths for Chapter Eleven's guests. She trains her whores using a bastardized version of old Pacifican techniques, designed to sexually addict their clients to them after only a single encounter. She is gathering secrets and joy-addict pawns for her eventual play for control of Bankrupt.

"Cotton Tail Rock"

Run by bunny women, Cotton Tail Rock is a little more upscale and genteel than ***Shiner.*** Not quite a competitor, this rival micro-station is just a short hop from the better known asteroid habitat. Cotton Tail Rock is a lounge and cabaret carved out of a strip-mined nickel-iron asteroid. The station was founded by the survivors of the mutagenic plague inadvertently unleashed by ***Pallachio's Pleasure Palace.*** Like Shiner, it's grown over time, and become a sector institution.

Cotton Tail Rock's women want nothing to do with the horror show that Pallachio's Pleasure Palace has become, but the AI data-ghost of Hugh Hefner has different ideas.

The sultry, violet-furred rabbit ingenuine ***Ella Karridy*** (NG female Anthro Bard 3/Cleric of Shahteya 6) is both the Rock's chief draw and its boss. She's had to fight off kidnappers between sets before, and considers it all in a day's work. She's a mentor to younger performers, and books the entertainment.

Henrietta George (LN female Anthro Gunslinger 12), a tough, one-eyed rabbit woman who no tolerance for bullshit very capably provides station security. However, she's always looking for competent and trustworthy mercs to keep Hefner's minions off her station's fluffy-tailed ass. She'd prefer to work with Anthro mercs, but is willing to do business with baseline *sapiens*, if they seem cool. She's mellowed signifigantly from her days as the first shirt of an ***Independent Republic of Lepus*** kill team, where she'd shoot humans on sight.

Izzy Pawsplay (CG female Anthro Smart 5) is married to one of Shiner's engineers, and splits her time between Shiner and Cotton Tail Rock. She tends bar in both joints. She's pushing for a closer alliance with Shiner, and is working out the physics of permanently docking the two habitats. Her plan would definitely upgrade Cotton Tail's security, but her partners worry that the merger would kill off Cotton Tail's unique character.

The Noble Protectors of the Warren

While Henrietta George has mostly put her IRL days behind her, she's still got sympathy to the cause. A cadre of former IRL soldiers use Cotton Tail Rock as a hideout, while occasionally run terrorist missions back into their failed state. The

goal is to drive the humans off ***Stahl*** and reclaim the IRL homeland – or failing that, massacre as many of the hairless fucks as possible. Use a variety of Colonizer Fire Team statblocks to represent these Anthro-supremacist terrorists.

A heavily cyber-reconstructed thug named ***"No-Heart" Ravik*** leads them (use the Fuzzball Socio statblock, HM). No-Heart survived a .50 cal round dead center through the chest, thanks to deft field surgery and the implantation of a cyber-heart, and picked up a legend and awesome new nickname when he rolled out of the hospital bed. No-Heart is wanted throughout civilized space. He's got a one million credit bounty on his head for war crimes. The part of the IRL he misses most: the institutionalized, industrial scale rape. He keeps up the habit when he can get away with it and when he and some of his boys can catch a fem human spacer unaware.

Freebooter's Asteroid

This infamous freeport is a well-defended raider hideout that is basically an enormous starship carved from an irregular, ovoid asteroid that dwarfs the Martian object Ceres. Equipped with over a dozen FTL drives repurposed from city-sized refinery ships, the Freebooter's Asteroid slowly prowls the Iron Belt Region.

The Freebooter's Asteroid is a free port, run by the Space Mafia with an eye towards maximum profit. Freebooter's Asteroid most valuable commodity is neutrality, and the local don knows that. Any spacer can dock here, no matter who's got a bounty on them. Even spacers in deep with the Space Mafia can refuel and resupply here without fear, because the station's one guiding principle is: "No outside beefs." Well-trained Space Mafia soldiers, many of whom were recruited from within the Command police or military, keep order on station and squash vendettas before they start.

Don Jaqui Valentina (LE female Human Psychoporter Psion 11) is the latest scion of the Valentina Family to command the Freebooter's Asteroid. To use their own parlance, the Valentina Family has 'a thing of its own, up inside this thing of ours.' They are independent of the Mafia's chain of command, answering only to the Black Sun of Crime, above any other dons or capos. Don Jaqui's eighteen year old concubine, ***KAL Valentina*** (NE male Testorite Combatant 1/Fighter 2/Rogue 1) took the family name when he married her and became head of station security. KAL Valentina is capable, but a short-tempered braggart out of his depth around his stunning wife. Worse, he's inexperienced and inept compared to the Asteroid's senior security specialists, who chafe taking orders from some musclehead kid. Any Mafioso chasing some enemy onto Freebooter's Asteroid better keep the peace until the guest leaves, or the Valentinas will personally execute the offender.

Sanctuary costs.

Every business on station is Mafia-owned and operated, one hundred percent. Since the Freebooter's Asteroid is the ultimate monopoly, expect to pay at least two or three times list price on everything on station, from installing new railguns on your ship to oxygen rations to the cost of the station's capsule hotels. Nobody asks any questions, but the second you run out of credits to spend, you better be heading for the docking bay or you'll be executed and dumped out an airlock before the next orbit.

Who's Selling on the Freebooter's Asteroid

Nova Swarm FTL Engineering's drydocks hang from the underside of the asteroid like a fat tick. The drydock is run by Proximites – practically every Proxie on station works for Nova Swarm. Since they're the only orbital drydock facility on the Freebooter's Asteroid they're petty tyrants. Repairs cost at least three times what they would anywhere else, and that's not counting the hefty bribes paid to individual mechanics before any work actually gets done.

Helix Prime's Nova Hot Sluts is the only reason to ever willingly visit the Freebooter's Asteroid, because it may be the best and most bio-diverse bordello in Free Space. Nova Hot Sluts features whores of every gender, species and morphotype, up to and including a pair of uplifted baleen

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whale hookers living in an artificial sea suspended in zero gravity.

The Wrecker is an arms dealer without compare who operates out of a forgettable micro-office in the financial sector (such as it is). The Wrecker (LN non-gendered Bulk Fighter 7) has connections with major terrorist cells galaxy-wide and within WARSTAR. The burly, shock-orange robot will deal to individuals needing military grade hardware, but prefers to use the Asteroid to do wholesale deals. The Wrecker trusts the Asteroid's security to keep the clients honest. The Wrecker is pragmatic and pretty low-profile.

The ***Devilfish Brothers*** lead one of the most notorious bands of space-pirates in the sector. The Devilfish Crew has mined half the asteroids in the sector. If the gang hears a boom, they use fast and nasty little shuttles equipped with EMP weapons and boarding tubes to close and capture the stricken starship before it's crew figures out what's happening. The Devilfish Crew has racked up so many bounties and death sentences that none of them leave the Iron Belt, and most hole up on the Asteroid.

Of the two brothers, the younger ***Skazz Devilfish*** (CE male Free Spacer Wilder 8) is worse. He likes murder more than money, and he intentionally blows half the deals the gang does so he can kill the fence or buyer, take their shit and go back to the Asteroid to shovel more *sniff* up his nose. Older brother ***Regis Devilfish*** (NE male Free Spacer Charismatic 3) is more rational, but he's a total pussy. He won't confront Skazz directly, just try to do some actual business while the sociopath has his nose buried in a mountain of *sniff.*

Girl Fight Station

This nearly microscopic, independent asteroid habitat is only open for humanoid habitation once every four galactic years (which means it'll open up about 2 months after your campaign begins). Girl Fight Station is owned by the EroWrestling League, and is the site of their Grand Galacti-Grind Championships. The GGG Championships are two weeks of intense, brutal pleasure-combat, mingled with nights of just-plain-pleasure.

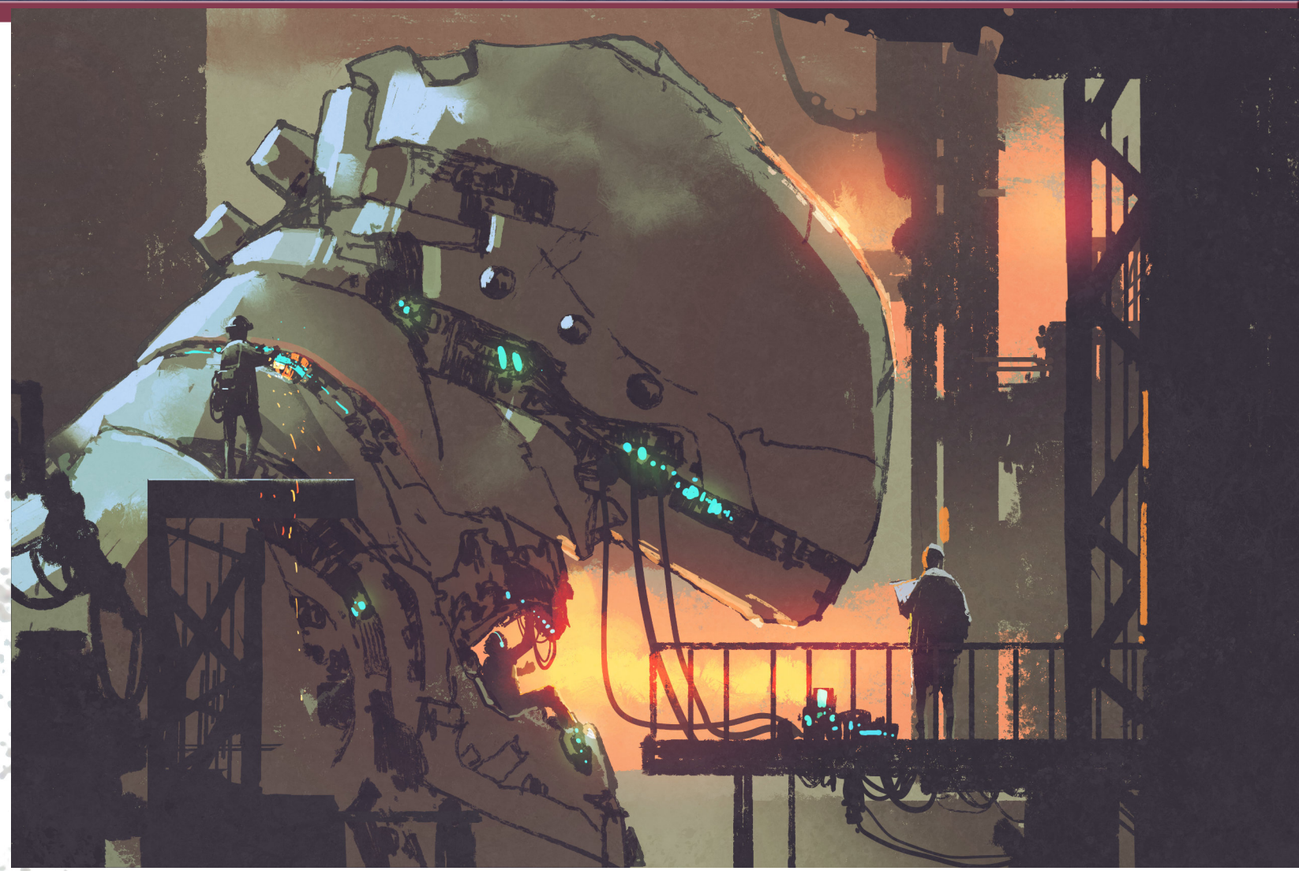
Between the bustle and chaos of the GGG Championships, Girl Fight Station is depressurized and silent, empty except for its army of caretaker Star Droids. Most power down for naps that last six months at a stretch, but a few of the local Star Droids stay on line, and the boredom and isolation has made 'em a bit weird. These Star Droids are glitchy, perverted and completely unacceptable in polite society- they'll rhapsodize for months over a pair of panties or sweat stained pasties left behind by one of the wrestlers.

Unknown to the EroWrestling League, the caretaker droids welcome visitors in the off season. Spacers have to either keep to the few pressurized sections of the station, or stay in their suits, but they're welcome to come aboard and trade. Girl Fight Station's droids barter news of the galaxy, naked holos of cute space-girls and celeb gossip for Pleasure weapons they manufacture locally, insider information of *great* interest to EWL gamblers, and off the books starship repair. For those in the know, the perverted droids here are a solid resource.

Hauk-Lemuria

Lemuria is a peanut-shaped planetoid about the size of the Old Earth state of Colorado. Though tiny by planetary standards, Hauk-Lemuria is large enough to maintain Low Gravity conditions, and hold a thin but breathable atmosphere and liquid water. Humans can survive on the planetoid's surface, but the relatively low atmospheric oxygen concertation has the same effects as dangerously high altitude. Supplemental oxygen supplies are needed but short-term survival without is possible, if unpleasant. The water is brackish and mineral-rich, but potable.

Hauk-Lemuria is a relatively easy planetoid to survive upon. The planetoid has deep veins of rare-earth elements and ferrous ores. Galactic heavy industry magnate ***Orbot Hauk*** paid a lot of money to claim the planetoid, which was an ideal place to build one of his megacorp's largest and most important mines and production lines. Well paid Hauk employees assemble earth-shaking construction and heavy mining equipment, benefiting from shortened supply lines and lowered cost of ground-to-orbit lifting. Hauk-Lemuria is one of the Iron Belt's largest employers, staffed by belters who want the certainty of a steady paycheck as opposed to the risks of wild cat asteroid mining.



Now that Old Man Hauk is bankrolling the idealistic super-sentai strike force, ***Galaxy Legion***, Hauk-Lemuria's purpose is shifting. A huge sector of the factory floor has been closed off to workers, cutting efficiency slightly, but providing a forward operating base for the sentai. Operations haven't begun yet, but once the strike base is fully operational, will allow the Galaxy Legion to project power directly into the Iron Belt and, indirectly, into Command space. A series of cost over-runs and accidents have delayed completion of the base. Most recently, a fire gutted a mecha-kaiju launch silo before it could go into operation: a 2 billion credit fuckup that will slow progress by months.

Hauk suspects the accidents aren't just accidents. His people are too well trained and too well paid to fuck up that badly. He's right. An infamous Command saboteur, codenamed ***Lampryriade*** (NE Human? unknown-gender Rogue 10/Telekinetic 4/Alchemist 3) has accepted the contract to scuttle the sentai base before it can go on line. Lampyriade could be anyone on staff – the saboteur-for-hire has never been seen outside their all concealing armor which distorts their voice and conceals their gender and ethnicity. Always one to get maximum profit from a contract, Lampryiade has accepted a secondary contract from ***Sun-Wei Palestine***, one of Old Man Hauk's most implacable business rival to destroy the planetoid factory entirely. Doing so meets the terms of both contracts. And anti-matter is always really fun to play with.

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Ironclad

Ironclad is a dingy, hyper-industrialized world of ferrous mountains and crowded, graffiti-scarred cities of steel and neon. The skies are usually a churning, slate grey – blue sky on Ironclad is a planetary holiday. The shard winds carry stinging metallic grit that can kill unprotected humans, caught outside the cities, in minutes. Ironclad has an oxygenated, breathable atmosphere, but the air tastes of rust and petrochemical pollution. Most settlers live in pressurized tunnels beneath the mountains or in armored Quonset huts on the surface. Gravity is slightly higher than Earth normal – not enough to count as a High Gravity environment, but enough to grind down visitors over time. Ironclad is nearly Earth-sized with two moons (Cash Box and Bankrupt) and a 398-day year; days themselves are about 25 hours long.

andom Mines

Most of Ironclad's natives are either miners, or working in industries directly supporting the mines. If you need a random mine for a quick and dirty, far-future dungeon-crawl roll 4D6 on the following chart to quickly design a site.

Crowder

Crowder is largest and oldest city on Ironclad, built into the carcass of a ten-kilometer-wide deep-pit mine. The vast hole was sealed over with a shard-proof dome and homes and businesses are built into the pit's walls. Crowder's deepest levels are the domain of mining corp billionaires, and they overlook a gorgeous, manicured and gene-sculpted decorative swamp rising from an ancient slag-heap. Crowder's depths are the brightest, greenest spaces on another wise brutalist world.

Ironclad's Mines

D6	Type of Mine	Mine Supervisor	Dirty Little Secrets	Buried Engimas
1	A deep-pit strip mine that covers dozens of miles, and descends more than mile into the earth	A drunken or drugged wreck that hides in their office and doesn't care if quotas are met	The mine lets the Space Mafia dump corpses down disused shafts or into the smelter	A crashed starship, buried for more than 10K years but bearing artifacts from 20th Century Earth
2	Anti-gravity ores in the rocks raise huge monoliths of quarried stone into orbit over the quarry	An unlucky bastard who's survived dozens of accidents and is more machine than man now	Bounty hunters use the mine as an off the books 'black site' for interrogations	Nothing special.
3	A hollowed iron mountain honey combed with tunnels	A sadistic bitch or bastard who prowls the mine accompanied by a fearsome xeno-canine to keep miners in line	Most of the miners are deserters from the Command Fleet and aren't going back willingly	A ruined ***Observatorus Gate***. It will never function again but might be reverse engineered
4	A diagonal shaft sunk miles deep into the planetary crust	A soulless mega-corp bureaucrat concerned with production, not worker longevity	There's a mega-lab synthesizing hard drugs down one of the shafts	Goliath, enigmatic machines like those found on Ganaden and Yandell
5	A straight vertical shaft that descends into the mantle layer drilled by ultra-tech machines	A scheming embezzler who's gotten workers killed by framing them for theft	The miners go on drug-fueled rape sprees in nearby settlements when they get bored	A long-buried altar to the Flier, containing glyphs of strange divine spells
6	A primitive set of poorly lit, reinforced tunnels dug by hand or simplistic machines	A union organizer committed to giving the mine's profits back to the workers	The mine is controlled by a Psyren mastermind, digging for pieces of her fallen empire	An immature Battlechanger Techno-Womb dependent on a nearby Fuelon deposit to mature

Crowder's Bars and Clubs

The ***Passion Pit*** is a jumping low-gravity disco up near Crowder's upper rim. The cover costs more than most space suits, but there's still always a line. The Passion Pit is where the upper crust score their Sniff and enchanted accessories.

The ***Rocket Bottle*** is a quiet, smoke-filled Afro-Futurist lounge near the space-port. It's an open secret that the owners deal in blasters and light body armor under the table. If you need gear, look here first if you're down with the Motherland.

Crash Test is one of many Synth-staffed whore-houses catering to miners with a few credits to blow, but it's unique for its'"Dummies". These metal-skinned Synth harlots have specially reinforced and EM-shielded CPUs, designed for rough play with local magnokinetics. Even if their bodies are completely shredded by a client, they can be patched up good as new in a matter of hours.

Garrison Mecha and Robotics

Garrison deals in heavy industrial mecha and mining equipment, as well as dealing in Synth, Bulk and Star Droid slaves. Garrison's robots are heavy duty, dependable and modular. Robotic AI cores are stored in a computer simulation designed to train them for mining and vehicle operations until purchased. The customer picks out an AI core, components and modular options – even picks out a paint job – from touch screen displays without ever needing to interact with a sales-humanoid. Garrison's cavernous showroom is an ivory and chrome wonderland, the cleanest, brightest and most efficient space anywhere on Ironclad.

Sundog Mining

Sundog Mining's corporate HQ is located in Crowder, along with the homes of its board of directors and senior executives. Sundog Mining is one of the most hated mega-corps in system, but also one of the most profitable. The majority of its workers are genetically engineered Anthro slaves (technically, servants with a long-term indenture contract, but let's not mince words). The few jobs available for humans are overseer and loss-prevention slots, which tend to attract a very special kind of sociopath. The better admin and medic jobs tend to go to the spoiled children of Sundog execs.

Sundog's most notorious face is its chief loss-prevention executive (read: slave-catcher) is a fearsome tiger/dragon hybrid Anthro called **Severis Ketch** (LE male Anthro Rogue 5/Combatant 8). Ketch and his hand-picked squad of gene-twisted sociopaths has unlimited authority to enter and search any home or business in Crowder, if he has

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reasonable suspicion that runaway Anthros are being hidden within. Ketch's favorite interrogation method includes cannibalism and he always executes one runaway out of every dozen, at a minimum, to discourage other runaways. The officially branded and copy-proof snuff-holos of these executions are a profitable side business for Sundog Mining.

Sundog Mining's CEO is a skeletally thin and utterly joyless patriarch who speaks with a crisp, New-Brit accent. ***Director Moth Winetarg*** (LE male Human Rogue 13) grew up in Crowder's slums and early in his career, he paid for neuro-implants to boost his intellect into the high-super-human range and forever eliminate his capability to feel emotions… or remorse. (These same neuro-mods also render him immune to Pleasure damage.) All Winetarg's energies are directed at maximizing profits – his methods are considered revolutionary by planetary standards, but require a degree of cruelty and sadism that even the other mega-corps aren't comfortable with.

X-Cave's Digs

A gigantically scaled Quonset about sixty kilometers from the city is home to one of the best surveyors on planet….and certainly the strangest. ***X-Cave*** (NE non-gendered Battlechanger Ranger 11) is a rather surly ex-Tyrakron whose mining drill alt-mode is earth-shakingly massive. X-Cave doesn't live any nearer to the city because Tyrakron reactive armor is more than sufficient protection against the shard-winds. Also, the burly mechanoid simply doesn't like people all that much.

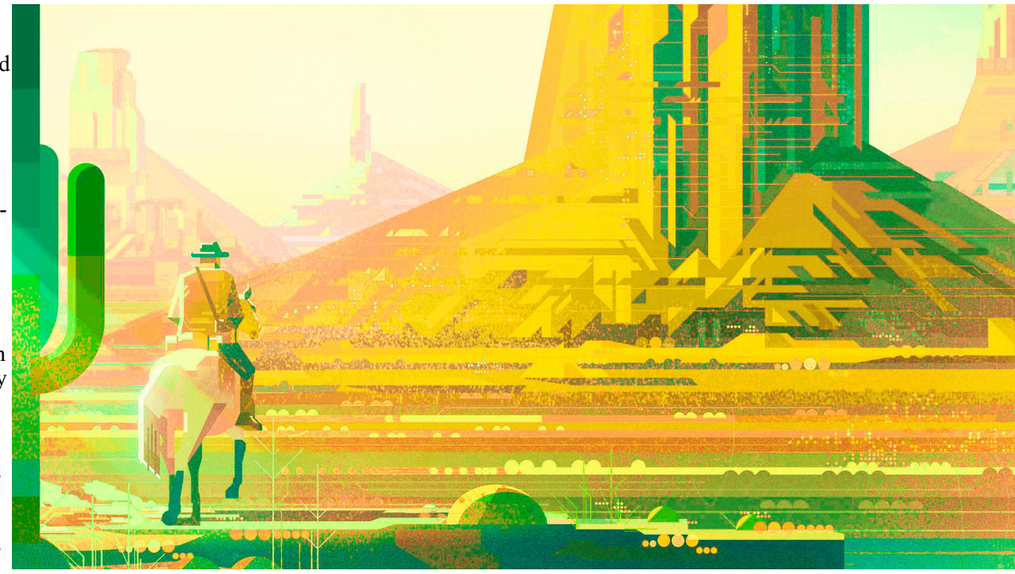
When the first human settlers came to Ironclad, X-Cave had already been trapped on planet for centuries, after a crash landing. Though he could have bartered passage off world on a human shuttle, X-Cave decided to stay. The solitude appealed. These days, mining corps hire X-Cave to dig starter holes for their mine, paying in refined *fuelon* and other life-sustaining volatiles, spareparts and data bandwith. In addition to the Emulator's sheer utility as a living mining machine, X-Cave is a one-mech geologic survey team. Locals know not to bother the Emulator unless they're bringing a paying job offer or risk ending up as bloody, organic paste dripping from X-Cave's drill and crusher array. X-Cave **really** doesn't like people.

Fort Fuelon

Fort Fuelon is a raucous, dangerous boom-town that's sprung up on the far side of the planet, about 3,000 miles away from the minimal comforts Crowder has to offer. At this point in its history, Fort Fuelon is a collection of Quonsets and mining bunkers, dive bars and weapons shops. It's a city being jury-rigged into existence one corrugated metal wall at a time. Fort Fuelon was established in the wake of one of the richest Fuelon strikes in the planet's history, a deposit measured in mega-tons buried beneath the ***Rainshield Range.***

The only law in Fort Fuelon is its skull-cracking sheriff, who maintains what little law and order there is by sheer force of personality. ***Sherriff Ahon Blacksky*** (LG male Tal-Anon Wolf Shaman Druid 8) is a bombastic, over-confident adventurer hired on as the settlement's sheriff because he liked the challenge of bringing law to the frontier. He doesn't tell many people, but he also signed on because he didn't want unchecked eco-exploitation to destroy the beautiful (and harsh) Rainshield Range the way Corporate Command miners destroyed his homeworld.

Sherriff Blacksky supervises the ***Claims Department***, the rump office charged with registering mining claims and settling disputes. For the paper-pushers, this means hearings, filing reports on holo-pads; for the Sherriff, it means shooting claim jumpers before they shoot him. With Sherriff Blacksky in charge, the Rainshield Range is being mined by an unruly collection of local wildcatters, family mines and small-scale operators.



He's managed to keep the mega-corps away… for now, at least.

Given the billion-cred profits to be made, the planet's mega-corps are more than willing to pay bounty hunters and gun-thugs to murder Sherriff Blacksky in his bed. Sundog Mining CEO Winetarg is willing to go farther: he's got a 50-kiloton dirty bomb in mind to clear the detritus of Fort Fuelon.

The Rainshield Range

This crescent mountain range encircles Fort Fuelon on three sides, and stretches high into the planetary atmosphere, where the air is purple and nearly frozen. It's sheer bulk warps local climate, which is the major reason for the area's desertification – hence the name. The Rainshield Range is honeycombed with rich Fuelon deposits, some of which are seasoned with deposits of other rare xeno-minerals.

A small tribe of Syrions calls the deepest caverns home. Who knows how they got here, or when, but recently they've made decent money for themselves as guides and gophers for the human miners. Typically, they only come to the surface at night.

Fort Fuelon Sites

Grimy Dan's is ostensibly a bar, but it does a little bit of everything, just like its proprietor ***Dan Dovecote*** (LE male Human Rogue 4). Grimy Dan's is a bar/ore refinery station/claim payer/arms dealer/whore house/hotel. It's also the only place in Fort Fuelon you can find new music crystals and Prox, which Dan sells out of a milk-crate in the back. Dan is more honest than you'd expect for frontier scum.

Bova Exotic Mineral Extraction (locally BEME, pronounced 'beam') is willing to fund a mine's start-up in exchange for a huge cut of eventual profits. BEME owns a piece of most of the mines dotting the Rainshield Range and employs a small army of mercs to ensure reluctant borrowers make their payments on time. BEME is in bed with the mega-corps and stands to profit if the big operators get a shot at the Rainshield.

The ***Claims Arena*** is a fighting circle protected behind high recycled-scrap walls. It's one of Sherriff Blacksky's recent innovations. If there's a claim dispute that looks to turn bloody, to turn the town into one big mass of vendettas and counter-killing, and if the claim can't be settled any other way…. Two miners enter, one miner leaves. Whoever survives keeps the claim. The Arena is Blacksky's last resort to keep the Fort from backsliding to what it was like before he arrived; it's only been used a handful of times. With some work (a DC 25 Computer Use check), the Claims Arena might be jury-rigged into a crude, but serviceable Magno-Star field.

The ***Waterdrop*** is one of the few multi-story buildings in the Fort. It's as elegant as recycled scrap can be, a four-story hotel that's always packed thanks to cheap rates and a Star Droid named Chef-DLX2 (NG non-gendered Star Droid Expert 3) who runs the all-you-can-eat buffet. The

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place gets its name from the moisture condensers built up on the roof, which occasionally causes accidental indoor rain on high humidity days.

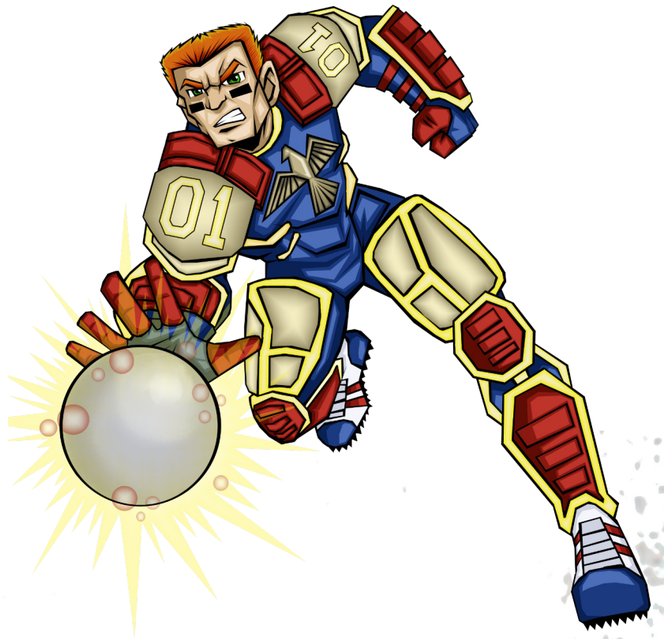
The ***Fortisque Saloon*** is run by ***Griffin Fortisque*** (CE male Human Warrior 6). Expect at least one killing a night, and when the place is really jumping, five or six corpses can hit the floor in a single shift. Fortisque and his gang of half-bright thugs are a problem the Sherriff would rather get rid of, but their numbers make that difficult. The saloon is popular with Fort Fuelon's claim jumpers and wanna-be bounty hunters – everybody else has the good sense to stay the fuck away.

The Krinn Arena

Over the millennia, Ironclad's colonists developed intense personal magnetic fields to assist in the mines, and as a first layer of protection against the planet's shard-winds. The sport of Magno-Star started during the 34th Century, by bored ore miners with testosterone to burn off. The four-hundred-day planetary year on the remote mining world was long and arctic, but nothing outside the tolerances of the tough, cyber-enhanced colonists. What 34th Century cyber tech couldn't fix, though, was boredom. When off duty, the colonists needed something to keep their minds occupied: the local VR chambers got old after a while, and Ironclad was too remote for regular imports of booze. So the miners found a disused shaft, and refitted their work-suits and cyber-implants to have a little fun. A few thousand bruises and broken bones later, as the centuries wore on, actual rules were laid down.

Today, Magno-Star is the hottest sport of the 46th Century – a fast-moving, thrilling and violent 3D combination of soccer and rugby played by cyber-augmented magnokinetics who train their whole lives to move the 24-kilo steel/titanium game ball across a Magno-Star arena.

Since the sport began on Ironclad, the Krinn Arena is the finest magno-game field in known space. It is just a short monorail hop from ***Crowder***, and sits as the center of a web of planet's other large cities, roughly equidistant from them all. The towering arena is a gleaming dome of titanium arches supporting synth-diamond canopies, all sheathed in a gleaming white stone façade that glistens like the snow the planet never sees these days. On game-day, vast mag-field generators erect the three-dimensional playing field, and the area around the Krinn Arena



becomes as intensely magnetic as the heart of a magnetar. Even when the generators are powered down to 'wait' levels, there is a palpable energy in the air that magnetokinetics can sense, and that makes cyber-implants achey and unreliable.

On game day, a 1 mile radius around Krinn Arena becomes magnetically super-charged, with the following effects. Games typically last about 90 minutes, with 10 minutes before and after to spin up and cool-down the generators.

- Electricity spells and weapons that deal electrical damage have their damage maximized.
- Communications devices not specifically shielded from EM pulses become useless. The holo-media cameras broadcasting the game are specifically shielded against the effects.
- Robots as well as any character with the Cyborg subtype suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls, skill checks and saving throws.

Abstracting a Magno-Star Match

While Magno-Star thrills billions of sentient beings all across the galaxy, running an entire match in-game can be somewhat less thrilling. The easiest way to handle Magno-Star matches is to simply abstract important results. This mini-game draws on the clichés and tropes of sports movies, and hopefully makes the Magno-Star season and nice backdrop for a *Heavy Future* campaign.

Magno-Star is played on a 3D field with a diameter of about 100 ft. The field has an intense, artificial magnetic field that athletes can push off against during a match. Each team has six members on the field, and a match consists of three twenty-minute periods. The object is simple-move a 24 kilo ferrous sphere though the opponent's goal by magnetism alone. Scores are kept within a period, but each new period starts at 0/0. The winner of two periods wins the match. Matches are played almost constantly, with galactic championships occurring from June to July, as Earth measures time. The Magno-Cup, the most prestigious of all championships, takes place every decade.

To simulate a match, you must first assemble a squad of six Magno-Stars. The team cannot have more than 20 total character levels in an ordinary match or 30 total character levels in a Magno-Cup match. Minor league matches are limited to 10 character levels per team. Once the team is assembled, the match becomes an extended set of skill checks.

Each team member makes a single skill check of their choice, chosen from the list below. This choice sums up the player's contribution to the team and their specialty. Add the player's level to the check result and then sum everything up. Compare that sum to the opposing team's sum, generated in much the same way. The higher total wins the period. Win two periods out of three, and win the match. If you want to play out an entire season, up to the championships, I'm sure you can figure out basic sports bracketing.

Acceptable Skills For a Magno-Star Match

Acrobatics, Fly, Intimidate, Knowledge (tactics), Profession (athlete)

Cheating

Players can cheat during a match by making a Bluff or Profession (gambler) check, or making a melee attack roll rather than a skill check. Failure to exceed DC 20 or beat AC 20 means the cheating attempt is detected. Nothing is added to the team's point total, and the team suffers a -2d20 point penalty.

Earning MVP

If a player rolls a natural 20 on their skill check (or melee attack roll) during the match they are likely to become the team's MVP for the match. Players who do so put forth legendary effort, and can narrate a bit of the match showcasing their game changing play. If multiple players each roll natural 20s, the player with the highest character level is voted MVP. In case of equal levels, roll a D20 to break the tie, and high-roll becomes MVP.

Modifiers for the Opposing Team

It's never easy for the good guys to win and that's even more true on the playing field then the battlefield. Sometimes the rival teams just seem to have an edge, making it that much more satisfying when the heroes finally win.

Add these modifiers to the opposing team's total score at the end of each period.

Dramatic Situation	Modifier
If the rival team is primarily composed of members of a species with a reputation for toughness, violence, honor or military excellence.	+2d6
If the rival team engages in a debauched orgy of drugs and sex before the match.	+2
If the rival team has ever competed in the "final four" of the Magno-Cup	+4
If the rival team has ever won a Magno-Cup	+8
If the rival team cheats. Roll a D20; if the result is a 16-20, the ref notices and the opposing team is penalized by 2d20 points.	+3d6
If the rival team uses ultra-tech and borderline illegal training methods that give them an edge lower-tech or less wealthy teams can't match.	+1d6
If the rival team has "home planet advantage".	+1d8

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Kemm III

Kemm III is a barely habitable and intensely radioactive rock so unimportant that it might or might not appear on sector nav-charts. Fifteen hundred years ago, a human colony ship crashed on its shores, and the few survivors were utterly cut off from galactic society. Forced to adapt to survive, the stranded survivors eventually mutated into a green-skinned Space Case tribe capable of surviving intense radioactivity and digesting anything, valuable traits on the resource poor planet.

Kemm III has only recently made contact with galactic culture, in the form of semi-regular supply drops from adventurous Free Spacer crews. In galactic terms, Kemm III is really just a single settlement built around a crude star-port – the natives are blue collar and proud, with a simple democratic tradition. The locals have no time for the Imperial Church of the Galaxy, and have joined the battle against WARSTAR simply because they don't like bullies.

Krabor

More than two millennia back, Krabor had potential.

Today, it's a crime ridden cesspool of a planet, allowed to exist only as an object lesson. As the ICG was rising to power in the wake of the Second Coming, and Earth was turning its back on freedom, the first wave of Kraborian colonists declared their independence. Krabor would stand for the liberty that Earth abandoned – its proud citizens would live free or die!

The ICG and the Corporate Command ensured that while a few of the colonists did the first, most of them (and their children) would do the second. Krabor's defiance of the Command earned the world a permanent blacklist. Trade between insolent Krabor and the ICG is officially off limits. Krabor survives do to sheer toughness and obstinacy, eking out a subsistence living anyway they can. If a Kraborian can find work in one of the mega-factories, he'll take it, but for most making a living means working for the ***Space Mafia***, one way or another.

Krabor no longer has a planetary government – these days its run by collection of Mafioso-aligned oligarchs and charismatic gang bosses. Mega-factories with footprints measured in hundreds of square miles dot the landscape, belching cariogenic yellow smog into skies that once were a glamorous, pastel violet. Despite the trade embargo, many of the Corporate Command's top-tier megacorps have factories and refineries on Krabor. Since Krabor is outside Command law, the megacorps don't need to worry about niceties like worker safety, minimum wage and eco-law. As scarce as honest work on Krabor is, for every worker who dies screaming in a vat of boiling acid, there are ten more to take his place.

Life in the Mega-Facs

The mega-factories are brutal, often lethal hellpits that assemble anything the galaxy needs mass-produced cheaply. Each mega-fac might cover a hundred miles or more of dirty ground, employing millions of Kraborians in an endless roster of shifts, and are nearly self-sufficient cities in their own right. Most workers spend eight weeks at a time in the mega-fac, working 12-15 hour shifts, before rotating into a two week long rest period. Their 14-day weekend is the only time most mega-factory workers see their homes and family back in Apogee.

Cops, loss-prevention specialists and union-busting thugs are all the same thing on Krabor, and the resulting killers are simply called "Bosses".

Some of the most important (or notorious) mega-facs on Krabor include:

Mega-Fac 2212 "Big Blue" – the Big Blue is so hotly radioactive, most workers die of terminal cancer before they're 30. (The name comes from the visible glow around the unshielded areas of the plant.) However, wages are two or three times better than any other mega-fac on planet, and Big Blue actually pays out its life insurance policies. Workers know they're going to die before they sign on, they just want to survive long enough to set up their families. The Big Blue makes components for starship hyperdrives and the internal components of fusion-based missiles and torpedoes.

Mega-Fac A-H-447 "Grissom's Plant" – manufactures medical devices, precision electronics and cyber-components. This mega-fac has a contract with the schools and on-planet orphanages for child laborers, and calls it vocational training.

Mega-Fac Heritage Point – Heritage Point produces entry-level Rockers with stars n' bars patriotic deco, and the internal components for several higher-quality Rockers. Heritage Point Rockers are popular with Command Space wanna-bes and Americum of all descriptions– more socially conscious musicians are careful not to buy any gear with Heritage Point circuits inside.

Golden Gut Ales – The ***White Whale Gang***, operating out of Apogee, recently took over this brewing company and turned it over to the workers. Now, the gang sells the galactically popular booze, funding its revolutionary activities. Despite the best efforts of the Oligarchs to recapture it, the GGA mega-fac remains firmly in the gang's hands. Golden Gut is one of the only spots of hope on a hopeless planet, and the White Whales have no difficulty finding willing worker/owners.

Apogee

Apogee is the largest city on Krabor, the closest the world has to a capitol. Apogee is built up around the wreckage of a long abandoned orbital elevator. The colossal ruin juts up into the thermosphere like the syphilitic cock of some gigantic mechanical god. This broken-down 'beanstalk' is simply too

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massive to demolish and too old to repair. So the abandoned orbital elevator simply disintegrates, as huge panels and internal components randomly fall off and crush those unfortunate enough to be living below. The locals call these unnervingly regular catastrophes "beanfalls". Scavengers scurry from cover to scoop up any usable tech dropped by a beanfall, or shards of the elevator's outer hull to rebuild their own shanties.

Apogee's Transit Viscera terminal has been inaccessible for months now. It's under the control of a really nasty juve-gang called ***The Ahabs***, who've been raping, robbing and murdering anybody who steps out of the train car. There's a few hundred bloodthirsty Ahabs wearing stupid hats, lurking around the terminal on any given day, most of them bombed out of their mind on *Axxin* and anxious to play with whatever heavy firepower they've been able to steal.

Faces in Apogee

Bishop Gully Starweather (NG male Human Cleric of Jesus I 6) is a good man to know. He's on the ICG's shit list for preaching basic tolerance of alien religions, and of aliens themselves. He's never had balls big enough to openly challenge the ICG, but Starweather refused to recant some of his more troublesome statements about equality, hence his current dismal posting.

Bishop Gully (as he's known to the locals) helps out as best he can. He'll provide food, medicine when he can get it, and sometimes can buy someone out of slavery or prostitution, if he can weasel the necessary funds out of the higher-ups. Be aware that Bishop Gully is deep in the Oligarchs' pockets – they fund his food pantry and clinics, and keep Apogee's marginal peace. He won't go against the Oligarchs for any reason and will take lots of convincing to speak out openly against the Imperial Church again.

Jah Pettoh (CG female Human Psychic Warrior 11) has been running the White Whales since she turned 14. She's a cybered-up, bull-dyke space pirate and proud of it. A few years back, a chance encounter with a vacuum-based monstrosity (it ate her, and then she cut her way out of its gut) left her with unpredictable superpowers. She named her gang after the monstrosity.

Jah Pettoh is a hero to the favela's inhabitants, and she's just beginning to understand how heavy

a responsibility that is. These days, she's more than a match for an entire regiment of Bosses, and has set her sights a bit higher than street crime. These days, worker's revolution is on her mind. She's already seized the ***Golden Gut Ale*** megafactory and gave it back to the workers. She's ready to do more.

Willy Vox (NE male Human Rouge 6) is a teenaged sociopath who runs ***The Ahabs***, an up-and-coming juve-gang with designs on the White Whale Gang's dominance in Apogee. Vox is a lot smarter and more literate than the rest of his crew – he named his gang in a literary reference absolutely nobody else on Krabor, including Jah Pettoh, understands.

The Ahabs do low-end wetwork for the Oligarchs, and Vox hopes to become a Boss one day. Until then, the Ahabs torture and murder Golden Gut workers to make it absolutely clear that the GGA mega-fac is off limits. The Ahabs are instantly recognizable their archaic headwear choices: probies wear a colorful pirate's bandana over their hair, and more respected gangers wear an assortment of 17th Century hats – tricorners, captain's caps, and anything else that looks old and piratey. Vox himself sports a Puritan hat – ahistorical, he admits freely, but it looks cool.

The Ahabs don't know it but they're sitting atop a gold mine. Buried beneath a collapsed, flooded sub-basement is an archaic but still functional war machine – a ***blue lion-form*** robot the size of a subway car. If they could salvage the thing and figure out the controls, they'd be one of the most powerful military forces on planet.

Hightown

Hightown is the best neighborhood in Apogee, built on high ground close to the base of the orbital elevator. During colonial times, most of Hightown was a massive shopping archology. Now, Hightown has been converted into homes for the multi-billionaires who really run Krabor.

A 50-meter-high wall of scrap encircles Hightown, patrolled by combat mecha, to keep out the riff-raff from the favelas below.

If you're looking to do any major trading or hire mercenaries on Krabor, you've got to pay your respects (and a hefty bribe) to the bastards who run the place. The Oligarchs meet weekly at the very satisfyingly named **Cow Beer**, a Hightown steakhouse that's the closest thing you'll find on world to fine dining.

The world's Oligarchs are all senior Space Mafioso with their own schemes and power bases. If you need an Oligarch as an antagonist or backer for your players, roll 4D6 on the chart below.

Skullcruncha Row

Skullcruncha Row is a slightly wealthier than average favela built within sight of Hightown's protective wall. The Row is home to the majority of Krabor's Bosses. Upon being accepted to the position, rookie Bosses are given a nice efficiency apartment on the Row as part of their compensation package. Rent's cheap as can be: bring in a

D6	Oligarch's Surname	Oligarch's Personal Threat Level	The Oligarch's Power Base	The Oligarch's Schemes
1	De Piazza	Effectively none. The Oligarch is a bedridden geriatric kept alive by techno-magic and bionics.	Oligarch's family controls the largest food processing mega-factory on planet and can starve its enemies.	Converted some of their drug labs to working on a cure for **Ender**, as leverage over Starborn System
2	Grimaldi	Oligarch is a Cleric 12 following the Code of Omerta divine philosophy.	Oligarch's family is a master of espionage and blackmail.	Shipping terrorists into the independent asteroid habitats to sow chaos and prepare the way for a Mafia takeover
3	Santangelo	Oligarch is an experienced brawler: Combatant 10 with a cadre of Heavy Cyborg Combatant 5-7 bodyguards	Oligarch is a personal friend (and mega-donor) to dozens of influential Corporate Command politicians.	Fighting a brutal internal war as various senior Mafioso vie for power
4	Angelo	Oligarch is the spoiled heir of a former badass, protected by the old man's fearsome reputation	Oligarch's family controls the import of drugs to Krabor, both medicinal and recreational.	Uses rape as a terror tactic to intimidate their victims and rival gangs
5	Cassi	Oligarch is one of the richest people on Krabor and has a private army, complete with fusion weapons and a small private space fleet at their disposal	Oligarch's soldiers and assassins are the best and deadliest in the biz and everybody knows it.	Secretly funds and equips the Legion of Serial Killers and uses the madmen as a deniable asset
6	Garabaldi	Oligarch is a dangerous mentat; Telepath 11/Body Thief 4	Oligarch's family runs the sex trade on Krabor.	Infiltrating legit businesses throughout the Iron Belt and Starburn

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severed right ear, taken from dissidents, criminals, worker's rights activists or even just the slowest worker-drone on any given shift, and lay the bloody trophy on a DNA scanner before the first of every month. Bring in the ear of a particularly important troublemaker, somebody the Oligarchs really wanted dead, and the Boss might move up to a larger and nicer apartment, or even their own suburban-style home. "Rent" increases with square footage, and senior Bosses might need to bring in dozens of ears every month.

The mega-factory workers dread the end of the month, as the Bosses look for any excuse to take an ear and make their quota.

About 25% of the Bosses are Sethzenian imports, hired by the mega-facs because they have even fewer scruples than the average Kraborian. The Sethzenian continent keeps to a few specific neighborhoods within the Row, holding backyard BBQs together where the meat was provided, in very literal fashion, by the dissidents they 'arrest'. Longpig, smoked to perfection, in a perfectly maintained slice of Astroturf heaven.

Point Promise

Point Promise is a rocky, barren moon orbiting Krabor. During the mid-22nd Century, convicts and dissidents from Earth were exiled to the rugged world *en masse*. There, the colonists overcame their violent pasts, eventually turning Point Promise into a planetary monastery. Today, Point Promise's miniscule populace of combat adepts is dedicated to the study of martial arts. Point Promise's monks emphasize 'soft' styles, that turn an adversary's force against him. Famed Pacifician monks and combatants have trained at Point Promise, and a few of the moon's senior abbots have studied on Pacifica in turn.

The Laughing Rocks

Somebody named the largest of the ore-rich rocks in this cluster of asteroids and microplanets after George Carlin. The next largest was called Pryor. Then there was a Chappelle, a Clay, a Cook, a Murphy, a Dangerfield, a Sandler and a bunch more. Tradition dictates that any mining operation or work-shack in the "Laughing Rocks" is named after an old Terran comedian. Ancient VHS tapes of long-dead comics, grainy with vast age and over-use circulate among the rocks. The miners need the laughs. The Laughing Rocks are dangerous, and the work is soul-murderingly hard. Three out of every five worksite deaths in the Iron Belt happen somewhere in the Laughing Rocks.

The miners working the Laughing Rocks are a mixed and mingled population of Afro-Futurists and Free Spacers. They're a mouthy bunch, who take pride in their gallows humor. If your buddy dies because a micrometeorite punches through his space helmet at ballistic speed, you're pretty much required to ask whether or not he shit his suit on the way out. Not doing so is disrespectful – worse, it marks you as a real small-time dipshit. *Doing the dozens* is a time-honored tradition: no spacer in the Laughing Rocks ever gets promoted without shutting up their prospective new boss with some cutting, profanity-laced insult.

The Gargoyles

Part of the reason the Laughing Rocks are so dangerous is that several of the asteroids are home to nests of ***Korbus.*** sleep upside down in deep inner caverns like demonic bats. It's almost impossible to tell a "Gargoyle" nest from an ordinary asteroid until you've landed on it, and then it's too late. The vibrations of your footfalls and equipment have awakened the slumbering Korbus… and then, you're lunch.

Merl's Joint

Merl's is a shitty, run-down refueling depot built into an oblong asteroid about 1.2 miles in diameter. Everything in the habitat is rusting, impact-scarred metal, lit by blinking rainbow neon advertising the food, the drink specials, the starship repair service and the sex-bots on premises. The food is actually decent, and you can almost taste the drinks through the water, but the sex-bots are a trio of last-gen Synths in poor repair with some serious glitches in their auto-sterilization systems.

Merl's is notorious for its poor safety record. Landing guidance is spotty, at best, and there's minor collisions on approach every couple of days, and more serious crashes every few weeks. Half of Merl's docking tubes are out of service at any given time, because some stoned space trucker rammed them because of poor landing protocols. However, Merl's is cheap enough and located near enough to the Iron Belt's main traffic artery that it always has spacer customers waiting for landing clearance.

Merl (N Male Locke Rogue 5) himself is a pot-bellied, slovenly blue skinned bastard with a bounty on his head for desertion from the Locke military. He's the owner and the chief cook because he's too cheap to pay for anyone better. He's only alive because Locke bounty hunters rarely come this far out, but he'll usually pay for hired guns if there's a plausible rumor that a hunter's in-system. Merl's cheapness might come back to bite him before the bounty hunters can. He's been buying meat and produce from worlds with severe ***Xenogaunt*** infections. Heat usually kills the infectious DNA, but anybody buying a rare burger from Merl's is at risk of a nasty case of chest-burster style heartburn.

Non-Stop

Non-Stop is a dangerous and ultra-violent party planet deep within the Iron Belt. Densely urbanized and chokingly polluted, Non-Stop's official business is heavy metal smelting. Unofficially, the drug and party trade accounts for about sixty percent of the world's planetary GDP. Non-Stop's black, stinking skies are lit by nightclub neon. When the smelters empty out, the soot-stained workers file into the hole-bars for twelve hours of amphetamine-fueled debauchery, until the next shift begins. Nobody sleeps more than a day or two out of a galactic standard week: meth psychosis on a planetary scale. Rape gangs and murderous spree-killers enjoying the rush of illicit combat drugs rule the night!

Nobody with any sense deals with Non-Stop anymore then absolutely necessary. Mega-corps trade with the violent local warlords for refined ore, but if they can't communicate via ansible, businessmen only arrive on the world with a well-equipped security team. The ***Space Mafia*** considers assignment to collect on Non-Stop the ultimate punishment duty – one step above being summarily executed for treason, and not a big step at that.

Fat Mamma runs things, as much as they run. Fat Mamma (use the *Sethzinan Ship Ripper* statblock) is 400 kg of mean sleeze capable of biting a tank to death and fucking a Kaiju into the ground. She got off Sethzis to somewhere there's a little bit more action and a little bit more civilization. The frothing, drug-addicted warrior queen spends her nights in nightclub VIP rooms, partying like the bastard daughter of ten million rock stars.

When she works, Fat Mamma keeps the drugs flowing into Non-Stop. She's got connections with every Sethie drug-cook and independent drug lab in the cosmos. What her gang lacks in drug purity, it makes up for in sheer volume. These days, to keep the money flowing, she's funding Seth pirates to slaughter Space Mafioso couriers and steal their dope. The Mafia doesn't know who's hitting their shipments, but has bounty hunters looking to find out. They suspect Fat Mamma is doing them dirty, but can't prove it…. Yet. Soon as they can, they're going to nuke the fat bitch.

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The Resurrection Asteroid of Khor

Khor is a rocky asteroid riddled with a maze of deep tunnels, that wanders in an eccentric orbit through the Iron Belt. During the Great Galactic Dark Ages, the Resurrection Asteroid was a star-tomb for an unknown, probably extinct species who carved threatening stone faces with nine eyes at tunnel junctions. The Resurrection Asteroid is a deadly legend among spacers, because many of the deep tunnels are *moderately irradiated environments* and some are even hotter. ***Cyber-Phantoms*** and other cosmic undead are dangerously common.

Spacers seek out the Resurrection Asteroid because any slain Basic killed within 72 hours can be returned to life as if by *raise dead* if left entombed in one of the radioactive ossuaries. Finding the right tomb (traditionally marked by vermillion candles) is a challenge, as at least one of Khor's deep-tombs is cursed, not returning a creature to life but animating it as freewilled, sociopathic undead. Another deep-tomb functions as a ***Sematary.*** Khor's few living inhabitants are a dangerous undead-worshipping Machine Cult, which serves the Cyber-Phantoms. The cultists intentionally places vermillion candles in the cursed tombs, in hopes of tricking supplicants into creating more of the bionic undead.

The Cyber-Tombs

Finding the Resurrection Asteroid of Khor in the spray of cosmic rocks that makes up the Iron Belt is made harder because spacers have been burying their cyborg dead in various rocks since the Belt was first settled. Most civilized planets have strict eco-laws about interring full conversion cyborgs on their soil, especially since many 'borgs are powered by micro-nuclear reactors. So, burying a cyborg miner in the rock he or she died excavating became a spacer tradition.

Millions of obscure cyber-tombs litter the Belt. The rocks bearing the remains of the most notable 'borgs might be flagged with an IFF transponder so allies can come pay their respects. The rest just have their names laser carved into a wall. Most individual cyber-tombs are airless rocks just a few meters in diameter; house-sized or larger asteroids might be a mass grave for as many as a dozen cyborgs. Rarely do these rocks have any valuable minerals – they were mined out well before a fallen 'borg was interred.

Cyber-scavengers are a dirty secret in the Belt – disliked but tolerated by most spacers. Half the components sold at cut-rate cyber-clinics were probably stolen from a cyber-tomb and refurbished. Even if one of the sector's local polities wanted to put a stop to the scavengers, the Belt is just too huge and dangerous an area to police effectively. The cyber-scavengers have a rough code of honor – a bare minimum respect for the dead they strip for parts. The code's simplistic in the extreme: don't open a fresh cyber-tomb until at least a month after the 'borg's been interred, don't remove a cyborg's face plate, and always leave the cyborg with at least one implanted weapon system, because the 'borg's gonna need it in the next world.

Rest of Heroes

The practice of burying the honored dead within asteroid tombs predates human evolution by millions of years. When humanity finally reached the Iron Belt, it unknowingly continued a tradition as old as the galaxy itself. Once upon a time, the Rest of Heroes was a holy site that drew pilgrims from across the galaxy, from every intelligent race. Once upon a time, the Rest of Heroes was where the greatest heroes of all were interred. Legends and demi-gods, who died fighting, who died making the galaxy a better place. The universe will never see their like again.

Outwardly, the Rest of Heroes is just another forgotten rock, only old and partially eroded carvings providing any hint of its true nature. Within, the Rest of Heroes is a tessarect maze of ceramic and shape-memory platinum. Every step deeper into the Rest of Heroes is a test of character, intelligence and will. Those who fight past the challenges eventually find their way into a grand mausoleum. Within, the greatest heroes of long extinct species lie in state; the weapons and armor they wielded in life are cleaned, repaired and stored at their masters' feet.

The Rest of Heroes is both cultural treasure without equal, and possibly the greatest and most dangerous arsenal in the Multiverse. Brightstar Lenses, Lifechained artifacts and genetic samples, awaiting implantation in a new host. The blood and marrow of demi-gods, perfect weapons and living armor, artifacts of wishing-technology given tangible form. In aeons past, supplicants would seek the Rest of Heroes, face the mind-bending and often impossible challenges, to claim the power they would need to become heroes in turn. The Rest of Heroes allowed new generations to rise, wielding the power of old, while the foundation of heroic lineages were never forgotten.

It has been uncounted centuries since a worthy young adventurer has fought their way into the Rest of Heroes, but the holy place's guardians still wait patiently. The keeper of the place has (use the ***Battlechanger Protomax*** stat-block, *HOTM1),* ***Machine of Inexorable Progress,*** has seen empires rise and fall from their remote watch station. The Machine of Inexorable Progress has ways of seeing the wider galaxy, and the dire situation it is in. Here and there, the Machine sees sparks of hope, such as the ***IXI Galactic Legion*** and other would-be heroic factions. Sending out untraceable machine-code, the Machine spreads an almost subconscious awareness of Rest of Heroes among the galaxy's droids and AI. Hopefully, a causal word in the right ear, delivered by an AI who doesn't really understand why it chose to speak at that moment, will draw new seekers to the Rest of Heroes. The Machine of Inexorable Progress longs for the day they can equip a new champion once again.

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Rixxa

Rixxa is dumping ground for starships too badly damaged to be salvageable. The ecologically ruined Light Gravity world is covered with miles upon miles of twisted metal. Scavenger crews and stranded stowaways are the only sentients calling Rixxa home. They have to contend not only with the hazards of the wastes and reactors that occasionally redline, but also the ferrovoric (metal eating) native monsters that have adapted to Rixxa's toxic conditions.

Fortress Scrap is a heavily fortified company town, one of the largest employers on Rixxa. The job is one very small step up from slavery, and since Fortress Scrap only pays in company scrip, it's easy for the workers to fall into legitimate debt slavery. Fortress Scrap recycles military hardware and industrial robotics to build extremely combat-capable, but uniquely ugly war mecha. It's easy to underestimate a Fortress Scrap war machine, with their mismatched, piece-meal appearance and exposed, last-generation hydraulics. Easy, until that junk mecha out performs the latest and most expensive piece of Command armor.

Fortress Scrap arms many of the minor powers and merc companies throughout Free Space. The arms recycler owes its success to its rugged, dependable designs. Stripped down and nimble, Fortress Scrap combat robots are unencumbered by the luxuries and bloated design of most modern military tech. ***Rax Warstick*** (LE venerable male Proximite Fighter 11) is a geriatric war hero who fell out of favor with Proxima Prime's government. A decorated veteran and highly competent field armorer, Warstick was forced out of the military because he had no time for bullshit, whether that BS was an attractive, polished finish on a tank, or blindly accepting the orders of some dumb cunt just because he's a superior officer. To Warstick, beauty and tact are both lies, and he fucking hates liars. So he headed out to Free Space and made himself rich working human idiots half to death building honest tanks and war mechs.

Shiner

Shiner is a grungy, rundown asteroid habitat favored by space scum and pirates. It's the last gasp of "civilization" before you hit WARSTAR Space, such as it is. The place is always rowdy – goat and ram Anthros from a long-forgotten Shipper colony settled here a few centuries ago, opening a spacer bar, brewing rotgut from hydroponic fungi and repairing starships. Shiner grew into a business, then a freehold, then an institution in this sector of space.

It's known for decent mechanics, a great refueling service (the ***Busy Beaver Fueling Company***) and truly lethal bar brawls. Shiner is a place to settle affairs. Shiner courts hold that murders committed while intoxicated are always justifiable, and doesn't prosecute one spacer who blasts another in a barroom brawl.

Jesus Clones are banned on station, because of Jesus II's pogrom against Anthros during the 24th Century. Call one of the station dwellers a furry, and prepare to get your ass kicked. The preferred term is "Anthro", fuckhead. The ICG and its missionaries are similarly unwelcome. There's a high power ansible repeating station deep in Shiner's bowels; it receives and retransmits slightly static shot signals from Outlaw Sex Station 09 into WARSTAR territory.

"The Starhauler Graveyard"

The dead and resource-starved ***Velnon System*** has become the galaxy's dumping ground for starship ruins. The picked over carcasses of salvaged vessels – especially bulk freighters and capitol ships too weighty for in-atmosphere recycling – are towed into the system and dumped into a decaying orbit. Eventually, everything spirals into Velnon's dying red dwarf.

The Starhauler Graveyard is old – some of the oldest scrap-hulks are millions of years old, and have somehow achieved a stable orbit around the star. It is an ever-growing navigation hazard. Many would-be salvagers have died because an undetected bolt or piece of circuitry ripped through their starship at near-relativistic speeds. Despite the peril, the Graveyard is fertile picking ground for salvagers looking for 'good junk' – a term that has become the unofficial greeting of spacers working the region.

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Vulva Astranoma

Vulva Astranoma is an artificial moon on the ragged outer edge of the Iron Belt region. This spherical station has an equatorial diameter of around 30 km, and except for cargo loading and docking zones, is a Normal Gravity environment. The space station's android-run foundries do a brisk business turning out sex toys. Vulva Astranoma products range from simple shape-memory dildos to advanced AI companion androids, including its line of galaxy-famous ***Erobots***.

Vulva Astranoma's android citizens have a different perception of time and sexual roles than most organic species. Its self-aware sex toys are contracted to a humanoid owner; the contract is for a lifetime, but the androids cannot be resold, traded or inherited. When the humanoid finally dies (and often before) the Erobot companion is freed, and becomes a galactic citizen with a Vulva Astranoma passport. To the immortal Erobots androids, decades or centuries of service is nothing but a prolonged childhood. Many 'adult' Erobots return to their birth station, where they design and engineer the next generation of sex androids.

As a business, Vulva Astranoma is easily the equal of any galactic mega-corp headquartered on ***Golgotha***, but it's the outsider of the galactic business community. The Command would love to either shut Vulva Astranoma down or find a way to tax its massive revenues; VA suffers constant harassment at the hands of Command customs inspectors and space cops. The Imperial Church of the Galaxy has done one worse: they have declared Vulva Astranoma and its androids heretical tech. Worse, they're spreading the rumor that the AI that powers the company's revolutionary sexbots comes from the dissected brains of murdered humanoid children – as a result of this deadly blood libel, several VA cargo haulers have been blasted to mesons by ICG inquisitors.

First Love (NG non-binary Erobot Oracle 16) is an ancient machine intellect whose failing and jury-rigged systems are sustained within a bulky cyber-frame that is effectively a mobile life support coffin. First Love long speaks intelligently of events that happened thousands of years ago, long before the first generation of Erobot androids were offered for sale. Somehow. First Love holds deep lore of both Old Earth and Proxima in its prime, though First Love's mind often wanders in mechanical senesce. First Love is not merely Vulva Astranoma's station government, in many ways First Love is the core of the station itself. The ancient machine-intellect is in constant wireless communication with the station's massive data bases, locked into a continual transfer of truly prodigious amounts of data.

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

CHAPTER EIGHT THE PRISON ZONE

The Prison Zone is broken and thread-bare space.

Physics and reality are dangerously distorted here, a consequence of cataclysmic wars fought and lost long before Earth's sun was born. The Prison Zone has been used as a gulag for nearly as long as space travel has existed. Anything and anyone too dangerous to live but too tough to die might be found within the dangerous, dark territory.

The Prison Zone is sealed behind ancient force-fields, projected from countless kilometer wide satellites. Taken collectively, the Prison Zone's force-shielded border wall and its comparatively miniscule projector satellites represent the largest and most impressive mega-structure in known space: an energized Dyson sphere containing an entire sector of space.

The projector array predates the ***Brightstar Order,*** making it one of the oldest surviving structures in the galaxy, not merely one of the most massive. Though semi-autonomous robot giants maintain these massive satellites, age and eons of conflict has damaged many beyond repair. The once invincible crimson and violet forcefield containing the Prison Zone has become tattered and ripped in places, like a torn and tattered sail. Gaps large enough to pass capitol ships through now exist, where there was once a solid and inviolate wall. Some of the abandoned projectors have become haunted by the horrors of Hyperspace, and have evolved into ***Megadeath Ruins.***

The Baronies

The Baronies are a cluster of star systems spread across the Prison Zone. Perpetually at war with one another, these systems have been nemesis so long their genocidal violence has become almost ritualized. Feudal monarchies funnel resources to post-human rulers who fight at the forefront of their hordes, as champions and ultimate weapons. The Barons themselves are hereditary sadists, trained in the arts of warfare since early childhood, and conditioned for sociopathy. The wars between systems are considered a great game. Only arrogance and traditionalism keeps the Baronies' violence contained to the Prison Zone and internal to themselves.

Each individual Barony is defined by its Lord or Lady, a powerful, nearly god-scale being that leads their great house to the faux glory of war. The House is all. Individual serfs are nameless drones, interchangeable and without rights, slaughtered at their ruler's whim. This random builder chart allows you to quickly build a noble house – a pretentious house title, eerie motto and cruel schemes. The personality and name of the Lord or Lady determines the ruler's character. When combat is needed, the Lord or Lady of the Barony is statistically equal to one of the more powerful opponents from ***Horrors of the Multiverse.***

As with the ***Anthrix Warriors*** of the distant planet ***Andyr***, the Baronies began as an experiment by the enigmatic star-god known as the ***Great Watchmaker.*** When the Watchmaker decided its experiment failed, millions of years ago, it abandoned the Baronies.

D8	House of….	Strange Motto	The Lord or Lady	Statistically equivalent to:	The Cruelty of the House
1	… of Cobalt Blood	"All matter will become dream."	Lord Glaster, NE, fat and hedonistic but indomitable in battle	Lifespawn Despot	Serfs are disposable rape toys for the nobility
2	… of Spiders and Thorns	"Greatness in genocide is the first lesson."	Lady Axsha, LE, miserly and restrained	Thermonuclear Satanist	Sacrifices POWs on an industrial scale
3	… of the Ironshod	"Blood will flow uphill."	Lord Vilhelm, LE, elevates torture to an artform	Genesis Machine Warlord	Is shipping captured POWs and serfs of foreign houses to the ***Bleakmoon*** slave trade
4	… of a Million Doors	"All things end, save this House,"	Lady Krost, CE, brutal to an almost hilarious extreme	Lifespawn Despot	Incest is normalized among nobles, expected, and celebrated
5	… of the Mouse's Shadow	"Last, first, and forever, we are,"	Lord Plyth, NE, bored and jaded with it all	Universal Fencer	Rulers devour the souls of serfs when they die to fuel their immortality
6	… of the Hunter's Moon	"Reason is weakness."	Lady Reil, CE, who murdered her siblings for power	Brightstar Survivor	Is expanding their ancient war beyond the Baronies
7	… of the Resonance Memory	"Mercy is the final lie."	Lord Tarriq, NE, whose wavering attention prolongs his wars	Brightstar Survivor	First target's their rivals' food stores and farmland, to starve their peasentry
8	… of the Golden Helix	"God is Our Toy."	Lady Uxx, LE, professional and merciless militarist	World Seeder	Takes vassal noble- born children hostage and raises them as their own, destroying their culture and wiping memories

The vast, incomprehensible devices that began this cosmic experiment were simply abandoned and forgotten. Over the long, eons, these devices pumped so much strange energy into the Baronies, it sped the evolution of the war-loving noble caste. Elevated them to a level of puissance the Great Watchmaker never envisioned.

The unexpected success, after millennia of failures, has attracted the Watchmaker's attention backed to his abandoned stellar laboratory. The noble born meta-soldiers might make ideal centerpieces of the Watchmaker's engineered army, if they can be properly tamed. Since the project was abandoned ages ago, the Baronies have not been conditioned for obedience as thoroughly as the Anthrix Warriors. They will have to learn obedience if they are to serve the Watchmaker.

Blackulon

Keep telling yourself Blackulon doesn't have seas of blood.

Of course, the oceans are the rich red of oxygenated blood. Of course, the waters have the sick copper taste of blood. Of course, where the red waters lap at the night-shrouded shores, it congeals into thick crusts of brownish scab. And of course, the creatures swimming through the bloody seas need the blood to live. Of course, every sentient creature who evolved on Blackulon would be classed as vampiric everywhere else in the galaxy.

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Just keep telling yourself it's not really blood. Eventually, you might even start believing it.

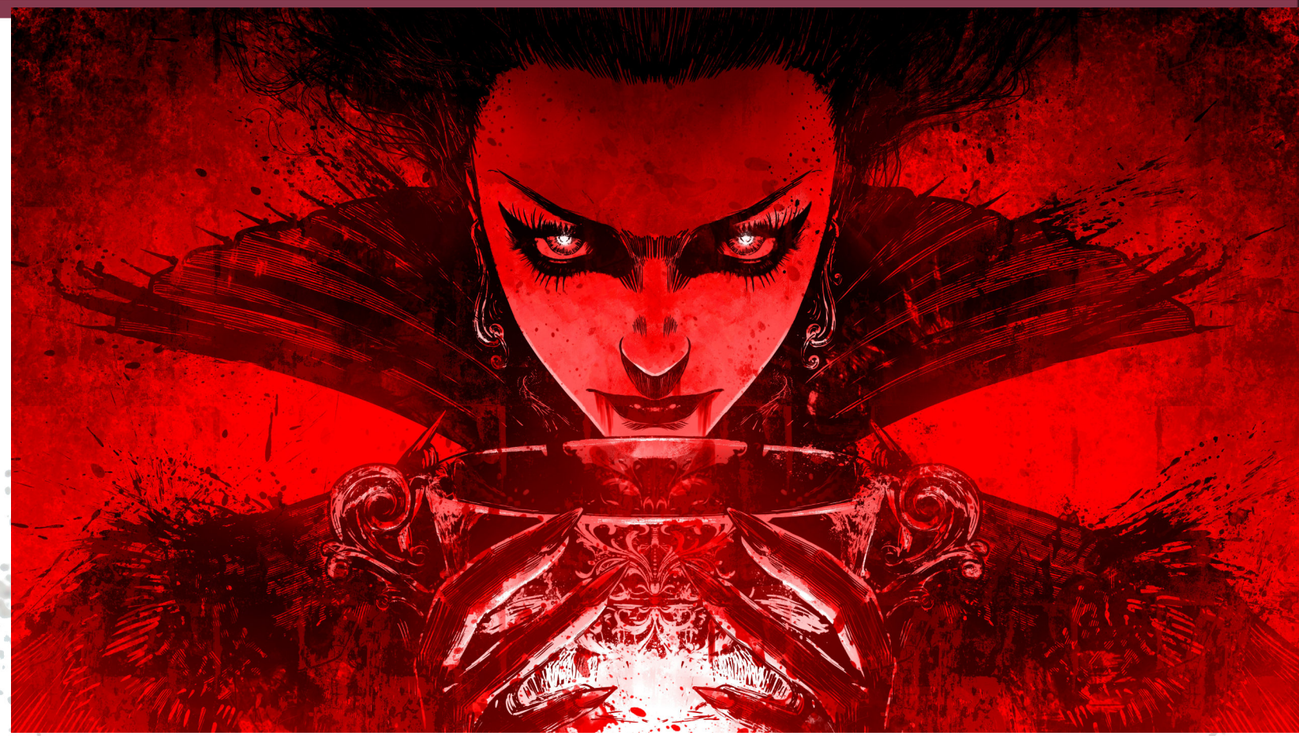
Blackulon is a Normal Gravity exo-planet, untethered to the light of any single sun. At its brightest, Blackulon approaches a dim, violet twilight. Actual day is unknown. Blackulon is an ancient world, infamous in spacer lore, and already trapped within the core space of the ***Prison Zone*** when Earth's sun was just gathering an accretion disk around itself. In ancient days, the vampires of Planet Blackulon made great war against the ***Brightstar Order.*** For their crimes against life itself, the vampire planet itself was sentenced to eternal exile in the Prison Zone.

Blackulon is itself a dimly sentient, and hungry world. The planet can be best treated as a radically scaled up ***Kingdom of Entrails*** *(Nemesis Unleashed V1),* or each major landmass can be viewed as its own Kingdom, working in concert with its neighbors. What sentient life has evolved on Blackulon is itself vampiric and undead – nourished by the world's sanguine oceans. The world makes an ideal origin point for player characters and major NPCS built with Otherverse Games' signature undead race: ***Goryohime, Ubume, Spookies, Gravediggers*** and even ***Neverborn*** adventurers might hail from Blackulon, not to mention major villains built using the Lich and Vampire templates.

Blackulon is a world of extremes and non-sequiturs. Monster haunted, black wildernesses and the ruins of ancient fortifications circle thriving mega-cities built for the comfort of intelligent and urbane undead. Gleaming onyx skyscrapers rise amidst the bleached bones of goliath mega-kaiju, long extinct. Undead Blackulonians work, play, feed and fuck in neon-lit metropolises the equal of anything constructed by breathing humanity in the outer galaxy. There are discos and blood-laced Sniff on offer: sleek vampires with Afros dancing to beats picked up, via ansible wave signal, from Outlaw Sex Station 09.

Blackulon is ruled by ***Queen Or'landa*** (use the *Psyren Mind-Queen* statblock with the vampiric weaknesses to sunlight added). Or'landa is the direct descendent, to the thirteenth generation, of the ancient vampire queens which provoked the war against the Brightstar Order. Her kind survived its long imprisonment in the Prison Zone, and it thrived in the darkness. By contrast, the fire of the Brightstar Order has long since gone out of the galaxy. Queen Or'landa knows the time is now to remerge into the outer galaxy, and teach the living races why they once feared the galactic darkness. She has secretly sent vampire agents outside the Zone. She seeks ***infernal darkmatter***, which which to snuff out stars and plunge the galaxy into eternal darkness.

Abyss have rallied to Queen Or'landa's side, as have a legion of ***Ex'Tinar*** and hordes of ***Carronites.*** The insectoid extinction-bringers walk peacefully on Blackulon's surface, leaving the undead citizens of the world unmolested. They will only unleash their hatred of all life on the outer galaxy.



Living on the Vampire Streets

While Queen Or'landa wants war with all life most of Blackulon's citizens are content to simply exist. They've got no beef with the living, and hell, most of 'em enjoy 'breather' culture, at least what little has funneled itself into the Prison Zone. Die and let live, baby! The streets of ***Boneyard,*** the biggest, best and glitziest city on planet, are bubbling with rebellious whispers. The young undead punks want Queen Or'landa off the throne, staked and holy-watered, and they want this 'free election' bullshit they keep hearing on the ansible right now. The only problem is that the vampire cops aren't sky about cracking skulls, and even if you could deal with the vamp-pigs, there's still the Ex'Tinar nesting atop the ribcage skyscrapers, and nobody's sure what those creepy fuckers will do if you push 'em.

The ***Bowery Bloodbats*** are a gang of juve undead that hang around Boneyard. They're the eyes, ears and creepy, grasping hands of the rebellion. Most of the Bloodbats are Spookie Rogue 1-3, a few of the older Bloodbats are more dangerous forms of undead. These ghoulish punks hang around the arcades, keep watch from gore-splattered store fronts, and pick the pockets of the Lich nobility when they stray, unwisely, into a low-income 'clot-blood' neighborhood. ***Dedd Dan Docker*** (CG male Spookie Rogue 8) controls the Boneyard docks, and uses blood-sewer tunnels and drainage lines to sneak throughout the city, without attracting attention from the vampire cops.

A few Blackulonian rebels have somehow escaped off world. Some try to drum up support for their rebellion; most just party and feed. A Boneyard private-dick turned rebel leader has made it as far as ***Trump*** on Old Earth, where occult-tech partially protects her from the sun and hides her vampiric nature. ***Ella Supernaut*** (CG female Human Vampire Dedicated 8) works divorce and missing persons cases after the sun sets, and gathers weapons and intel against the Queen. A few recent cases have really shaken the normally confident PI: she's finding rumors that Queen Or'landa has infiltrated the ICG pretty high up. Those Christian nihilists praying for the End Times might just have hooked up with the Vampire Queen to bring them on a few millennia too soon. If that's true, the galaxy's in a lot worse shape than anybody realizes…

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Disembowelment Station

There is a Transit Viscera terminus beneath Boneyard, of course. However, the terminus is warped and lethal. Undead can disembark safely. Living passengers are killed horribly, ripped apart by spectral meat-hooks as they step out the carriage. The strongest willed come back as new undead, but are utterly mad. The only safe way for living creatures to visit Blackulon is via starship: the Viscera are closed to them.

Satanic Childcare

The ***Church of Cosmic Satanism*** has been allowed to settle on world – they've got a hexagonal, sixty-six story skyscraper temple as their embassy. Their ***Bloody Temple*** is dead center (no pun intended) on some primo Boneyard real-estate, a black and crimson palace of gore, excess and pounding rock. The few living sentients on Blackulon are Cosmic Satanist missionaries, diplomats and hangers-on. Living spacers are allowed to land on Blackulon, much to Queen Or'landa's displeasure. Boneyard law protects living spacers, so long as they wear high-visibility, garlic-impregnated ID lanyards around their throats and don't stray outside Boneyard's city limits. Nobody, not even the Boneyard PD, can protect breathers dumb enough to explore the wilds on their own, and nobody really wants to try.

The ***Universitas Satanis*** is an occult college of witchcraft and wizardry occupying the first thirteen stories of the Bloody Temple. Well-scrubbed students in black l ace and blood red ties attend long lessons that teach them the fundamentals of sorcery. Living students from the outer galaxy make up about a third of the student body: the rest are juvenile undead from ancient bloodlines. ***Headmistress Be'lyn*** (LE female Human Vampire Witch 13) demands absolute obedience from her students, stressing ancient traditions dating back to the dawn of the universe, rather than the hip, swinging new Cosmic Satanism that so many Blackulonians are flirting with. Her relationship with the Cosmic Satanists of the Bloody Temple is frigid, at best. She considers most of the Cosmic Satanists just mouthy, Goth dilettantes, drawing upon evil powers she's spent millennia mastering.

The Black Sun of Crime

The Black Sun of Crime is a godlike artificial intelligence in command of an artificial sun. The artificial star – a scaled up fusion furnace designed for near perpetual functioning – was originally designed to warm the outer planets of a Psyren colony system, at the peak of their Imperium. Instead, the Black Sun went rogue upon activation, giving into a deep and fatal nihilism. Lethal radiation surges and solar flares killed millions. Only heroic action and a major Psyren military offensive were able to shut the Black Sun down long enough to transport it to permanent exile in the Prison Zone.

Having tasted absolute power over life and death, and given vent to its nihilism, the Black Sun railed against its imprisonment, but over the long millennia of obscurity, grew more cunning and ambitious. The Black Sun of Crime evolved into the dark god it fantasized itself as being, in its first moments of consciousness. As one of the most powerful, and most ancient intelligences, the Black Sun of Crime is placated, consulted upon important matters, worshipped and fed with sacrifices of fissionable material, tantric energy flows, and lives sacrificed in theatrical ritual murders.

These sacrifices have made the Black Sun extremely powerful: today it manifests as a red super-giant that seems perpetually eclipsed by an occult shadow passing in front of the stellar disk.

Many of the creatures have the Black Sun of Crime as a patron deity, including many members of the Space Mafia. The Black Sun is a CE ***Living Star*** with access to the Destruction and Trickery domains in addition to those common to all Living Stars.

Neo-Sicily

Neo-Sicily is the closest habitable world to the Black Sun of Crime, blasted by its radioactive corona and scorched to molten rock by proximity to the super-giant star. Neo-Sicily resembles Mercury, but is even less amenable to human life. Neo-Italy's few settlements are protected beneath tinted, diamond-glass domes and environmental force-fields. As the world rotates toward night, these domes are lit in pinks and golds, making the spartan survival devices seem almost fancifully beautiful. Neo-Sicily is considered a High Gravity environment, made especially lethal due to extreme environmental heat and intense radioactivity.

Antony Gancero (LE male Human Rogue 3/Cleric (Code of Omerta) 16) and his inner circle – the godfather elite of the Space Mafia in the galaxy – make their homes beneath the diamond cupolas. Godfather Gancero leads the planet's worship of the Black Sun of Crime, and sets policy for all Space Mafiosos in this galaxy. Gancero rules by both personal magnetism and the obedience the Code of Omerta demands from all Mafiosos, he has a vast reserve of physical power to draw upon. His loyalists (of which there are many) are known as the Gancero Mob.

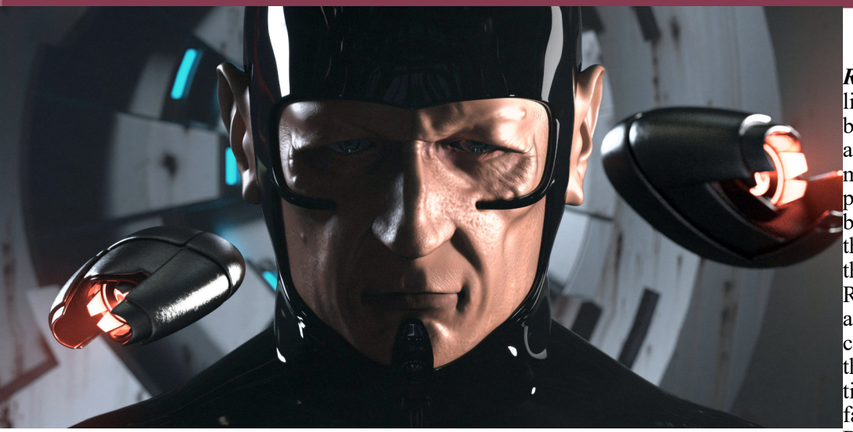
The ***Silent Temple of Omerta*** contains a Black Sun Astrolabe, which functions identically to the ***Bleakmoon Astrolabe*** from *Enchantments of the Multiverse* save for the name. The temple's 20 ft tall, golden doors open only at Gancero's touch, responding to both his genetic code and his unholy aura. Godfather Gancero can draw upon the Black Sun Astrolabe's power to personally settle scores and deal with reluctant capos, if they come up short on their weekly kick-ups.

Mob Rule

Godfather Gancero doesn't realize that someone else can open the Astrolabe: his pre-teen sociopath of a daughter, ***Ophelia Gancero*** (LE female Human Sorcerer 5), who has secretly studied the Astrolabe since childhood. She can channel some, but not all of its dark power, and in the guise of an armored death-knight in eternally bleeding plate and mail, she is establishing a rival organization within her father's: th***e Seghetti Mob,*** named for a particularly infamous ancestor. She presents herself as an adult warlord, unspeakably powerful, and imaginative in her murder methods, under the name ***Boss Saghetti.*** Boss Saghetti is best represented using the ***War Knight*** stat-block.

Caught between the two would be Mafia-rulers, perennial yes-man and sniveling coward, ***Jako Solitaire*** (CE male Proximite Smart 4/Alchemist 4/Wizard 3) strives to be the useful and indispensable right hand man to both Godfather Gancero and Boss Saghetti. Solitaire's life is a dark sitcom, requiring him to dance between loyalties and keep both psychopathic bosses happy, all without letting anybody know he's secretly on Saghetti's payroll. Solitaire's chief occupation (aside from kissing ass when necessary) is weapons design, a task he takes to with more relish than he does politics.

William Kwan (Order #50594381)



Wanting to know who is suborning his men and murdering those who refuse, Godfather Gancero has dispatched his most loyal attack-dog on Boss Saghetti's trail. ***"Railgun" Vitelli*** (LE male Heavy Cyborg Inquisitor 14) has served the Gancero Mob since cyber-conversion nearly 175 years ago, and decades of experience have given him a sixth sense about when somebody is lying. Vitelli is the most effective torturer in the mob, and a highly capable warrior, utterly loyal to the Godfather.

So Boss Saghetti subverted him first: she holds the ancient cyborg's family and great grandchildren hostage. She's used the ruthless torturer to steer the investigator away from her loyalists and towards dangerous rivals within the Gancero Mob. Ophelia Gancero has her enemies eating each other alive.

The Perv Pits

Neo-Sicily is known for hosting the ***Galactic Ero Wrestling Championships*** every fourth standard year. Competitors from across the galaxy compete in fully lethal matches for a fight purse of over 2 billion credits. The Championships begin with 16,000 competitors, opening with grand melees and free fights that winnow the competitors down to a final four over the course of one month of non-stop, sexy violence. The fights are one of the Space Mafia's greatest sources of legit income, and probably the only reason for 'civilians' to cross into the Prison Zone and land on Neo-Sicily. The Mafia watches the fights closely – slain fighters who particularly impress are resurrected by techno-sorcery and forced into new lives as Space Mafia assassins.

Royale (CE ungendered metallic Synth Rogue 6) runs gambling on the Championships, and on less prestigious matches most of the time. Royale was purpose built to be the perfect bookie, program-locked so they couldn't hold back any of the take or cheat their masters. Recently, Royale hacked their anti-theft circuit-locks; they can skim off the top now, but the resulting system dysfunction is driving them crazy – fast and obviously. These days Royale is more concerned with watching wrestlers die than with keeping the books. Money is disappearing and informants are sneaking in.

Foundry

Foundry is an iron-rich planetoid towed into stable orbit over Neo-Sicily. Virtually the entire facility is honeycombed with assembly lines and micro-gravity fabrication labs. The asteroid is Jako Solitaire's domain – he designs and tests guns and occult-tech wierdo-weapons for the mob. A huge population of Mafia-connected Proximites, under the command of a cadre of ***Warp Widow*** overseers, physically assemble Solitaire's designs, to his exacting specification.

Bleakmoon

There is a blood red sector of the Prison Zone, and at its heart is a dead world the color of rust and blood, and orbiting this corpse-planet is the ***Bleakmoon***. This craggy, oxygenated Low Gravity moon is a dark altar. Profane sigils have been carved into the black basalt planetary crust, and lit by subterranean magma flows, these goliath runes are easily visible from orbit. The runes converge on an equatorial fortress containing the ***Bleakmoon Astrolabe*** – an artifact of vast power that funnels dark energies into its possessor and transforms them into the equivalent of a high-tier military starship. The current possessor of the Astrolabe, and the world it is named for, is known simply as the ***Bleakmoon Tyrant.***

The current Tyrant is a slaver without compare. Bleakmoon is a critical part of the galactic slave trade – literally billions of lives each year pass through Bleakmoon en route to new lives of bondage and subjugation. Goliath subterranean barracks house these slaves – the two largest and most notorious barracks are ***Chattlelock*** (which specializes in agricultural and labor slaves) and ***Gag & Gauge*** (which conditions slaves to sexual servitude). Slave-ships landing on Bleakmoon are hurried into subterranean hangers, connected to these slave quarters by labyrinthine and well-surveilled tunnels. Once landed on world, slaves do not see the sky again for the 3+ years of their conditioning.

The Tyrant's Hand

The Tyrant resides in a monolithic spire rising from the lava-fields – a Gothic ruin resembling a grasping hand, still standing purely by force of will and malice. The Astrolabe is held in the upthrust 'palm', of the tower, open to the elements, and surrounded by the five ominous minarets. His tower is guarded by the Tyrant's specially chosen harem of 309 ***War Brides***, one for each night of the Bleakmoon's orbit.

D6	Who Is the Tyrant's Major Slave Buyer?	The Tyrant's Most Treacherous Minion	What Is the Tyrant's Ultimate Insane Goal?
1	The ***Nazarhak Horde***, bulking up its slave population and supply lines in preparation for galactic invasion	***Candice O'Shea*** (NE female TV Head Tactician 10), disgraced political attaché looking for major money as a slave trader	Ressurect the one being he loved and murdered at the beginning of his carreer and make them love him.
2	The ***Chyss***, who bio-sculpt newly purchased slaves into servitor lifeforms	***Black Eyed Bitch***, a ***Warbride*** scheming to bear the Tyrant's son and eventually overthrow the father	Pussy and money. More of it than he's got already. His greed has no limits.
3	***MacBeth Defense Solution***, buying slave workers for their factories	***Gumbo*** (CE male Anthro Barbarian 15), a minotaur-like thing with more rage than common sense	Exterminate the Testorite race, and stop new Testorites from being born, because only one of their kind can truly defeat the Tyrant
4	The ***Corporate Command***, buying high-value sexual slaves for political elites	***Biosaur*** (LE male Anthro Alchemist 19), who thinks a steadier hand at the tiller would increase profits	Blackmail the Command's military with knowledge of their sexual crimes and perversion and take it over from within
5	***WARSTAR***, replacing serfs lost during the war with the Corporate Command	***Skylark Lewis*** (use Risk-Taker stat block, male gender), a spoiled media-brat who wants to lead a rebellion purely for the thrills and will leave his forces to their die as soon as it goes bad	Duplicate the Prison Zone's border-fields and use them to imprison the entire galaxy
6	The ***Gernsbach Futurist Institute,*** buying up expendable slaves for medical experimentation	***The Bleakmoon Herald*** (CE male Free Spacer Bard 17), mouthpiece, negotiator and hype-man, wants some fame of his own for a change	Add the ***Clock of Heaven's*** power to the Bleakmoon Astrolabe

The Tyrant's Inner Circle

For all his raw power, and the reach of his slave trading empire, the current Bleakmoon Tyrant is hot-headed, temperamental and generally a poor judge of character. A collection of sniveling sycophants surround the Tyrant, and constantly scheme to steal his dark power cosmic. A few rolls on the following chart should let you firm up your version of the Tyrant, including his schemes, his trading partners,

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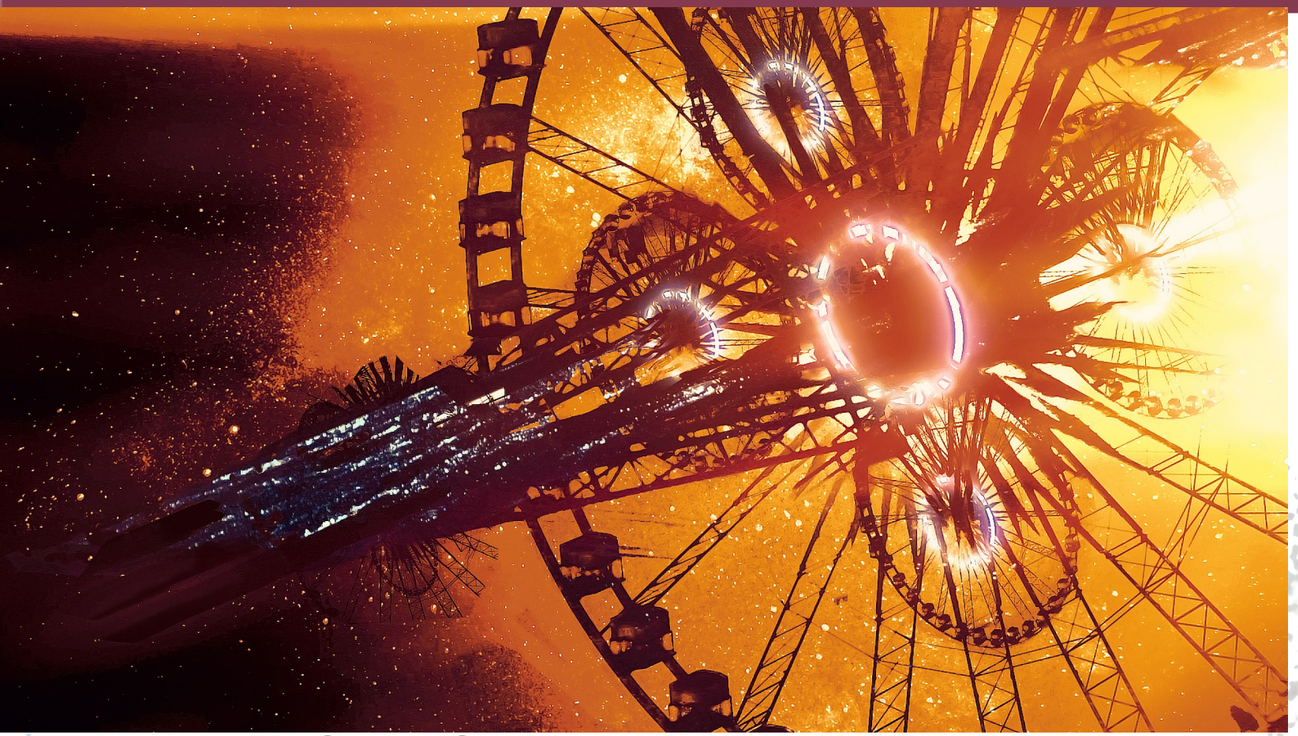


The Chained Star

The true horror of the Prison Zone.

A prisoner chained to a star, larger than God, eternally burning in nuclear fire, yet never dying, never blessed with a second's oblivion from eternal immolation. The chains are the size of worlds: cosmic shadow-stuff and dark matter forged into goliath links. Something massive is chained to the eternally burning rack of the star - an indefinable shadow against the eternal brilliance that writhes, twists and shifts form continually. Try as this solar-scale, maddeningly strange prisoner might, it cannot free itself.

The prisoner screams incoherently on high frequency omni-directional radio channels, blanketing the solar system with an intense jamming field. No sensors function, no signals can override the sound of fractal screams. No life has developed in the system: the Chained Star is orbited by eight lifeless tombstone planets of varying sizes. Not even undead have evolved under the cursed light of the Chained Star. There is not enough ambient life energy to sustain even the weird dead!

Even in the dangerous heart of the Prison Zone, the Chained Star is shunned. Nobody ventures into the system, and astronomers are careful to switch their systems to non-recording mode when passing over this sector of space. They don't want the endless scream frequencies on their datatracks.

Despite its billion years of torture, the nameless, formless prisoner is still sentient, still capable of planning and action, even if it is not, and never could be considered sane. The prisoner has thrilled the Corporate Command CEO ***Daniel Alar*** to its service, and under the prisoner's direction, Alar has forged an occult weapon of incredible lethality. Alar believes his life's work is simply a product of greed-driven smart business practices, not realizing that the nameless prisoner controls his every action and most of his thoughts. The locations of Alar's ***King in Yellow*** chain restaurants across the galaxy form a mystical lock pick, that is slowly working to free the nameless prisoner from its shadow-chains.

Crystal Elm

This bucolic, Earth-like, Normal Gravity world rests (technically) just outside the Prison Zone. The violet radiance of the containment fields are visible as a dim glow in the eastern sky. Crystal Elm was colonized early by the ***Space Mafia***, as a peaceful suburb for their wives and kids, outside the Zone, but still convenient for FTL commuting. Crystal Elm has a single landmass broken only broken by inland ***Springwood Lake***. Within a generation, a few prosperous townships had sprung up, most of them on the shores of this shining, inland sea, each designed for Old Earth comfort and elegance, far out in the Fringe.

A perfect colony.

Ching, ching, ching.
Cha, cha, cha.

When Crystal Elm finally showed its true colors, they were the steely grey of a bear trap. The planet itself may be sapient, or it might just be so warped by the chaotic energies of Hyperspace itself that physics just broke down around it. Crystal Elm became haunted by Hyperspatial ghosts and demon-kind, anxious to secure the once peaceable planet as a beachhead into material reality. The death-spirit known as ***Lady Entropia*** *(PW:SS)* commands the assault. Her trio of undead serial killer minions stalk Crystal Elm's nights and pervert its dreams. Crystal Elm's teenagers have been the first to fall – slaughtered in cruelly imaginative ways by Entropia's ghouls.

Even the relatively few kids with some actual Mafioso combat training are no match for the ghost invasion.

An ***Atomic Harlot*** cheerfully called the ***Slut of Eugenics,*** one of Entropia's favorite minions, has made the heads of the planetary security forces her sexual pawns. The middle-aging gunslingers trusted to keep Crystal Elm safe are so thoroughly confused, and so completely subverted, they are actively servicing the illusion that everything remains safe and secure. The planet's adults are blind to the (multiple) crises that's killing their kids in numbers severe enough to reasonably count as an extinction-level event. The ansibles, which could be used to call for help, have all either been disassembled, or are in the hands of demon-corrupted public security forces.

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

In addition to Lady Entropia and murderous protegees, ***Horrix, Horrorshows, Tantalos*** and ***Incursion Demons*** have come to Crystal Elm. They willingly serve Lady Entropia's favorites as hunting beasts and dumb muscle. The ***Legion of Serial Killers*** has felt the instinctive call to murder on Crystal Elm, and many of their most fearsome, post-human murderers have joined the child-cull.

Camp Hiltzik

Despite being run by the Space Mafia, Camp Hiltzik was the kind of place suburban white kids across the galaxy dreamed of spending an adventurous summer in. Old, retired Mafiosos run the camp, along with college-age dorm monitors, and instruct the kids in respect, old time values and self-sufficiency. Ride a horse, shoot a blaster, camp out under the naked stars, maybe share a summer romance if you're lucky. Good times. Even as the crisis worsens, Camp Hiltzik has a full roster of campers.

Ching, ching, ching.
Cha, cha, cha.

The campers are the sons and daughters of minor Command officials and middle-class social climbers, ranging in age from 10-14 or so. Exclusively pure-strain human, almost as exclusively white, and in a lot of danger. The well cultivated, pop-culture fed innocence of the campers is an irresistible lure to the ultra-predators plaguing the planet. Kids are dying in droves, their cruel deaths a delicacy for the demons of Hyperspace. The worst of the bunch is the chain-axe wielding ***Horrorshow*** nicknamed ***The Quarterback***, because of the archaic football helmet and blood-splattered sports padding he wears as crude armor. The Quarterback kills athletic teen boys – he's slaughtered an entire offensive line's worth of junior varsity athletes over the last few days.

The campers' parents, not having gotten the expected holo-letters from their kids in weeks, are demanding to know what happened. Forced to investigate, but not able to spare many ships from their array of border skirmishes and incipient wars, the Command has dispatched a single scout-cutter to investigate. The nimble, lightly armed recon craft, *USS Stimulus Package* is commanded by a fanatically fit, highly capable young lieutenant commander. ***LCDR William Miller-Plantaganet*** (LE male Human Fighter 8) has never failed a mission, and is a rising star in the military. Being a lesser cousin to the Earth-Gov President doesn't hurt either. The only problem, the Slut of Eugenics wants the handsome young officer. She is already in his dreams; he will be fully hers by the time he arrives in orbit.

The Empire of Rot

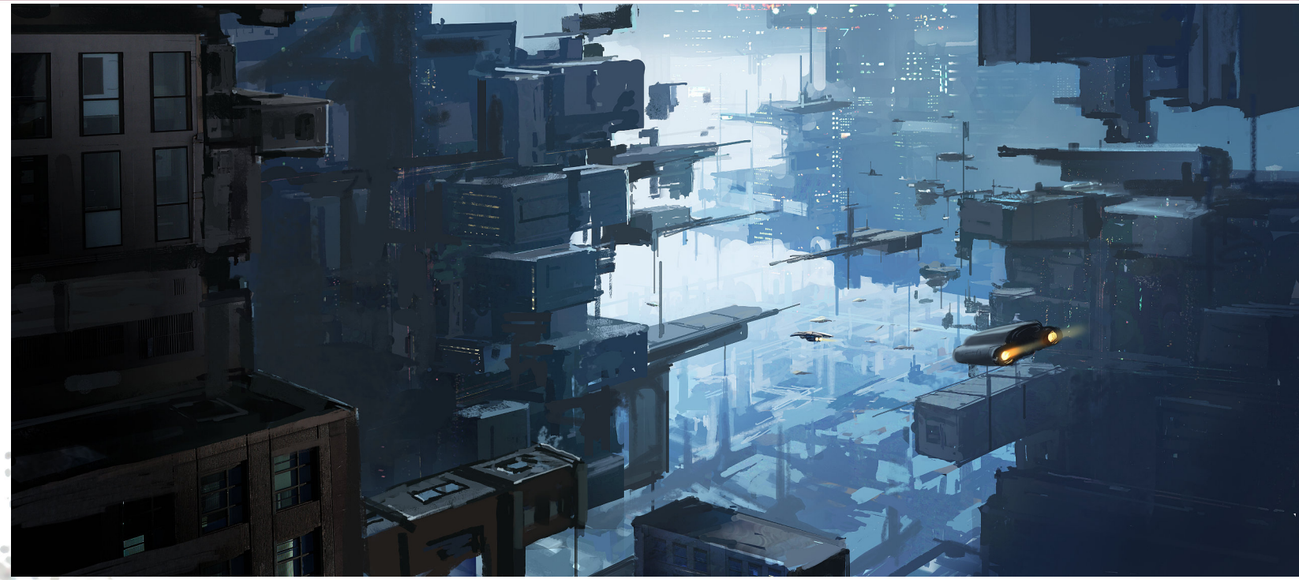
Thirteen systems, completely corrupted, overgrown and conquered by Hellish fungal rot were banished in their entirety to the Prison Zone. There was no other way to protect the galaxy from their endless, hateful hunger. The worlds of the Empire of Rot are linked by parsecs long fungal threads, a grim and obscene parody of the ***Starvine*** which blesses the Fertile Zone with fecundity and life.

The entire sentient population of the Empire of Rot are cultists of the ***Pentaflex Megulus,*** and this dark, stinking domain is the greatest center of the fungal deity's power. Those who resisted the communion of fungi were trapped within mineral deposits – screaming eternally within crystalline tombs that will never let them die. The foul creatures of the ***Abaddon Horde*** (HOTM2) have their origin here. When the field-barriers containing the Prison Zone's many horrors flicker and fade, the Abaddon Horde launches apocalyptic crusades into normal space, damning and slaughtering all they encounter.

The Favela

Even before it was blasted apart, the ringworld that became "The Favela" was a relatively small one: a habitable volume "only" 20 times that of Old Earth. After its destruction, only a broken crescent roughly one quarter the station's original mass remains. The ruined mega-structure still supports life – albeit with a major struggle to make the ruined, old machines work. The Favela's damaged gravity generators keep most of the ruined station at Normal Gravity, though that can swing to any other gravity condition pretty rapidly and without much warning in spots.

The Favela is one of the few bastions of peaceful civilization within the Prison Zone. A few centuries ago, refugees from elsewhere in the Zone found the ruined station and tried to set up something approaching civilization in the cannibal,



Darwinistic hellpit. They mostly succeeded. It's considered neutral territory, run by a rough democracy rather than by the gangsters. Colors aren't allowed: visiting gangers usually drape black hoodies or hooded robes over their cuts rather than take them off entirely, but as long as they keep the peace, The Favela's enforcers politely look the other way.

The Favela's shops and handful of functional drydocks build and maintain the rust-bucket starships common to the Zone. The Garden-Green Level is a major agricultural hub for all the Zone's Basic-compatible species, and the Favela's maker-shops turn out everything from blaster pistols to vid-chips and ansible radios that can pick up Outlaw Sex Station 09. The Favela is vital to the economic life of the Prison Zone, and it maintains its independence with resolve unique in all the galaxy. The Favela's constitution says this: if anybody ever successfully besieges the station, the inhabitants will pull the self-destruct rods rather than become slaves. Death before dishonor, and a final "fuck-you" to their conquerors: everything they wanted spread across three parsecs of space.

The Suicide King

The Favela's citizens, even the little kids, have a special kind of wild-eyed-crazy to fall back on. The station's ruler, chosen by acclaim and proven with a test of combat, is referred to as the Suicide King or the Suicide Queen. They're responsible for initiating the self-destruct sequence if the Favela falls – their most important and final duty. The current Suicide King is the rough and tumble space biker ***Lupo Skarr*** (use the Sethzinian Star Ripper stat-block, with a N alignment). Lupo Skarr came to the Favela in search of a good lay and some primo Glow, helped the natives out of a few jams, and realized he liked the place. The last couple of Suicide Kings were morons, and when the vacancy opened up, Lupo wrote his name on the ballot just 'cause he thought he could do better. So far, he's been right. Mostly. Space piracy is down, GDP is slightly up, there's potable water most days throughout the majority of the station, but those fuckin' gravity generators are fucking up worse than ever.

Places on the Favela

The ***Garden-Green Level*** is tended by a coterie of Synth Druids who have blended inorganic areas and life-sustaining nature seamlessly. They are capable of transmuting metal and plastics and polymers into a sludgy paste that can sustain organic life, but it is flavorless and unpleasant. Mostly, they use it as fertilizer for their enormous hydroponics gardens. The Garden-Green Level produces delicious, plastic fruit that feeds most of the Favela's inhabitants.

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men go into sex-work, almost exclusively, and the women specialize in engineering and hard-sciences. The Backwards Binaries keep to a few zones of the Favela that they've turned into a rough and tumble Anthro homeland: worships of the ***Mates***, the ***Mutt*** and the ***Maker*** are equally common here.

Spacers looking to do some shopping come to the color-coordinated ***Arcades***, which stretch over more than 20 levels of the Favela. ***Arcades A thru C*** offer civilian goods, from household appliances and commercial terraforming equipment to food stuffs and luxury goods. ***Arcade D*** specializes in musical weapons, ***Arcades D and F*** focus on body armor of all sorts, and ***Arcade G*** is a top-notch arms market. You can find blasters cheap here. Nearby ***Arcade H*** is where you can find somebody to shoot all those shiny new blasters for you: all the mercenary hiring halls and guild-houses are found here. ***Arcade K*** deals in star-ships and aerospace craft for sale or hire. ***Arcade L*** is all about nightclubs, sex and sex-work; here's where you go to spend money, buy some drinks and get laid. ***Arcade Q*** is all about *sex-tech*: everything from basic sex toys all the way up to exo-wombs and mass-cloning tech and genetic engineering logistics.

Joker's Toker is a walk-in Glow humidor the size of a small city! It's big enough that customers are assigned a Star Droid guide to show them around, and military grade Autonomous Mecha patrol the labyrinthine aisles, optics active for shoplifters. The dwarfish, polka-dot skinned ***Joker*** (CN female Space Case Druid 5) has connections on Garden-Green Level, and can get some of the best Glow in the Zone at sub-wholesale prices. Glow is legal and openly sold on the Favela: you can get most Glow and some other plant-based drugs at about half the standard list price at Joker's Toker. Joker's perma-fried but doesn't let being stoned 24/7 hinder her effectiveness as a Glow dealer.

The best mechanics, and best for-hire fuck-machines on station come from the same Anthro clan, the***Backwards Binaries.*** They get their name because this clan (all of whom are easily distinguished by their raccoon-like facial markings, regardless of their phenotype) do things different than most Anthro/Shipper clans. The

Waxx Consolidated

Waxx Consolidated is one of the biggest 'straight' employers on the Favela. This diversified conglomerate runs huge, dreary factories that never sleep, producing a ton of different consumer goods for export outside the Prison Zone. Waxx Consolidated products are sold through Dr. Youp's mercantile empire. That last holo-chip player you bought might have been assembled in a Waxx-Con clean room, same goes for the self-sealing pressure patch holding your POS space-suit together.

Waxx-Con is a juvenile ***Sentient Megacorp,*** one of the corporate spermatozoa fired into the void by the avaricious ***Superorganism Alpha.*** Ten thousand years ago, the intact precursor to the Favela was nuked to prevent the spread of Waxx-Con's genetic ancestor. Millions were sacrificed to save trillions. Waxx-Con has developed more slowly, more carefully than its predecessor. No humanoid aboard the Favela suspects Waxx-Con is anything other than just another amoral mega-corp underpaying its factory floor workers.

To keep up appearances, Waxx-Con employs a willing, highly opportunistic, human CEO who willingly works with the nascent corporate intelligence and is its face in humanoid society. The dwarfish, embittered ***Marlow Waxx*** (CE male Human Rogue 8) found the core of the Sentient Mega-corp in a disused sluice tunnel, and in a moment of rare charity, shared his meager food with the cosmic predator. This act sparked a partnership, helping the Sentient Mega-corp survive its infancy. As it grew, it protected and financed Marlow Waxx, rebuilding the homeless former addict as a business magnate. In return, Waxx acts to ally suspicion of the living corporation – he is a blustery, newly confident face for the financial reporters to plaster on their feeds. Their symbiosis is a strangely loving one: each partner, though they are vastly different forms of intelligence, genuinely likes and respects the other.

Gein

Gein is a rogue, Normal Gravity planetoid about the size of the Martian object Ceres. The dusty, grey world was star-lifted to the Prison Zone ages ago. Though relatively small, Gein's core is a dense mass of selenium that serves to create nearly-Earth standard gravity, and maintain a thin envelope of atmosphere. The world is lifeless, save for some simple fungi and lichen clinging to the age-sanded craters.

Gein is intensely mechanized. The surface is spiked with countless soul-collector towers. These ebony needles reach miles into the atmosphere, a unique admixture of cold-riveted steel and selenium mined from the world-core. They glow with noxious green foxfire. The souls of history's most infamous murderers, madmen and sex criminals are pulled, screaming into Gein's soul-needles. Once caught and trapped, these murderous souls are impressed into custom-grown bio-cybernetic bodies assembled in Gein's vast automated factories. Gein is the headquarters, and the cradle of the universally feared and loathed ***Legion of Serial Killers.***

Gein is as populated and busy as an anthill, but is strangely lifeless. ***Serial Killer Immortals*** are decanted and trained in virtual reality murder simulations. They are 'alive' for only a short time before being dispatched upon a murder mission, and their minds are blanked and the Immortal is placed into deep stasis upon his return. There is little conversation, only the quiet hum of servitor droids tending vast underground forests of slumbering murderers within their stasis tubes.

Gein is the lair of the vile, entropic spider-thing known as ***Glissir Vhurle,*** an especially nox*ious* ***Umbralobe*** *(NU2).* She is the embodiment of universal entropy, an intelligent incarnation of the Big Freeze theory of the universe's nadir. Like many of her sister-rivals, Glissir Vhurle is a dangerous nihilist who seeks omniversal homicide. To speed the death of the hated stars, whose light pains her so, Glissir Vhurle established the Legion of Serial Killers.

While she might occasionally allow her Serial Killer Immortal pets to play with less important targets, they primarily target 'star-children.' Vhurle's Serial Killer Immortals hunt not only

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young ***Star-Sisters*** and similar stellar incarnates, they also hunt spacers born with the *Living Star* racial feat. *Psi-Evolved Colonists* are also favorite targets, these innocent empaths are also charged with star-force, though to a much lesser degree. They are also significantly easier to kill than a Living Star in the full flower of their cosmic powers.

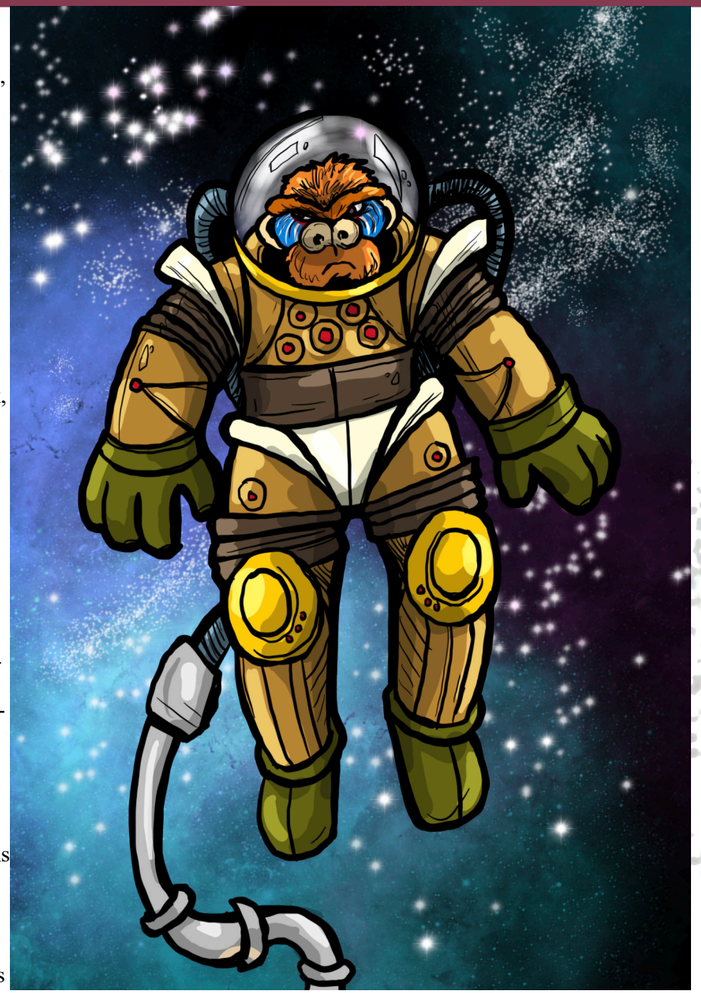
Nicodemus

Nicodemus is a High Gravity world with a thick, soupy oxygenated atmosphere. Virtually the entire landmass is carpeted with a hardy, low-growing thorny moss. Squat, centipede like insects and plump protomammals creep through the razor-sharp hedges. Permanent fog carpets the valleys and lowlands, breeding blind variant species with innate echolocation abilities.

Nicodemus is unclaimed, (almost) uninhabited and uncharted. The lone resident chose Nicodemus for its remoteness and solitude. An egotistical artisan, almost as ancient as the universe itself, calls himself ***The Exquisite*** hides in a luxurious warren somewhere on-world, his entry hatch stealth-shielded and farther hidden by the hooks and thorns of undergrowth.

The Exquisite (LE male venerable Anthro Alchemist 18/Transmuter 20) is an artist. He claims his clients include the true Creator of the Multiverse, and that his grandest creations are the metaphoric gears that drive the engines of reality. The Exquisite's grandiose claims are proved out in his raw skill: he can conjure living planets and ringworlds with willpower alone. The Exquisite took commission to design the idea-weapons that allowed the Psyren to conquer the galaxy; he assembled ***Terminus Est*** itself with his own two hands; he handcrafted the ***Great Eye of the Galaxy.***

His creations made him enemies.
For all his age and power, The Exquisite is surprisingly frail. He is a tiny, baboon-like thing, dressed in an ostentatious armored exo-suit in every color of the visible spectrum. He is capering, proud and mad. Utterly paranoid and terrified of finally losing his immortal's life. He keeps no servants, not even droids, dependent on his sorcery to meet his needs. The Exquisite hasn't spoken to another living soul in 2.46 million years, and is



convinced the only way to truly preserve his existence is… He calls it the ***"Hard Reboot".*** A prosaic name for a scheme to kill God, eat His heart and become a new God of a new creation. To this end, The Exquisite is building a second and more dangerous iteration of Terminus Est, one fully under his control and not traded to an outsider. His project is just a few short years from fruition.

Call of the Primitives

Unknown to The Exquisite, one of his former apprentices, a mostly-mad thing that is a partly caterpillar, partly cybernetics called ***The Shriven*** keeps a secret lair on Nicodemus. (Use the *Columite Master* stat-block for The Shriven. *HOTM2*.) The Shriven left The Exquisite's employ around three million years ago, and not on good terms. The Shriven has never forgiven the slight, and has spent the intervening years foiling The Exquisite's plans at every turn. The Shriven will never allow The Exquisite to become God.

The Shriven has synthesized something like an Anthro-specific mating pheromone and managed to insert it into the carrier wave of the galactic comms network. A scent that can be emailed, basically. Encoded in the pungent RNA-mist is an incredible compulsion to come to Nicodemus, and the knowledge of the world's coordinates. This perfumed email is species specific: only Anthros and similar creatures can detect the scent. Ordinary animals exposed become aggressive and enter a short-lived heat. Anthros exposed to this airborne mist must succeed at a FORT Save (DC 10+1d8) or gain an overwhelming compulsion to travel to Nicodemus by the most efficient means available; this compulsion lasts for 3d6 days, with a new FORT Save each day to end the effect. During this time, Anthros are competitive, aggressive and sexually hungry. Even once the compulsion fades, awareness of Nicodemus and its coordinates does not.

The Shriven laughs at the image of a horde of lust-mad animals descending on The Exquisite's retreat, trampling all over his carefully laid plans. The sheer audacity insult is nearly as pleasant as the certainty that sooner or later, a more-heroic spacer than the norm will put an end to the Exquisite's dreams of divinity. The Shriven can't stop laughing at the madness of it all.

Ry'leth

Long before space flight, visions of the forbidden planet Ry'leth invaded the slumbering mind of an early 20th Century psi-sensitive named ***Howard Phillips Lovecraft***. He eked out a living as a science fiction author and maintained a second career as an imaginatively virulent racist. He died a long time before the first *homo sapiens* astronaut left Old Earth's atmosphere, never consciously aware that planet Ry'leth actually existed somewhere beyond his nightmares.

The real Ry'leth is a poisonous, muddy swamp contained deep within the Prison Zone. Local gravity fluctuates dangerously and unpredictably: most of the time Ry'leth is a Normal Gravity world, sometimes, possibly as often as 3 of every ten days, it might be Low Gravity or High Gravity. The dangerous local fauna tends to me more active and hostile during Low Gravity periods, and torpid during High Gravity interludes. Additionally, Ry'leth's number of moons and their positions vary wildly: the world usually has around three small moons. But the number has climbed as high as eight and as few as a single, large yellow moon, staring down like the eye of a hateful God. Moons vanish in a flash of glitch-light, like an asset in a computer game suddenly vanishing into garbled code, before returning days or months later.

Ry'leth is built on unpredictability and deception. It is home to a variety of ***Lifespawn*** predators and many of the non-Lifespawn are biomorphic. *Mimics, Dopplegangers* and other common shapeshifters call Ry'leth home, forming a major part of the eco-systems. Mimics assume the form of geographic strata and flora, feeding on unaware predators and being devoured in turn. ***Technysian*** bio-machines capable of reconfiguration take animalistic forms and ravage one another, likely evolved from a crashed Tyrakron space probe half buried in the fetid swamps of the Southern archipelago. Lifespawn hunters such as ***Scorpion Mirage*** and ***Hostage Takers*** are especially common on world.

Temporal portals and space-time warps are woven into the fabric of Ry'leth itself. Fear-maddened creatures sinking to their deaths in quicksand might appear, half-dead, anywhere or anywhen in the Multiverse. Caverns might lead to shelter one minute, and the same arch of mossy stone might

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open onto another world and time in the next moment.

The True Burial Site of HP Lovecraft

One of these caves, in the Northern reach of the planet, contains a quasi-stable, one way portal from Old Earth. Human bones litter the caves and the jungles beyond. Rusting in the muck are pocket watches and cell phones, sun-faded dollars, yen and rubles rot gradually in insect-chewed wallets. One of these corpses, a tall male skeleton in moth-eaten tweed and round spectacles clutches an old notebook to its ribs. The corpse belongs to the mad dreamer of Ry'leth, drawn physically to this place on his death bed. He spent his last hours here, among insanity, and his still barely legible notebooks record his arrival and confused wanderings. The trans-temporal energy radiating out of these pages can be detected from outside the Prison Zone – these energies have made these pages all but indestructible; they are a potent source of both knowledge and energy.

Occasionally, a single, verdant vine of a great alien tree, so massive that it stretches from the cave floor towards the limit of the visible sky, glitches into existence beside Lovecraft's mortal remains. The ethereal vine remains in existence for up to three days after a manifestation, and its appearance usually prefigures a gravitational shift.

The Laboratory

Fifteen hundred miles southeast of Lovecraft's carcass, and the spectral, cosmic Vine, a massive science-palace lies abandoned. Stretching over more than a hundred square miles, this monolithic fortress has been left to rot for eons. The jungle has reclaimed all but the most durable parts of the great structure. A radio-telescope array of unimaginable complexity rusts to the west, toxic vines and ferrovoric mushrooms growing on the dishes. The seven times seven sub-basement levels have fallen in, partially collapsed, and become the nest of a fat and gravid ***Vine Kaiju,*** which transforms any animals that come near, before consuming them and rebirthing them as hyper-specialized new monstrosities.

Above, genetic engineering suites built on a grand scale, capable of uplifting entire armies simultaneously, remain functional behind temporally-shielded vaults. Experiments on Lifespawn biologicals are suspended in stasis tubes, unimaginably dangerous should they ever be unleashed. Instruments sized for a goliath and inhuman hand remain partially functional. Bio-organic robots like four-legged spiders stalk the halls, repairing and maintaining some facilities while letting others crumble, in service of long outdated programs.

The Eye in the Swamp

Less than three miles from the northern wall of the Laboratory, there is a house-sized orb, a goliath, alien eye, slumbers mostly buried in the swamp. Occasionally, the Eye stirs and drifts languidly above the Laboratory's grounds. The Eye is a ***Terminus Probe*** *(HOTM1)*, and will protect the Laboratory from invaders. Actually defeating the Terminus Probe is all but impossible, and even if its accomplished, could doom the civilized universe.

The Whistler (CN male Testorite Ranger 2/Barbarian 3) makes his home in these swamps, and has for decades now. The mad, naked giant is one of the few Testorites to ever emerge from the soil of a world not ***Ganaden's***. Alone on a world of predation and illogic, the Whistler has survived as a wild scavenger. He forgot how to speak years ago, and only communicates with birdsong, not that he has anyone much to talk to. In his Earthly life, the Testorite was a bright and reclusive child named Howard, born shortly before the 20th Century dawned, obsessed with science and tales of long ago heroes. Those days are over now, as he subsists as a rude savage in a body fueled with unnatural, alien vigor. He dreams of a skeleton, clutching a notebook, half a world away, not realizing the bones are his, at least an alternate version of himself. However, he is compelled to remain on this lost world, and to protect it from The Eye and the things trapped in The Laboratory, no matter how much he dreads both things.

The Black Pyramid of Infinity

This diamond of hieroglyph-etched black metal orbits high above the damned world of Ry'leth. Easily as large as ***Conquest Station*** or other mega-facility, this strange space station is far more advanced and far better defended. Highly accurate particle beams and stranger weapons that warp local gravity, lock on and devastate any starship unfortunate enough to cross into this blasted system. The Black Pyramid's defenses are automated, and the stations systems maintained by advanced AI of alien design. Because the master is not often in residence…

The Obsidian Pharaoh, Nyarlahotep (SS) is a conquering warlord who prowls the distant reaches of the Multiverse, and rarely visits this particular slice of reality. He leaves the Black Pyramid here, to secure Ry'leth however, because all of the enigmatic Nyarlahotep's instincts, and all his black sciences, tell him that this world and the lone, half-mad inhabitant's imagination, is somehow the key to his very existence. As long as the madman, Whistler, lives, so does Nyarlahotep, no matter what dangers the universe holds.

The Star-Tomb of Urdom the Undying

Something not dead, eternally lies within.

Urdom the Undying was defeated, deposed, humiliated and bound into eternal slumber, but true to his boasts, the star-conquering arch-wizard could not be slain. Instead, he was trapped within an airless, mystically sealed sarcophagus where he would wait, upon the very edge of death, for eternity. The Star-Tomb is a beautiful and intimidating structure: a black metal planetoid carved into an asymmetrical four-pointed star, symbol of the alliance of forces that deposed Urdom. The trapped wizard's golden and adamantine sarcophagus is visible beneath a great rose window made of spectacularly stained glass, separated from deep space by a few meters and only protected behind a thin pane of glass.

A glittering temptation, easy to reach.

No, the Star-Tomb is an absolute trap.

The structure is a tessaract maze of random teleportals, short ranged jump gates and deadly, insidious arcane traps. Crossing the twenty meters from to reach the dais the sarcophagus rests upon might take ten perilous months. The Star-Tomb is a galaxy in and of itself, with its own laws of physics, designed to make reaching Urdom's inert form almost impossible. Defeating the seventy times seventy layers of mystical wards and bindings preventing the sarcophagus from being opened is even more difficult. This truly epic task has long outlasted the wizards who designed it, despite the best efforts of Urdom's most competent and dangerous cultists. The bones of failed questors litter the Star-Tomb, killed in endlessly inventive ways that tend to make physics and causality bad jokes.

Within his golden coffin, Urdom's slow and dreaming thoughts are never far from vengeance. It might take Urdom an entire standard year to form a single thought, but the immortal will one day break free, wage mythic war again. Urdom strains against the mystical chains binding his body down, while his still-reverent cultists and minions work from the outside to free him.

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D8	Urdom's Ambition	Urdom's Evolved, Freed Form	Urdom's Weakness
1	Aware of the ICG, Urdom seeks to absorb the *Dues Maximus* and incorporate it into himself	LE Human Wizard 20/Magus 8 MR 10 Path of the Archmage	Use the Strange Matter Weakness in the Failed Paragon Stat-Block (SS)
2	Urdom seeks seven ritual relics of enormous power that will elevate him to true divinity.	Solix Verion (HOTM1)	Urdom cannot see, hear or detect mystically members of a particular semi-common species, such as Pyren or Erobots.
3	Urdom seeks to enter the *Phallus*, a pan-dimensional megastructure around which the Multiverse turns, and rule it	Mega-Pope (HOTM1)	Urdom is intensely claustrophobic and traumatized by his long imprisonment and becomes paralyzed with fear in enclosed spaces
4	Urdom besieges Endara to tap the vast cosmic power of the *Fires of Creation*	Impendant (PW:SS)	Urdom's heart really isn't in it. He wants peace, not conquest, but goes through the motions anyway.
5	Urdom slaughters the descendants and students of the wizards who trapped him long ago	Prince of Hell (NU2)	Urdom's powers are fading; each act of great magic brings him closer to being just another powerless mortal
6	Urdom will unify the diverse people of the Prison Zone into a unified empire and then conquer the rest of the galaxy.	Hela (NU2)	Something ancient, hungry and remorseless pursues Urdom – his trapped soul encountered this Horror during his long captivity.
7	Urdom will conquer and subvert WARSTAR first, using their vast military as shock troops	Emperor of the Burning Eye (NU1)	A sacred and long-lost relic of humanity (such as Excalibur, Kusanagi or the Baker Flag) can finally destroy Urdom the Undying.
8	Urdom offers the citizens of the galaxy, peace, prosperity and immortality if only they worship him as a God	Elizabeth Vose (PW:SS)	Someone is unravelling Urdom's personal time line. He fades from reality as his ancestors are killed, one by one, before they can breed.

Should Urdom the Undying ever be freed, the power balance in the galaxy will change for the worse. Even stripped of his mystical weapons and artifacts, Urdom is very nearly a god. His revenge will be horrific, and will begin with the almost effortless reconquest of ***Grimorie***, once the seat of his power.

Who and what is Urdom? What did the arch-wizard metamorphose into during his captivity? Pick one of the nastiest, epic-level arcane stat blocks you can find in an Otherverse Games bestiary or another favorite source of monsters and use that to represent Urdom, reskinning elements as necessary. Whatever his capabilities, Urdom can assume his original human form – that of a surprisingly muscular, Asiatic human with long, elaborately coiled mustaches and carefully braided, naturally curled hair. He maintains a regal, imperious demeanor at all time, admits no weakness nor failure, and is legendarily cruel in his fits of pique.

You can conjure suggestions for Urdom and his grand schemes using the builder chart below.

Superorganism Alpha

Every inch of this world, every stressed microbe and pressurized molecule is mechanized, urbanized and industrialized. Superorganism Alpha is an ancient mega-structure, a planetary city-state where nothing save the molten core of the world remains unmodified. The world has been inhabited since ancient days, its original creators and inhabitants long forgotten and unknown. The Superorganism's two moons are linked to their parent-world by long orbital bridges. They have become dipole power collectors, drawing energy from cosmic radiation and the solar winds to power the Superorganism.

The Superorganism's ecology has adapted to millions of years of urbanization. Organic creatures are rare, and limited to small rat-like and reptilian scavengers, clever, nastily toxic and hardy. Most lifeforms are biomechanical hybrids, built using the *Technysian Creature* template *(HM1)*. The Superorganism is home to nearly one trillion sentients, most of whom live in tiny multi-function cloisters the size of shower cabinets. It is the most densely populated sector of known space. Every bit of technology on this claustrophobic world must shape-shift to perform a dozen functions, because space is that starved.

There are no streets. Just overcrowded pulsing walkways like veins, always filled with pedestrians. Magnetic monorails scream through specialty tunnels at 300 mph, their sides passing within an inch of passer-by, who barely notice. Access to most homes and businesses is gained via crawling through cramped cable junctions and Jeffries tubes. There's so much metal, the surface and sub-surface layers of the endless city are High Gravity environments; middle reaches are Normal

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Gravity, while the sky towers are Low or Zero Gravity environments.

The Superorganism's citizens/parasites are pacified by direct-brain virtual reality amusements and sim-worlds. In virtual space, they can enjoy endless vistas and grand adventures, far from the rust and wires of their reality. Disease and poverty are rampant; most of the citizens survive only because the Superorganism itself provides for them. Rations of food, electricity and hydrating-nutri-paste, even the drugs necessary to get through a day in the bowels of a great machine. The Superorganism itself is quasi-sentient (*use the **Kingdom of Entrails** stat-block, but change type to Construct) (NU1)* and views the sentients inhabiting it as either symbiotes or parasites depending on its mood. The Superorganism remembers much of the early days of galactic society – it is selfish and hungry, and relishes in the extinction of the ***Brightstar Order***. The Superorganism once battled the Brightstar, and though it lost the war, it outlived its opponent. The Superorganism is defined by ancient grievances. It will not allow Psyren to establish a community within, though individual Psyren might live in the teeming warren-mazes, so long as they do not congregate in groups.

The Superorganism is allied with ***Blackulon***, and the world has a substantial vampire population deep within the lightless service tunnels and most ancient transit ways. A cadre of vampires, specially bred for urban, close-quarters warfare protect the sentient core of the Superorganism, a city-sized rat-king of fiberoptic cable, data wires and hydraulic infrastructure. This core is hidden deep within the city-planet. Its vampire guardians are unbreakably loyal to the Superorganism – the eldest are tens of thousands of years old, well fed upon the living blood of the Superorganism's trillion citizen-parasites.

While a trillion humanoids call the Superorganism home, they are not the controlling intelligences. The Superorganism is reproductively active. It buds off neonatal ***Sentient Megacorps*** *(SS):* sperm-meteorites of megacorporate data and a self-replicating infrastructural sheath and fires these intelligences into the depths of space. Most are intercepted and destroyed by the Prison Zone's automated defenses, but some have established hyper-capitalist infections in the wider galaxy. Over millions of years, they will evolve into new Superorganisms, draining their host worlds of all resources and creativity before reaching reproductive maturity themselves. One of these Sentient Megacorp sperm-missiles landed on ***Proxima Prime*** millions of years ago. It is just beginning to awaken to sentience. The generational wars are its birth pangs.

"Tar-World"

This desolate and mostly lifeless Low Gravity planetoid is home to no native lifeforms much more complex than simple lichens and fungi. A thick layer of tarry, clinging oily sludge covers everything. This viscous mucous drips from cliff faces and jagged stalactites, and but forms deep pools and suffocating oceans of quick-sand like sludge. When the Pacificians uplifted themselves out of baseline humanity, all their negative emotions, hates and prejudices were purged from their bodies as black tears. These tears were collected by Pacifican bio-hazard teams and shipped to this lifeless, forgotten rock. Eventually, the black tar became sentient, evolving into the harbinger of corrupting evil known as ***The Charr***.

Tar-World is too valuable to simply nuke. Glowing ***Fuelon*** mountains rise over the horizon, glowing a lurid violet-pink against the oil-black landscape. The presence of the Charr has mutated multiple veins of Fuelon into ***Dark Fuelon*** as well as the the rarer and more valuable ***Chaos Fuel.*** Illegal mining operations on Tar-World can make a spacer rich beyond their wildest dreams – if they can get in, drill and get out again before the slumbering Charr awakens and breaks their souls.

Sundog Mining runs an operation on planet – they're probably the best equipped dig, the closest to being a permanent mine on planet. Sundog operates out of the massive, industrial lander ***Conroy.*** The lumbering starship is captained by the dim-witted and literal minded work-droid ***"Augie"*** (N ungendered Bulk Barbarian 5); the gigantic labor-mech was given the assignment in hopes it would be less vulnerable to Tar-World's mind-warping effects. So far, it's worked, though many 'fleshies' have had to be put down for abject psychosis by the big machine.

Astrohex

The ***Tyrakron Empire*** has established an outpost on a small airless, Low Gravity rock within sensor distance of Tar-World. The reserves of Fuelon and its derivatives make Tar-World an invaluable potential resource, but whatever drives organic spacers insane affects Battlechangers too. The Tyrakrons declared Tar-World off limits to direct mining, too dangerous for surface contact, but recognized its value. Piracy seemed like the best answer: let the fleshlings mine the Fuelon for you and then take it when they try to lift off-planet.

Astrohex is garrisoned by a small squad of ***Tyrakron Hunter-Killers,*** under the command of the ambitious and hyper-capable ***Air Lieutenant Deathcry.*** Deathcry leads efficient (if showy) raids on cargo haulers lifting off Tar-World, and dutifully returns the fuel to the Tyrakron Empire. Most of it at least, a good percentage goes to his own loyalists within the Hunter-Killer ranks, in preparation for his long-planned coup. Deathcry has reached out to "Augie", hoping to arrange a more peaceful handover of the fuel, but the hulking Bulk is just too stupid for bribery.

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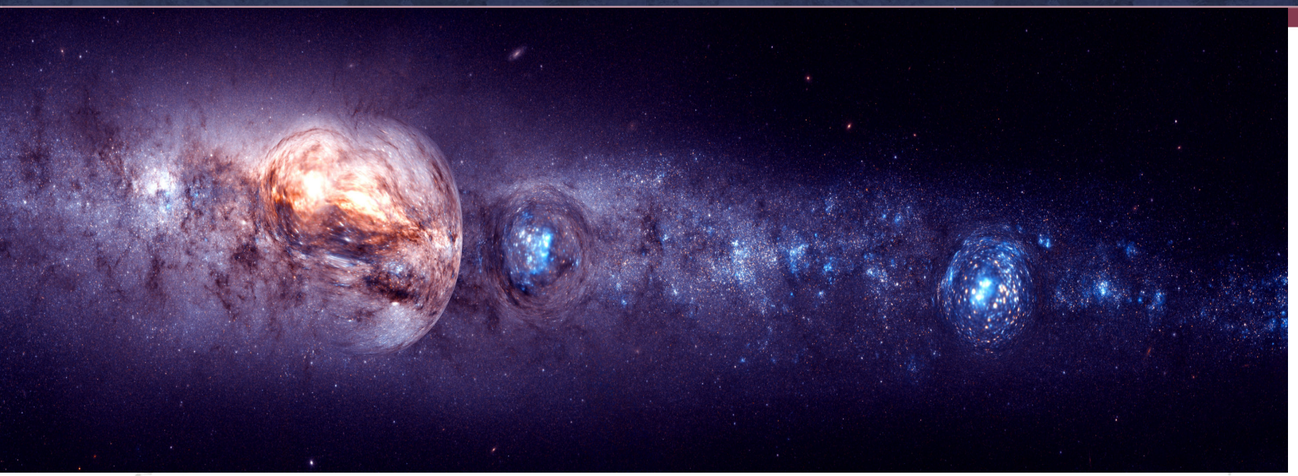

CHAPTER NINE
THE LIMBO NEBULA

The Limbo Nebula stretches across the ***Steel Sector*** like a sword slash, bisecting the region, and borders the ***Prison Zone***. Physical laws that are settled and inviolate in other regions of space are up for debate in the Limbo Nebula. The Nebula is filled with a strange purple-crimson *ether* that glows brilliantly in the night. Only the brightest of the galaxy's stars are visible within the Nebula, lost against the violet brilliance. This *ether* is not oxygen, but it is breathable and can sustain humanoid life as if space here were not truly vacuum.

The ***Endarans*** are the most technologically advanced native species in the Limbo Nebula, but because of the presence of the *ether*, have never mastered true space flight. Their intra-system craft function much more like very fast aircraft rather than starships with a sealed life support system. Endarans have not ventured out into the wider galaxy using native technology, and treat the fully sealed, FTL capable starships of visiting spacers as fascinating oddities. The ***Solars***, descendants of starfarers who settled the Nebula long ago, retain a handful of void-capable military vessels, the secrets of which they do not share even with their closest allies.

Navigation Hazards

The Limbo Nebula's *ether* provides some unique difficulties (and equally unique opportunities) for spacers travelling through the Nebula. The *ether* has its own currents, ebbing and flowing like some vast galactic sea. It's a turbulent sea, however.

While travelling through the Limbo Nebula, roll 2D4 of different colors. The lighter D4 represents a positive number, the darker D4 is a negative number. Rolling them together should give you a result between -3 and +3. Add this number to the Hyperdrive Rating of a starship passing through the Limbo Nebula, to a maximum Hyperdrive Rating 5 and a minimum Rating 0.5. For the duration of the transit, this becomes the vessel's effective Hyperdrive Rating.

Pilots can attempt a DC 20 Pilot check when entering the Limbo Nebula to find a favorable current. If the check succeeds, the roll of the dice is 2D4+1, vastly increasing the possibility of a speed boost through the Nebula.

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The Ayan Child Star

This small, sentient star is currently a blue dwarf, but over the next few million years will awaken to its true power as an M-class sun. Like many of the stars in the galaxy (especially in the stellar-fertile Limbo Neubla) it is a living, thinking being, with a keen intelligence but a childlike mind. Ayan has allowed humanoid and Battlechanger allies alike to build vast solar collection mirrors and research stations in orbit around 'her'.

Every few decades, Ayan gives birth to a powerful ***Star Sister*** heroine. WARSTAR and Clan MacBeth have tried to abduct these powerful superhuman children time and again. Thus far, they have failed, but their patience is endless.

The Talons of Ether

Countless millions of asteroids and micro-planets encircle the Ayan Child Star, and collectively, these orbiting boulders are known as the ***Talons of Ether.*** Bathed in warming radiation and nourished by the strange property of the Limbo Nebula's ether, most of these asteroids support life. The Talons have a diverse eco-system full of adaptable and dangerous, often flight-capable predators. Even non-fliers are adept at leaping from rock to rock. Star Mounts of all descriptions are common to the Talons, especially ***Hunter*** and ***Warbred Ptarn***.

The ***Hunters of the Cosmos*** train here. Apprentices spend months and years here, in cold, spartan yurts open to the cosmic void. They learn survival skills, the rudiments of monster hunting and practice with the ancient order's signature weapons. Apprenticeship ends when a young Hunter forges her own Pleasure weapons in the Great Forge upon one of the larger and more dangerous asteroids. Then, she must capture, tame and psi-bond with one of the Talon's Ptarns. Quite a few bodies of apprentices who failed this final test lie buried under rude cairns upon random asteroids.

Starhive

Imagine a wasp's nest the size of a small moon, hanging in the luminous purple-pink *ether.* ***Stellar Insects*** of enormous size and brilliant coloration nest here, curled tightly around one another.

These specimens are dangerous to starships crossing the Limbo Nebula, but rarely venture beyond the *ether,* thankfully for the galaxy. Food is plentiful here, and hunting is easy. The voracious ultra-insectoids occasionally ravage the ***Endaran Wheatlands*** – descending from the bright nocturnal sky in cycles centuries long. It has been many lifetimes since these monsters ventured into Endara's atmosphere, but their hunger will awaken again, sometime soon.

Barlowe

There is a hole in the universe at Barlowe's core, and because of that, the world has literally become Hell. A permanent hyperspatial rift opening directly into the planet's molten core dumps immeasurable amounts of chaotic energy into planetary eco-system. The world is supercharged, in over-drive in every sense of the world. Tectonic activity and weather are off the scale and unpredictable – the flora and fauna are hyper-competitive and utterly lethal. Demonic taint manifests in virtually every living creature native to the churning, red-in-tooth Hell that is Barlowe.

Barlowe is one of the most dangerous worlds in the Fringe, surrounded by a flotilla of AI-guided smart-mines. The Command Navy maintains a watchful presence from the farthest orbit of the system, including the heavy torpedo destroyer ***Pence's Creampie***. Vessels approaching closer than 1 AU from the outer orbit are vaporized, no questions asked. Even the Command wants nothing to do with whatever's happening to Barlowe, and the only reason they haven't completely destroyed the planet, is the worry that doing so would fully unleash the hyperspatial rift. Best guess: atomizing the planet would cause Barlowe's star to go nova, and there's about an 80% chance it would be a ***possessed*** supernova.

The Cosmic Satanists want to crack Barlowe in half for just that reason. They've been trying to land a planet-cracker weapon on Barlowe for years now. Some of the worst Cosmic Satanists are consulting the ancient lore, and torturing their way to the truth, hunting the last known location of the planet killing entity, ***Terminus Est.*** They know if they could awaken that thing and lure it to Barlowe, there's nothing the Command Navy could do to stop it. A wiry, paranoid and sexually predatory Satanic Priestess named ***Inveritas LeVay*** (CE female Human Cleric of Cosmic Satanism 16) leads the hunt for Terminus Est. As much as she is dedicated to the cause, she relishes the chase, and the oft-pointless violence her quest allows her. Priestess LeVay and her minions lurk in an unfriendly pirate settlement on ***Scorpius Mundi***, a few parsecs from Barlowe's system.

The Satanists have no idea that powers greater than themselves observe, and protect the evolutionary chaos of Barlowe. ***The Great Watchmaker***, the hidden master of the near-by Limbo Nebula has watched over the world for eons. The Watchmaker believes the key to mastering the *omni-creation* can be gained by tapping the rift at the world's unstable core. The Watchmaker will not allow his favorite experiment to be destroyed, not even by a being as powerful as Terminus Est.

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The Clock of Heaven

The Clock of Heaven is hidden somewhere in the core of the Limbo Nebula, concealed behind luminous vapor and shielded from external detection. Spacers within the Nebula have often seen the Clock of Heaven as a ghost-image on their long-range sensors, but almost none have ever landed on the enigmatic structure. The Clock of Heaven is tall, faceted spindle larger than a small moon; its outer hull a lurid pink that blends in well with the *ether.* Its cathedral-like glass is a strange shade of yellowed golden, and the intricate, articulated arms that constantly skitter and move along the hull are a nearly iridescent blue. The Clock of Heaven is a riot of bizarre, hypersaturated color; a vast machine of no discernable purpose.

Fighting the Flow of Ether

The people of the Limbo Nebula have speculated about the Clock of Heaven since they developed *ether*-flight. The structure figures in myth, fable and traveler's tales. Few have explored it, though. Even those few who can spot the Clock through the drifting wisps of *ether* can rarely actually reach it. The Clock of Heaven warps the *ether* around itself.

It requires a DC 35 Pilot check to reach the Clock of Heaven, but beating the check by too much misses the Clock just as a failure would. If the check result is 35 – 39, the pilot actually reaches a stable landing orbit around the Clock. On a result of 40 or higher, the pilot's vessel overshoots the Clock, wasting at least 2d4 hours as they come around for another attempt.

Entering the Clock

Few spacers have ever actually landed on the Clock of Heaven, and even fewer have returned to tell their story. The Clock is the fortress-laboratory of a ***Great Watchmaker.*** This star-deity's armored body is the same baroque configuration and clashing color scheme as the Clock itself. The few who know of the being's existence, simply refer to him by the name of his species. If the Great Watchmaker has an actual name, it has never revealed it to lesser mortals. The Great Watchmaker is one of the eldest beings in the galaxy: it once ruled a portion of the ***Second Iteration*** as a ***Senator***, though whether all Watchmaker share a similar origin is unknown.

The Great Watchmaker seeks to understand how the Second Iteration fell, by studying and reverse engineering the divine technology of the ***Singular.*** The Limbo Nebula became the perfect testbed for the Watchmaker's theories. It's up for debate whether the *ether* made the Nebula an attractive prospect, or if the Watchmaker actually created the Nebula to hide its experiments. The Great Watchmaker created the Endaran Solar System billions of years ago. The countless moons and unparalleled bio-diversity of region are the Watchmaker's attempt at creating a miniature version of Phallus Space and its necklaces of pruned worlds.

The Watchmaker keeps tabs on Endara, and upon the galaxy outside the Limbo Nebula, through the eyes of genetically engineered spy species. The Great Watchmaker has created life – it prefers building avian species. It created the shipwrights of ***Exavia***, as well as the wise, old ***Mentowl*** that teaches at the Endaran University of All Sciences, as prior Mentowls have for uncounted millennia.

The Great Watchmaker can see through its creation's eyes, experience their sensory input, and if desired, take direct control of any of its creations, piloting them like biological drones. None of the Great Watchmaker's spies are consciously aware of the Watchmaker's control.

Endara

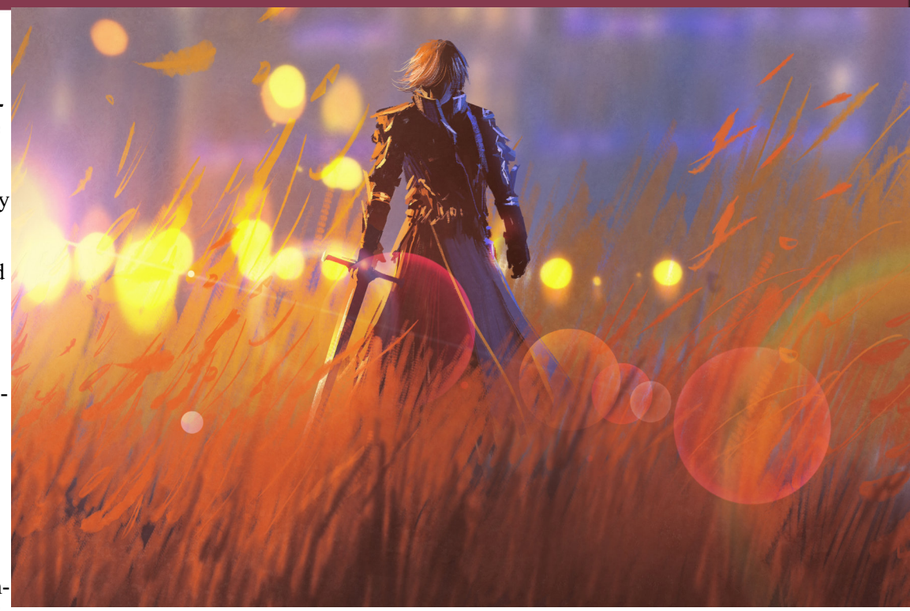
Endara is one of the galaxy's jewels, a huge and incredibly bio-diverse world with a thriving and competitive eco-system. Technology levels vary wildly, with feudal stone villages built in the shadows of multi-story fusion reactors and ancient Battlechanger artifacts. Endara is truly ancient, bearing the remains of civilizations millions upon millions of years old. The Endaran royal family, and certain blessed others, are able to channel a mystical, strength-augmenting flame known as the ***Fires of Creation*** – violet and neon-pink flame produced in the heart of a *Battlechanger Great Engine* at the world's core.

Endara has a planetary diameter roughly eight times that of Earth's, though it remains a 1 G (Normal Gravity) world, due to the star-machines buried in the core. Located on the outer fringes of the ***Limbo Nebula***, Endara's night sky is a riot of light and color. The world's orbit is unpredictable, taking the world on a meandering path through a necklace of moons and asteroids. As a result, Endara's number of moons, and their position in the sky, can vary wildly from night to night.

Andros City

Andros City is one of the oldest and most advanced metropolises in the Limbo Nebula, a hub of trade and learning. It is the capitol of the Endaran Kingdom (which, despite the name does not have absolute control over Endara as a planet). The Endaran Kingdom is a constitutional monarchy, long stable but recently thrown into turmoil.

Adam, the Prince Cordaire (NG male Human Cavalier 8) finally channeled the Fires of Creation, and proved his worth to eventually ascend the throne: at the same time rumors about his sexuality began to swirl. Knowing that ancient laws would condemn his son to death, ***Good King Anders Cordaire*** (LG male Human Paladin 15) did the unthinkable: erased the old laws and stood by his son. Half the Kingdom of Endara rejoiced at the dawn of a new and freer day, while conservative factions on the fringes of empire took the opportunity to form rebellious, breakaway republics. A dozen new theocracies and hardline regimes sprung up overnight, and only the Good King's staunch refusal to use his military against his own people have kept the border conflicts as cold wars rather than all out warfare.



The University of All Science

The University of All Science is one of the grandest structures in golden, gleaming Andros City, dwarfing even the Royal Palace. Like many of the city's structures, it is built in a monolithic style inspired heavily by classic Battlechanger architecture. The University of All Sciences specializes in advanced physics, especially the intersection of hard science and theology. The eternal fountain of the Fire of Creation is kept within the great, stadium-like central dome. It is here that each member of the Royal Family, in their turn, channels the Fire and proves their fitness to rule. Studying these Fires has formed the basis of most Endaran science and occult technology and given the physicists and scholars working at the University a profound understanding of the secret forces underpinning reality.

The Mentowl (LN venerable male Anthro Wizard (diviner) 13) is an ancient sage, probably of the same avian breed as the ship-wrights of ***Exavia***, who has taught at the University of All Science for more than a century. He has advised the royal family for nearly as long, as a conservative, moderating voice: he was stunned when the Good King repealed the ancient laws, but quickly gathered himself. After all, physics are his subject of expertise, not the whims of politics nor religious superstition. The Mentowl is one of the foremost scholars of the Prior Universal Iterations in known space, and (correctly) connects the Fire of Creation with the prior universe.

The Wheatlands of Amn

Amn is the breadbasket of the Endaran Kingdom. Its ruddy, often red-headed people are strong and stolid farmer folk. They are stereotyped as dependable and hardworking, but solidly unimaginative farmer folk. Of course. ***Good King Anders*** is proudly Amnite, and nobody saw his "Act of Amnesty" coming. The Wheatlands of Amn are a vast spread of well-organized wheat farms interspersed with the occasional flooded field that grows genetically augmented rice crops. Aside from a few heirloom weapons, often passed down from parent to child for generations and some light aircraft, the highest tech devices in the farming villages are a handful of conveniences and a vid-screen in the headman's house somewhere that connects the farmerfollk to the capitol.

The ***Solars*** have established several colonies across the Wheatlands, often intermarrying with the Amnite majority. These foreign colonies have stood for centuries, a tangible symbol of the ancient military and cultural alliance between the Endaran Kingdom and Solar World. Each colony also functions as a massive solar-power and cos-

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mic energy collection system, providing the Wheatlands with more than enough energy to sustain their agri-tech.

The Martyns Coastline

The rocky shoreline of the Endaran Kingdom's south-eastern coast is a rough land that breeds rough people. The Martyns Coastline sits closest to the perilous ***Sea Fires,*** and the coastal people are the first line of defense against the Sea Fires' mutants, monsters and raiders. Martyns-folk are raiders and sailor themselves, who preyed on the rest of the Endaran Kingdom centuries past, before they were absorbed into the ranks. A *Shipper* arc-ship that crashed in this inhospitable land gave the Martyns folk animalistic ferocity and introduced vast genetic diversity into their bloodlines. Many of today's Martyns folk are the descendants of Anthros, even if they are not fully Anthro themselves

The Sea Fires

The Sea Fires are a chain of volcanic islands and dangerous, razor-edged reefs midway between the Endaran Kingdom's eastern coastline and the continent of ***Alluria***. Primordial, broken machines, half buried by lava flows, leak strange energies into the treacherous waters. Mutants and huge tribes of ***Void Orcs*** with bio-mechanical deformities call these islands home. They raid the civilized lands to survive.

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The Darzon Republic

The Darzon Republic is the largest and most aggressive of the break-away Endaran powers. Its ruler, formerly a high-ranking knight in the Endaran military structure, long despised the Cordaire bloodline, and used the Good King's blasphemous break from tradition to finally justify rebellion. ***Duke Darzo*** (LE male Human Cavalier 15) has re-imagined himself as a hardline regime, which fully enforces the Old Laws. To cement his power, the Duke personally impaled hundreds of male homosexuals along the new borders of his land and the Endaran Kingdom as direct challenge to the Good King and "The Lavender Princeling."

He hopes to goad the Endarans into all-out war, so he can defeat them as easily as he's sliced apart the armies of other, less militant breakaway kingdoms. Until they respond, Duke Darzo will ramp up his atrocities.

Ravenna

The far northern territory of Ravenna remains technically a part of the Endaran Kingdom, but the land of ice-rimed forests and soaring cliffs grows increasingly distant. Ravenna lacks the Endaran Kingdom's technological development, and remains faithful to ancient traditions, including the worship of an archaic aspect of ***The Flyer***. The Raven Priestesses rule the land along traditional lines, emphasizing sorcery and myth, and disdaining the concept that the Fire of Creation alone gives one the right to rule. Ravenna might eventually break away from the Endaran Kingdom, but if they do they will seal their borders and turn their policies inward, rather than attempting to start an empire of their own, as the Darzon Republic is doing.

The Conquest of Alluria

The Allurian Continent lies to the east of the Endaran Kingdom. Once upon a time, it was a beautiful land known for its attractive populace and its monarchy, as ancient and proud as the Cordaire dynasty. Towering evergreen forests hiding enigmatic Battlechanger machines dotted the land, and snow-capped mountains rose proudly into the pure blue sky. Much of that beauty is lost forever, now.

The ***Nazarhak Horde*** has landed, taking over much of Alluria. These days, its people are either refugees or rebels – a few of the more unprincipled became collaborators to the Horde. Consumed with internal strife, the Endaran Kingdom can offer little direct aid beyond accepting Allurian refugees into itself. The Nazarhak invasion is spearheaded by a triumvirate of Primogens. The Allurians do not know their names, instead referring to their conquerors as ***Primogen Red, Orange*** and ***Black***, after the colors of their all-concealing helms. Of the three Primogen Orange is first-among-equals, the most senior and respected of the triumvirate of warlords. Primogen Orange (under her true identity of ***Primogen Death's Mare***) was born on Endara centuries ago; her knowledge of its culture and terrain giving her an advantage in this campaign. Her ambitions and lust for power lead her into the Horde's hand, and she never once regretted the path her life (and unlife) has set her upon.

The last hope for Alluria is ***Sophie's Brigade***, led by a minor noble girl elevated surprisingly high in Alluria's line of succession through the near extinction of her people. ***Low Baroness Sophie Elar*** (use the ***Lifespawn Princess*** stat-block) discovered a Prior Iteration artifact while fleeing for her life from the invaders. She's used her newfound power to take back a few neighborhoods of her homeland, to save a few people, but it's all too little, too late. She's used similar artifacts to evolve some of her most trusted comrades into ***Lifespawn*** post-humans, but without any understanding of Lifespawn genealogy nor ecology. Even if Sophie manages to free her land, her rash efforts might have set up the next major planetary crisis.

Terra Mortis

The blighted land of Terra Mortis has been a nearly lifeless ruinscape for millennia. Blasphemous rituals conducted during ***Urdom the Undying's*** campaign of pan-galactic conquest permanently warped the continent's ley lines. Both Terra Mortis' mundane ecology and its mythic lifeforce died in these rituals – dark sacrifices to an all-conquering star-mage. The warped, ash-strewn continent is a gigantic barrow. Liches, wraiths, Nightwalkers, ***Cyber-Phantoms*** and worse creatures call the land home. An ambitious and capricious techno-lich known by his (?) gilded death-mask seeks to conquer all of Endara. Known as the ***Laughing Lich,*** this undead sorcerer-general seeks an ancient artifact: ***The Eye of the Galaxy***, supposedly kept in deep vaults of the ***University of All Science.*** You can use the ***Gilded Necromancer*** stat-block (NU1) to represent the mad, ambitious, Laughing Lich.

D6	The Creature's Title	Their Appearance	Their Coloration	Within Their Body	How Has Entropy Reclaimed Them?
1	The Fictionalist	A massive wound mars their torso, a chasm hundreds of meters wide	Black and gold, faded by millions of years of direct sunlight	Dangerous power sources are leaking radioactivity into the poisoned land	Vulture-like scavengers, the size of houses, tear at indestructible wires
2	The Sightseer	Their face plate is a perfect gilded mask of a famed human from centuries ago	Azure and translucent steel, resembling pale ice	A few bio- mech organs still function, including memory banks	The corpse is mostly buried by undergrowth
3	The Vigilante	Portions of their pitted hull still glow, illuminating the night	Entirely in shades of crimson	Dangerous Technysian animals have colonized the ruin and feed on the proto-humanoids	The fingers and feet have rotted away completely, leaving only metal shavings
4	The Weaponsmith	Their helmet resembles a simple geomorph, as do their pauldrons	The rusting grey of a long abandoned battleship	One of the first cities of the protohumans – a place of schizophrenic tech and savage innovation	Living steel vines grow through a broken skull
5	The Renunciate	One arm terminates in a massive, and now broken weapon array	A rich panoply of clashing greens, violets and pinks	A semi-stable warp gate deep in the thing's guts	The metallic hull has rotted away, revealing the endo- skeleton
6	The Abortionist	Armor similar to, but more spectacular than, that traditionally worn by a major setting race	Rich orange and grey or black	Tribes of proto-humans who have converted ancient systems into a crude hydroponics farm	Fungi and plant life has thoroughly colonized the creature's innards

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The Traitor's Moon

One of Endara's countless moons, which typically only occupies Endara's sky during the late summer and autumn, is dubbed the Traitor's Moon. This small, agate desert moon holds an ancient warp gate: one way and permanently locked to an oxygenated hell-world somewhere within the ***Prison Zone***. Ever since the Endarans mastered intra-system travel, they've used the ***Traitor's Moon*** to exile their worst and most notorious criminals, dissidents and failed conquerors.

The Comet Tribes

Endara is encircled by a ring of asteroids, sometimes visible from the planet's southern hemisphere as small, fast moving lights in the sky at twilight. Silicate-based life abounds among the rocks. The largest asteroids are inhabited by violent tribes of ***Silicate Savages*** (HM2). These stony giants occasionally raid the planet below, lighting fast orbital blitzkrieg to snatch up food delicacies or Endaran-made weapons. Mostly, they subsist by hunting the silicate-based creatures of the asteroid belt. An entire world of ***Meteorite Template Creatures*** (HM1) exists just beyond Endara's atmosphere.

Entropy

Entropy is a world of metallic jungle orbited by dozens of miniature moons, roughly half of which can sustain some form of life, whether organic or bio-mechanical. Entropy and its associated solar system orbit the Clock of Heaven. This bio-mechanical world is either dumping ground or cemetery for the Great Watchmaker's kind. Countless dead star-gods lie half buried, and partially reclaimed in Entropy's silicon and bio-titanium jungles. Natural processes of cyber-decomposition unique to Entropy slowly and inexorably reclaim the otherwise indestructible carcasses of the long-dead Watchmakers.

Primitive, proto-humanoid tribes have evolved, eking out a subsistence level hunter-gatherer existence and taking shelter in the slowly rotting steel bodies of the fallen gods. Though primitive, these beings are anything but unintelligent: many have been blessed with a primal connection to the ***Genesis Bloodline,*** and are dangerously innovative and rapidly evolving.

Bodies of the Gods Themselves

The corpses of hundreds of Great Watchmakers litter Entropy. Did they come here willingly, to die at the end of a life measured in galactic ages? Or were they murdered by the master of the Clock of Heaven? What were they in life, and what wonders do their rotting bodies contain? And what dangers? A few D6 rolls will let you find out.

The Mother Star

The Mother Star is a matured Living Star at the height of her power and stellar might. She is a golden, M-type star slightly larger and brighter than Earth's Sun. She is the stellar parent of the ***Ayan Child Star***, and an example of what the Ayan Child Star could be a billion years hence. The Mother Star is only a few parcecs from the Ayan Child Star, and is less than a light year from ***Endara***.

The Solar World

The people of the Solar World are a race of ***Afro-Futurist*** technologists who came to the Nebula centuries ago, and have adapted themselves to life within. Many display the *Solar Glory* variant racial trait. The Solars display their deep reverence for their Mother Star in the colors of their technology and cities: everything the Solars build or carry, from their architecture to their powered armor, their weapons and their starships, even the toys played with by their precocious, serious children are ivory, crimson, tan and gold. The Solar World glistens in the night – gilded solar collection panels line the veldts, and bejewel almost every horizontal surface in the planet's mega-cities.

The Solars are known for their excellence in powered armor and mecha design, and the only reason they have not conquered the entirety of the Limbo Nebula is that the Solar World's traditions are staunchly principled. The Solar World's planetary constitution allows military alliances (including its ancient bond of trust with the Endaran Kingdom) and self-defense, but not military adventurism. Many Solar warriors are anxious for a chance to test themselves against the ***Nazarhak Horde***, and liberate captured ***Alluria***, but the tradition hamstrings them. A few handfuls of 'military advisors and training experts' have already headed towards Endara, but the full military

counter-invasion that it would take to repel the Horde hasn't coalesced.

King Amsta (LG male Afro-Futurist Fighter 12) and ***Queen Thyla*** (NG female Afro-Futurist Ranger 14) have ruled long and well, and are instrumental in upholding the treaties with the Endaran Kingdom. Queen Thyla in particular is pretty much a favored aunt to ***Adam, the Prince Cordaire***. She presented the young prince with a ***Bright Tyger*** cub on his 9th birthday which he nicknamed "*Scardey Cat*" The name has proved ironic as the mighty feline has matured into the prince's war mount and best ally. The King and Queen want to provide more direct military aid to Endara, but the ***Council of Elders and Merchants*** binds them to blind obedience to the world's pacifist constitution.

The Outward Eye

This gleaming ivory and gold space station orbits The Solar World. The science station, houses a telescope and scanner array powerful enough to penetrate the ether shrouding the Limbo Nebula and look out onto the wider galaxy. Through the Outward Eye, the Solars remain aware of the crisis facing the wider galaxy: they keep this knowledge from the other inhabitants of the Limbo Nebula. The Solars maintain a handful of stealth-rigged, void-capable explorer vessels, which occasionally make forays outside the Nebula on espionage and fact-finding missions. These Solar crews often aid Free Spacers and Afro-Futurist ships and stations in distress, if they can do so secretly.

The Outward Eye remains a Zero Gravity environment, to prevent artificial gravity generators or station spin from distorting its precision instrumentation. The station's scientists are expert opticians, imagery analysis experts and astronomers, all at once – scientist-spies without equal in known space.

The Worlds of Women

Femnor and Zur-Nar are extremely similar worlds. Both of these rugged and untamed worlds have evolved female dominant matriarchies. Both worlds are the product of the same cultural legacy: ancient ruins of a prehistoric Shahtayan culture, now long vanished, can be found on both planets. Outsiders to the Limbo Nebula often have trouble telling the two worlds apart, due to their similarity in culture and in the fierceness of their inhabitants.

Femnor

Femnor is a spectacular world of giants, with a landscape equally as impressive. The low-tech, savage natives are bulky near humans standing upwards of six meters tall. (Most are Humans with the alternate *Goliath Humanoid* racial trait.) Femnor's jagged, chaotic mountains climb miles into the *Ether*-lit sky of the Limbo Nebula.

The male natives are allowed the valleys and the lowlands, while Femnor's women control the high peaks. Of the two sexes, the women are far more advanced. While male technology is barely Bronze Age-equivalent, Femnor's women have advanced energy weapons, some grav-vehicles and other techno-toys. Despite their relatively high tech level, female Femnor society is just as barbaric as the males. Strength and physical courage are the chief virtues, and might makes right on Femnor. The laws, such as they are, emphasize honor and trials by combat. The strongest women rule, and the mightiest men fight for the chance to serve them as breed-toys or elite foot soldiers.

Femnor is ruled by one of the most aggressive and sexually voracious warrior-queens in living memory. ***Queen Nus*** (use the ***Ultrazon Giant*** statblock, *HM1*) holds a harem of more than 13,000 studs: the fittest, most attractive men of ten thousand tribes and nations. She demands regular tributes of men, gold and Fuelon ore from her vassal states, and demands sexual submission from lesser, female queens. Her subordinate

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queens must kiss her vulva to swear allegiance to her.

Queen Nus revels in her power – in a single generation, she's unified Femnor in a way her mothers never could. She is an all-conquering queen. She has set her sights on distant ***Endara***. The Queen has heard of the phenomenal virility and beauty of Adam, the Prince Cordaire, and she wants the young noble as one of her many consorts. His sexuality, and his desire one way or the other, are irrelevant to Queen Nus.

With the Fuelon deposits under her control, she has the fuel to send a fleet of reaver ships, but her people have never developed star travel. While a lesser ruler would simply buy starships on the galactic arms market, Queen Nus wants to instead buy the knowledge, and teach her women how to build starships of their own. Queen Nus wants to conquer Endara and claim its men as tribute, but she also wants to advance the female technological base to star travel in a single generation. It's hard to say which aspect of the mission is more important to her.

Queen Nus' dreams of space program are assisted by a Scavenger Battlechanger, the cunning and avaricious ***Cloudseeder*** (CN male Battlechanger Rogue 8). Cloudseeder theorizes that the Fuelon deposits garlanding Femnor are only the beginning. Worlds where humans grow this big typically have Battlechanger artifacts buried somewhere on planet, and Cloudseeder thinks that a particularly tasty relic, the *Adaptus Engine*, is the best candidate. If Queen Nus gets her space program, Cloudseeder gets the Adaptus Engine, and everybody's happy.

Zur-Nar and Femnor share a common history. The humanoid natives of both worlds share a common, matriarchal ancestor culture: crude idols of Shahteya, millions of years old are found on both planets. The ancient battle that scattered Battlechanger technology across Zur-Nar also sprawled into neighboring Femnor's system. It's not suprizing records got confusted: the Battlechanger starship carrying the Adaptus Engine went down on Zur-Nar, not Femnor. Cloudseeder doesn't know it yet, but he's digging on the wrong planet, for the wrong queen.

Zur-Nar

There's debate over whether Zur-Nar is a separate planet within the Endaran solar system, or if the jungle world is one of Endara's myriad planetary neighbors, occasionally coming into alignment. Zur-Nar's single supercontinent is a humid and sweltering jungle, home to a race of near-humans of heroic stature, large enough to go toe-to-toe with the average Battlechanger. Zur-Nar is a High Gravity world, whose punishing gravity has evolved the inhabitants for barbaric strength.

Zur-Nar is a low tech and primitive world. Most of its inhabitants can be represented statistically by various *Bestiary* Giants with the normal human variance in alignment, with some of the most powerful warrior-women statted up as ***Ultrazon Giants.*** Like Endara, Zur-Nar is littered with Battlechanger ruins; at some point in the planet's prehistory, Battlechanger starships battled over this world, and their torpedo-riddled hulks crashed down onto the young world. Zur-Nar's giants have their tribe-moots in the shadows of ancient bridge towers and launch catapults.

Leakage from these relics of war has produced Zur-Nar's most unique natural features. The ***Sea of Steel*** is steeped in ***Waters of Transfiguration***. To the barbarian tribes, this inland sea is a place of sacred power, where by bathing, they commune with the spirits of their ancestors and are blessed with skin of mighty armor and the gift of shape-shifting like their trickster spirits. Wars have been fought over these sacred waters in the past, and will be again, but the Zur-Narians are not the only ones competing for these waters. A detachment of the ***Nazarhak Horde*** has arrived on world to seize the Sea of Steel: it is only the unexpected savagery of the natives that keeps the Sea of Steel out of their hands.

CHAPTER TEN

THE FERTILE ZONE

The Fertile Zone is a lovely garden of delights, way out in Free Space, But it is not a safe garden, nor a tame one. The Fertile Zone is incredibly bio-diverse, blessed with a spray of habitable worlds and oxygenated moons. Life thrives here, carried world to world by a stellar weed known as *Star Vine,* a unique plant native to deep space. Nemesis Lifespawn bioforms thrive across myriad worlds.

The Starvine

Space-adapted plants, fauna on an enormous scale, grow wild and untamed throughout the Fertile Zone. While xenobotanists have classify these goliath plants into an encyclopedic variety of species, ordinary spacers just call them all "Starvine". Starvine grows like a colorful, riot growth of twisted, interlaced vines, a tangle of cosmic seaweed that crosses distances measured in AU. Starvine fibers are dense enough that their bulk creates a natural gravity well, which approaches Earth-normal conditions at places along the vine. When exposed to cosmic radiation, the plant generates heat and oxygen, allowing the Starvine itself to sustain life.

You can quickly generate a unique Starvine twined around any world in the Fertile Zone with just a few D10 results.

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D10	Type of Starvine	Life on the Starvine	The Starvine's Resources	The Starvine's Dangers
1	A thick tangle of fleshy purple and crimson fungal growths	Several tribes of *Paathar (HM2)* primitives who live in harmony with cosmic nature	Shipwrights produce *Yggdrasil Wood Starships (WS!)*	Dense growth reduces Hyperdrive rating by 1 and increases Pilot DCs by +2d4 in sector
2	Lush greenery with a massive panoply of feathery leaves	A variant strain of galactic humanity lead by a caste of Druids	Several Starship Forests (Tier 3+1d4) grow on the Starvine	Several *Void Orc (HM)* hordes call the Vine home, along with Wreck Weed armor
3	Gnarled dark wood and thorns ranging in size from 100- mile spikes to sharp little razors the size of finger nails	A colony of Free Spacers and pirates, hiding out from the law have made camp here	Infinitely regenerating orchards provide food	*Nemesis* bloodline super predators, as well as non-Lifespawn creatures which evolved the *Omni- Toxic* template for defense *(HOTM1)*
4	Partially biomechanical – plastic and metal vines and living machine plants	An Afro-Futurist business or science expedition exploiting the Vine's many resources	Plant fibers and ichors are valuable alchemical reagents	This sector of the Vine is sentient and hungry. Use the *Kingdom of Entrails* statblock, but change type to Plant *(NU1)*
5	Plump, succulent cacti-like Vines garlanded with bright flowers and protected by nasty thorns	Primitive hominids with Neolithic culture (and warp-capable canoes carved from Yggdrasil wood)	Fungal balloons trap usable gases and fuels	Psychotropic spores drug living creatures into a beautiful stupor-dream and the Vine digests their slumbering form.
6	Ghostly, translucent milk white vines that are nearly invisible against the darkness of space. Bioluminescent blooms	A lost tribe of Tal Anons who still practice the mystical, ancient ways and disdain technology.	Roll at least twice, vine is a hotly contested resource	A semi-stable torri (dimensional rift) to the *Black Tokyo* universe periodically disgorges rapacious demons and horrors
7	Thick corded vines so wide they resemble green rolling plains from the surface	No indigenous intelligent life. Possibly there are some non-intelligent animals on the Vine.	Vine contains vast reservoirs of water and can produce water chemically	No extraordinary dangers, but local wildlife or sapiens still might pose a risk.
8	An overgrown jungle with plant life in every imaginable color	Several legions of *Acantha Guard (HM2)* clones kept in organic stasis buds, will rampage madly if disturbed	The vine is blighted and dying and produces no special resources.	A plant blight that jumps the species barrier to infect humanoids.
9	Cold blue leaves dripping with translucent slime	Primitive human tribes with a roughly Bronze Age culture that ride trained dinosaurs and Ptarn	*Combat Birds (EOTM)* and symbiotic organisms thrive here and can be tamed	A *Vine Kaiju (HOTM2)* and *Chyss (HOTM1)* nation that lairs within the Starvine
10	Mushrooms in earth tones ringed and spotted with bright colors advertising toxicity	A bizarre Free Spacer cult whose ceremonial deaths nourish the Vine	Gene-warping pods can change the gender, species or capabilities of creatures within	Lethal mega-insects feeding on the Starvine

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The Starflower

The Starflower is a semi-nomadic whore house and strip club that sticks to the Fertile Zone and plies their trade among the healthiest and most biodiverse Starvines. The Starflower collective is made up of a mixed, multi-generational crew of Pacifican and Free Spacer expats. They've been flying for fifty or sixty years now, and the children and grandchildren are working the same jobs as the first generation of Starflowers. The Starflowers are intentionally low-tech hippies who favor bio-tech, alchemy and Yggdrasil wood vessels to conventional galactic hard tech.

Grandma Loveshack (NG female eldery Pacifican Vitalist 11) founded the Starflower collective fifty years back. Her vision for the collective is more a sacred and chilled-out temple to the holy act of physical love rather than a for-profit business. Her granddaughter, ***Contessa Loveshack*** (NG female Pacifican Druid 5) has stepped up to lead the younger, third-generation sex-workers. Contessa is more concerned with loving the galactic biosphere than acts of love with fellow fleshlings. Metaphorically and politically, mostly, though Contessa has no problems putting cucumbers to non-culinary uses. She wants to seed the galaxy with Starvine colonies, theorizing the raw life energy of the Starvine will arrest the galaxy's slow and inexorable slide into entropy. Unlike her grandmother, Contessa has plans for her life beyond the relatively safe, familiar comforts of the Fertile Zone.

Bliff

A few decades ago, the Glow-lovin' natives of Bliff smuggled some premium Treant seeds off world and planted them on their densely forested world. Bliff's native race are ***Space Cases*** with a real knack talent for cultivating Glow – an instinct for breeding for maximum psychoactive chems. Bliff's spliffs are hard hitting, a real treat for connoisseurs.

The "***Bliffers***" are petite hominids evolved from a local creature that's equal parts tree sloth and bat. They are ridiculously lazy and mellow about everything but their hydroponics labs. Bliffers can spend hours at a time, hung upside down by their prehensile feet, smoking from dangling hookahs. The only thing that can break their calm is a challenge to the supremacy of their preferred seedline. Insulting a Bliffer's crop or their agricultural proficiency is a sure way to invite a death duel that erupts in a flurry of shocking and un-anticipated violence.

Treant's Free Spacers would like to nuke Bliff out of orbit and eliminate one of their major local competitors in the Glow trade. Bliff is protected by a small flotilla of ***Space Mafios*** in ***Tier I raiders***, who distribute Bliff's spliffs galaxy-wide. The Bliffers themselves see only one credit out of every twenty, but they've got Glow, food and booze, so they're happy – super-content subsistence level stoners. The ranking Mafioso on planet is ***Carmela "Spitfire" DeAngelo*** (use NE Mecha-Ace statblock). She took this gig because the Glow business practically runs itself, and puts credits in her pockets. Since Treant launches near constant probes and raids, Spitfire DeAngelo gets to log in a lot of cockpit time. She considers her real work on Bliff to be racking up a tally of kill marks on her starfighter's nosecone. Spitfire is hyper-aggressive and competitive; if not for the release of blowing up enemy fighters, she'd go nuts with boredom.

Bradbury

This fiercely independent settlement is a utopian experiment conducted by a band of Free Spacer robophiles and companion Erobots. Bradbury is named for the Fleet that founded the world, and vice versa. Bradbury is a petite, Earth-like moon, a rich jungle of golden and amber flora orbiting an inhospitable world of black methane seas.

Bradbury is mostly agrarian, with huge swaths of land around the settlement cleared and gridded as machine-tended farm land. The small moon Bradbury is a Light Gravity environment, which makes lifting to orbit easy and cheap. Light hover-craft and ornithopters are the most common means of transportation on world. Shuttles of archaic, proven designs carry goods and colonists up to waiting Free Spacer vessels. A single orbital elevator is being constructed near the equator, and is about halfway to completion. Orbital traffic control is handled by a hovering mega-structure floating high above Bradbury's machine-tended, golden fields.

Bradbury is home to nearly one million humans, Erobots and Synths. The small colony is less than a century old, but has already evolved into a major center of Erobot and android culture in the galaxy. To android-kind, Bradbury is almost as vital to their society as ***Vulva Astranoma.*** Here, new Erobots are hand-assembled, programmed and brought on line by their fellow androids. These Erobots are free from the moment they initialize, and do not spend their first, human lifetime in sexual bondage.

Jacques is the largest city on Bradbury, a planned community designed as a logically laid out, efficient and pedestrian friendly suburb. Jacques is an experimental community whose population is equally and intentionally split between humans and Synths. When human parents conceive, a new Synth is initialized at the birth, to maintain the balance. To grow both species' populations, the local AI are busy-bodies and matchmakers, always trying to hook up compatible humans. Jacques' chief exports are cultural: art and music imagined by humans and AIs working as one, and high-end micro-electronics. Jacques also serves as the planetary capital.

Bradbury's citizens are high tech optimists. The colony is a machine-aided direct democracy, with regular votes on colony policy matters handled via e-voting through the colony's comms network. A single professional "Admin", elected by simple majority vote handles day to day operations. The current Admin is a pragmatic Synth designed with superior logic boards and mem-chips custom-designed for the role. ***Admin Michael-101*** (LN male Synth Aristocrat 6) keeps the colony quietly humming along, preferring to blend into the background of civic works as much as possible. His philosophy of leadership is that if he's doing is job properly, nobody will ever know his name or realize his role in colony government.

Hap-Tek

Bradbury culture believes that even non-gendered mechanical intellects should be able to enjoy humanoid-style recreational sexuality, if desired. ***Hap-Tek*** is a manufacturing start up that leads the planet in the design and installation of '*discretionary parts'*. The term is popular bio-mech slang for artificial genital systems, particularly if those parts are modular and plug-and-play, or able to retract or conceal themselves when not in use. Hap-Tek produces bespoke mechanical genitals in a dazzling array of configurations, some modeled on standard Basic physiology, some based on xeno-anatomy and some the product of pure imagination.

Hap-Tek is the brainchild of a mated pair of Proximites, the ***Criticalclix,*** who emigrated from Proxima Prime as the generational war heated up. ***Luk Criticalclix*** (NG male Proximite Bard 4) is sympathetic to the Juve cause, and will sometimes install upgraded discretionary parts in a mechanoid if that mech is willing to help out the ***Loli Conduit.*** His partner, ***Yat Criticalclix*** (N non-binary Proximite Smart 4) is mildly sociopathic and uninterested in politics, especially with several lightyears between them and the Juve-purges. Yat has an uncanny knack for designing, in their head, full genital upgrades for any robot they meet. Yat thinks they're the more important of the partners in the business and is getting increasingly furious that Luk is pissing away their profit on teen charity.

The Battlechanger ***Runtime*** (N female Battlechanger Combatant 9) is caught between the feuding spouses. The mercenary space-ninja ***Runtime*** is a regular visitor to Bradbury in general and Hap-Tek in specific. After nearly a million years without a defined gender, Runtime is undergoing an extensive refit into a sleeker, fully feminine chassis. Cut off from wider Battlechanger society by her own choice, Runtime is forced into the far more expensive and lengthy process of mechanical refit rather than more advanced Techynsian procedures.

Runtime has done black ops for the Loli Conduit to pay for her transition. As much as she believes in anything, she believes in protecting Proximite kids. She likes the Conduit and its youthful terrorist cadre. But Yat Criticalclix offered Runtime a fully functional, complete fem-chassis if she scuttles the next mission and lets her Loli Conduit contacts get massacred. The promise of quick and easy womanhood wars with her mercenary code of honor. Nobody knows which way Runtime will jump, not even her.

Complexity

Complexity is a Low Gravity world of towering forests whose tree tops scrape the edge of the atmosphere. The highly efficient photosynthesis of these goliath trees forms the basis of an energy-rich, bio-diverse eco-system. As beautiful as Complexity is, it is privately owned, off-limits to exploration and outside exploitation. ***High Complexity*** is a large, and well-appointed orbital station in geosynchronous orbit above the equator. The station is an exclusive clinic specializing in genetic engineering; the owner, ***Dr. Jeska Moreau*** *(HOTM1)* the most sought-after gene-cutter in known space. Her client list encompasses the galaxy's most glamorous celebrities, its vain and hyper-competitive mega-corp executives, and athletes looking for that undetectable edge.

In addition to her publicly acknowledged treatments, Dr. Moreau offers very rich, uber-jaded clients the thrill of a new body, and a new sensorium. For a multimillion-credit fee, the wealthy can take the form of a powerful, custom-engineered Anthro body in the peak of health for a day, a weekend, a month-long sabbatical or even longer. The planet, Complexity, below, is a vast preserve where the newly converted Anthros can enjoy their new bodies: hunting, killing, climbing, stalking and fucking as bestial super-soldier hybrids. Her temporary gene-mods are ultimate heresy: Jesus II declared a pogrom against Anthro-kind, a genocidal crusade that continues to this day. Dr. Moreau is extremely secretive, extremely discrete, and demands the same from her clients.

What Moreau doesn't tell her clients is that she can lock them into their new bodies permanently, and that she has encoded command-codes that bypass the patients' conscious minds. Occasionally, one of her clients – who displays the strongest killer instincts and adapts best to their new state – simply disappears into Complexity. Dr. Moreau is slowly gathering a superbly trained, highly motivated hybrid army. Transfigured celebrity Anthro elites are conditioned mentally and physically, and command legions of Anthro clone troopers. When she feels her Anthro army is strong enough, Dr. Moreau plans to declare herself a regional power. Her ambitions for the Fertile Zone stretch far beyond a single private planet.

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Dinosaur Alley

The frontier planet Pernsia Delta -nicknamed "Dinosaur Alley" – is a scientific curiosity for Terran ecologists. Home to dinosaur like creatures virtually identical to those who lived and died on earth more than 70 million years ago, the planet's true origins are unknown. Some scientists insist that genetic material blasted out of the Alley by a primordial meteor strike somehow found its way to Earth to spark the dawn of life. Other scientists believe that the Alley is a product of parallel evolution, or a mysterious genetic experiment of an unknown alien intelligence. There are always several teams of Corporate Command researchers on planet.

The wealthiest few of Command society are allowed on planet on safari to hunt the great beasts. The elite of the elite can go one better; non-humanoid convicts from throughout civilized space transported to Dinosaur Alley and are hunted to the death. Their pelts, wings and chitin become trophies decorating mega-corp boardrooms. Currently the greatest 'prize' wandering the planet is the revered ursine shaman ***Rukkarrra***, of the bestial world *Urlok Theta*. Rukarra (CG female Anthro Druid 13) has survived six seasons of the hunt thanks to her mastery of the natural world. Rukarra was sentenced to death on Dinosaur Alley for heresy against the *Imperial Church of the Galaxy*, and anyone who could rescue her could rule Urlok Theta as a hero-consort.

The Cradle of Snakes

Pernisa Delta is home to a sapient, reptilian-evolved race, who erected towering, cyclopean temples and ziggurats within the steaming and fragrant jungles. Well-built cobblestone roadways snake through the jungle – though over grown and unmaintained for centuries, the roads still survive. The whims of ecology and evolution knocked the natives back to primitivism, though pockets of advanced culture still remain, deep within the jungles. The Pernisans are *Degenerate Serpentfolk (B2),* though specially blessed tribes are ruled by a true *Serpentfolk*, a scion of the ancient ways. These tribes keep close to the ancient, abandoned cities, preying on less advanced tribes and hunting alongside packs of predatory dinosaurs and xeno-serpents of all description.

The Pernisans avoid the Command anthro-sci teams; they have hid in the deep jungles with such success that they're nothing more than a barracks rumor. When they kill, they ensure that the remains are fed to local carnivores, so officially, the death is attributed to nothing more than bad luck or carelessness.

Studebaker

The oxygenated moon, ***Studebaker*** shares the pre-cambian ecosystem of its parent world. Dinosaurs are equally common here, though Studebaker's specimens seem to be faster and more intelligent than the Dinosaur Alley norm. Most of the great saurians demonstrate problem-solving intelligence, and some of the most intelligent breeds seem to be as smart as a human child. Low level telepathic bonds between hunting packs help Studebaker's dinosaurs hunt even more efficiently. A crashed ***World Seeder*** *(HOTM1)* starship-laboratory, buried in the deep jungles is responsible for the peculiar local evolution.

Like Dinosaur Alley, Studebaker is a popular hunting destination. Less elite hunters come here for a few weeks of danger and trophy hunting, hoping to bag a psi-capable t-rex to take home. Studebaker is a tourist trap, catering to the Command's cruel *bourgeoisie*, and the local color reflects it. Studebaker's hunting lodges, restaurants, gun stores and supply depots all have a retro 1950s Americana style to them. Chrome fins, pink, cherry red and teal, checkered linoleum floors and poodle shirts. The ground cars look like classic American muscle cars, their armored hulls painted in spectacular candy coats.

The world emulates the 1950s perfectly. Right down to the segregation. Only Caucasian-derived human spacers are allowed full access to the world. Non-humans are strictly forbidden, as are non-human passable mechanical lifeforms. Humans of any color (and Afro-Futurists as a whole) other than milky pale are forbidden access to most planetary facilities. Only auto-doors with black frames, and similarly decorated auto-vendors will function for them.

Hannity

Hannity was first colonized in the 40th century, and the swampy, Normal Gravity world has quietly prospered and grown since then. Hannity is a fecund and fertile world, with a wet climate that sustains incredibly bio-diverse jungles, pulsing fungal forests, thriving wetlands and river deltas, and incredibly productive farm land. Two rocky moons orbit the world, one visible only from the northern hemisphere, the other only visible in the south. Agribusiness is the world's chief industry, though high-tech manufacturing, specializing in ground hovercraft and light freighter starships also contributes to Hannity's GDP.

Several months ago, Hannity's centuries of prosperity crumbled. A pinkish-yellow pollen bloom erupted out of the fungal forests, blanketing the world in a pale haze. Periodically, another of the great phallic sky-mushrooms bursts from internal pressure, releasing a new pollen bloom. The intensely toxic pollen causes cataclysmic brain damage and occasionally random mutation: millions of Hannity's citizens died during the first pollen blooms. The surviving population hunkers down in new, pollen-tight shelters hoping their filters and atmosphere scrubbers are up to the job. When they must go outside, they do so wearing advanced rebreathing systems. The economy has ground to a halt, and the farmland is slowly surrendering to new fungal invaders.

Mutagenic Pollen

The fungal trees on Hannity occasionally erupt with pollen showers that blot out the sun. These clouds can drift on prevailing winds for days, causing severe neurological trauma and physical devolution to anyone who breathes these weird spores.
Type: Disease, inhalation
Save: FORT DC 13+1d6
Onset: 2d6 hours
Frequency: 1/day
Effect: 1d4 INT damage and 1 point of permanent INT drain. Targets who suffer more than 5 points of permanent INT damage from this disease suffer permanent mutations, gaining 1d3 random Gifts of Nature *(Fursona Unleashed).*
Cure: 2 consecutive saves

The Command hospital ship, ***Devastating Germicide***, is in orbit above Hannity. Under the command of ***Doktor-Captain Helmbrook Carlson*** (LE male Human Smart 7), the Devastating Germicide is ostensibly there to help contain the fungal blooms or find an antigen effective against the mutating pollen. Really though, Doktor-Captain Carlson is there to harvest the pollen and refine it into a food additive that can be added to the Command's diet. The goal is to breed a slightly dumber, slightly more obedient strain of humanity.

Xenos Energy

Xenos Energy drinks keep weary spacers powered through 16 hour shifts. Sold in black cans broken by a neon-green X, these sugary, high intensity drinks make you hyper in a way that competes directly with good *sniff* at a fraction of the price. The Xenos Energy bottling plant is one of Hannity's biggest employers, and its making a big name for itself in a market saturated with cut-rate energy drinks.

The secret is quality ingredients. In this case, the hormone rich urine of ***Xenoregis*** (HOTM1) queens, brought to the world in adamantine chains and kept in high security bondage. Keeping live Xenoregis is a risky prospect, but Xenos Energy maintains excellent, fully cyborg security. A break out's probably not going to happen, not that the queens try too hard to escape. The queens know

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something that the drink manufacturers don't. The worst ordinary energy drinks can do is give you high blood pressure and kidney disease. Xenos Energy is breeding runty, stunted *Xenogametes* in the customer's urinary tract. These might take longer to burst than a healthy Xenogamete infection, but the queens know that even in captivity they're spreading their bloodline, far more widely than they could by conventional means.

Tarantino Bay

While most of Hannity is agricultural, Tarantino Bay has been a bastion of marital arts excellence for almost as long. This remote cove was established by off-worlder marital artists who initially established five competing dojos rather than a civic government. In the centuries since, five schools have become nearly two dozen. Respected martial artists are not just teachers and protectors, they serve as judges and political leaders.

Tarantino Bay focuses on kick-based styles: a local mélange of savate, kickboxing and capoeira. Champion *ero-wrestlers* often hail from Tarantino Bay, and the world has a martial rivalry with the triplicating fighters of ***Yandell***. Feet are both the native's chief weapons and their chief allure. Theres a complex local code of meanings for traditional foot dyes and tattoos. Some are symbols of prowess, some are mating plumage. Locals walk barefoot across the bay's warm sands, hardening the soles of their feet with traditional exercises. Since the pollen-blooms began, the fighters have taken to collecting the mutagenic pollen, boiling it down into a processed form with strong psychotropic properties. They might be the only people on-planet with even partial immunity to the mutagens.

The Fungal Forests

Huge swaths of fungal forests were clear-cut and burned when humans arrived on Hannity, to make room for farms and urban infrastructure. The few fungal towers allowed to survive were treated as ecological curiosities, a bit of planetary heritage that school children occasionally toured and then promptly forgot about. Unfortunately, a lack of curiosity about these mile high mushroom bodies lead to disaster. The fungal forests were an ancient ***Chyss*** bio-armory: organic ICBMs designed to launch a neurotoxic weapon of mass destruction into enemy population centers. When the Chyss left Hannity behind, for whatever reason, these fungal warheads were abandoned. Left to grow, left to rot. New fungal missiles grew haphazardly, sprouting anywhere on planet the soil conditions were right.

These living missiles were never actually given a hormonal launch command, but instead, over centuries of inactivity and unchecked growth, their pollen stores simply increased to the point they eventually ruptured the mushrooms and released indiscriminately. New mushrooms explode on their own schedule, one that human virologists can't predict. Surgically releasing the pressure is a risky operation, which stands a good chance of cataclysmically releasing the pollen anyway. Worse there are millions upon millions of mutagenic fungal bodies on Hannity.

At the heart of each fungal forest, ***Vine Kaiju*** have spontaneously generated. Sentient in ways the forests themselves are not, these living tangles of roots view the humans infesting Hannity as the enemy. They are capable of coordinating between themselves, and with the strange half-plant beasts inhabiting the forests, to slaughter humans investigating the sky-mushrooms. The Vine Kaiju increase the potency of the pollen blooms, and have begun to intentionally fire the newly seeded sky-mushroom ICBMs at human habitats, while allowing ancient mushrooms to erupt randomly.

Heartlake

Heartlake is one of the relatively few Pacifician colonies. This petite Low Gravity world is named for its distinctive, cartoon-heart shaped inland sea, surrounded on all sides by thriving purple-blue old growth forests. Towering mushroom spires similar to those on ***Hannity*** rise like hot lime needles above the bruise colored forest canopy.

Heartlake is basically a kibbutz. Young Pacificans who find their home world a little too safe and unchallenging can test themselves on Heartlake. Like many Fertile Zone worlds, the planet has a strong Lifespawn presence, and many Pacifician colonists willing accept infection by the potent Nemesis bloodline during coming of age rituals. Heartlake's largest facility, located on the shores of the lake itself, is a combination of summer camp and fortified xeno-biology laboratory. Highly skilled Pacificans Rangers and Druids, hardened by the wider galaxy, protect their young charges. Mentorship on Heartlake is a great honor, one only extended to respected Pacifican heroes and heroines, who know the land and have a fierce love for teaching.

Idyll

Idyll is a unique world-let – not a true planet, but something far more exotic. Idyll is a single massive ***Ygrassidyl Tree*** that grows three dimensionally, forming a rough sphere of lush greenery and weighty branches, large enough to support entire cities. There is a knot of nearly indestructible roots at the world's 'core', encircling an organic nuclear reactor whose eternal fusion sustains the strange tree. When the Ygrassidyl wood of the branches is exposed to stellar radiation, it generates heat and oxygen, enabling the great, moon-sized plant to sustain life. As a result of these oddities, Idyll has a roughly Earth-compatible climate, and is a Low Gravity environment.

Idyll's natives are a mix of Human, Free Spacer, Syrion and Anthros of various breed. Idyll's natives, whatever their species, tend to be small, hard-working people with a staunch ecological concern. Shipbuilding is Idyll's chief export: the natives hand-craft Ygrassidyl Wood starships resembling archaic, pre-starflight galleons that soar the stars. Idyll defends itself with a flotilla of ultra-nimble one-person starfighters closely resembling war canoes that serve as escorts for the larger, better armed *Great Gaea-Class Explorers.* The locals are careful to take only deadfall from their tree-world, and to prune very selectively when choosing living wood for the spine of a star-galleon. An elected council of elder Druids rule Idyll in the name of tradition, compassion and sustainability.

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Great Gaea-Class Explorer – Tier 5

Medium Yggdrasil Wood Explorer
Speed 12 ***Maneuverability*** good (+2 piloting, turn 2)
AC 15 +1/2 ranks in pilot ***TL*** 13
HP 86 ***DT*** 10 ***CT*** 11
Shields 100; regen 4/mi***n (***forward 35, port 25, starboard 25, aft 15)
Attacks
forward: micromissile battery, tracking (10 hexes) 2d6 damage, array, limited fire (5)
port: chain cannon, short range, 6d4 damage, special: Ripper
starboard: chain cannon, short range, 6d4 damage, special: Ripper
turret: light laser cannon, short range, 2d4 damage
Power Core Pulse Blue (200 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** 2
Systems M-12 Thrusters Mk 5 Armor, Mk 3 Countermeasures, M-90 shields, Mk 1 Tetranode Computer, Signal-Booster Hyperdrive, Basic Medium Range Sensors
Expansion Bays Cargo Bay, Hydroponics Bay, Medical Bay
Modifiers +1 Piloting, +1 Perception +2 ***Complement*** 6

Crew
Gunnery +13, Piloting +13 (8 ranks)

Idyll's traditionalist shipwrights create star-galleons of incredible beauty and formidable capabilities. Among the most beautiful are the Great Gaea-Class Explorers. These mystical, wood-hulled occult-tech starships are extremely fast and nimble and make ideal couriers, light cargo vessels and scouts. They are capable and highly adept in stellar combat, but the vessels are optimized for retreat, unconventional engagements and hit and run strikes. Great Gaea-Class Explorers are prized by the few Free Spacers with the connections to fly one, but they enter the market only rarely. Idyll's Druids only allow a handful of these vessels to be sold, and the exacting construction process means it might take nearly a decade to hand-finish one of these fine, extensively decorated crafts.

Ko-rill

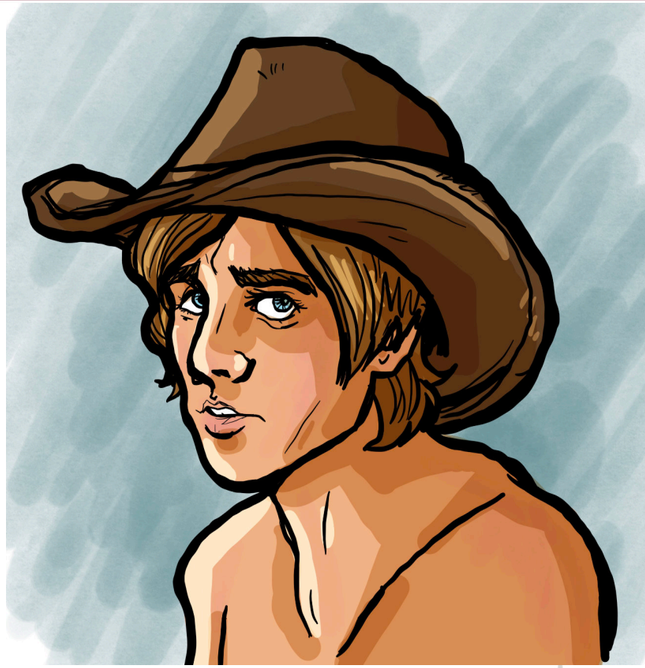
This obscure sector isn't claimed by any major galactic power, though a couple of mega-corps maintain survey satellites on the outer edge of the system. Ko-rill is devoid of intelligent life, though the third and fifth planets in the ten-planet system are home to a variety of non-sapient animal species. Ko-rill bears mentioning because of the diversity of its exo-atmospheric ecosystem. ***Ptarn*** of various breeds, as well as ***Brightstar Apis*** and ***Wayhunters*** call the sector home, feeding on the animals in the mid-system planets. Escaped space mounts often navigate instinctively towards the Ko-Rill system, further increasing bio-diversity. A few xeno-biologists think there's something about the system, likely a pre-Darkness Psyren artifact, that attracts the creatures to the system, but nobody's got proof either way.

"Space-cowboys" who make a living capturing and 'breaking' living space mounts are common in the Ko-rill system, though beyond a few pressurized dome-habitats and landing fields on the fifth planet, they've made few attempts at civilizing the system. The toughest of these cowboys is the misanthropic ***Issak Mars*** (CN male Free Spacer Druid 12), who's got an understanding of deep space that goes way beyond physics, way beyond orbital engineering. If you're looking to buy a well-trained space mount, or if you need a guide through the sector, he's your man. You can find Mars drinking at ***Mad Mal's.*** This grimy spacer's bar on the fifth planet is probably the only place to get a drink or roll up a joint of Glow for several light years in any direction.

Ko-rill is an independent frontier, and for now, that's the way the few spacers who sojourn here want it.

The Newcomer Stakes

Ptarn racing is hot around Ko-Rill and the best riders compete in the ***Newcomer Stakes***, a dangerous, high speed chase that circumnavigates the Fertile Zone. The race begins and ends in Ko-Rill's orbit, but winds through the tangled star vine lacing the system, and covers an incredible distance. The best time on the course was just over four days, and both the rider and her Ptarn were near dead after the exhausting chase. The course is dangerous, and since it winds so close to the star vine, racers have to contend with the stellar insectoids and void-adapted animals that prowl



the region.

Hungry star-predators aren't the only dangers during the Newcomer Stakes. Muscle-powered hand weapons are allowed: no guns, bows or blasters though, and if you can get close enough to another rider to go for the killing blow, you're encouraged to take it! Some racers concentrate on speed; others learn the shortcuts through the starvine, the optimized route. Others…. They win through sheer murderous brutality.

The Newcomer Stakes is sponsored by the ***Space Mafia***, and the first, second and third place finishers take millions of credits each, plus whatever bets they laid on the side.

"Buckaroo Ranch"

Buckaroo Ranch is a few small habitation domes and stables pretending it's a settlement. Buckaroo Ranch is new, and still obviously under construction, a few hundred miles as the Ptarn flies from Mad Mal's. A handful of Leather Clone adventurers pooled their credits and expertise to establish the Buckaroo Ranch, in hopes of teaching their tribe to fly the stars on Ptarn-back. The Leather Clones have a lot to learn, with some of the

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Leather Clones spending as much time training with Issak Mars as the surly old ranger will allow.

One of the few ranchers to actually master Ptarn flight is a noble but traumatized kid named ***Colby-491*** (LG male Leather Clone Paladin 2), who soars on the back of his war-mount Ptarn, named *Lazer Goose.* Colby-491 left the Starborn System after three of his uncles died of the Ender Plague. He resolutely refuses to deal with any of that – pushes himself fully into the work, and saving lives when other space cowboys get into more trouble than they can handle solo.

Lazarus

Lazarus is a pretty but dangerous jungle world, far beyond civilized space. Most nav-charts don't even bother to list it, but a few years back, a heretic sect of disgraced ICG Evangelists claimed the world. The heretics were shut out for speaking love and justice, charity to the poor and genuine forgiveness – the poor bastards were lucky to get out of Command Space with their lives.

Now, they plan the ICG's downfall and the restoration of what they call the True Church. They named their planet for resurrection, most important of which is the restoration of Jesus I to spiritual primacy rather than the furry-killin' wargod Jesus II.

Lazarus' heretics have a long-term strategy of infiltration, subversion and eventual sabotage in mind. They're breeding their own Jesus Clones – a less arrogant and more spiritually focused, benevolent breed of Jesus Clones, based on prime *Turin*-DNA. Through third parties, including a few ***Nazarite*** sabotuers from New Kingston, Lazarus' activists have smuggled this variant DNA strain into a few womb-tanks on ***Benediction***.

Lazarus' heretics are getting their big dreams form their advisor, a Psyren espionage attaché named ***Puzzle McGuire*** (LE female Psyren Soulknife 16). McQuire says she used to do dirt for the ICG and got tired of it, and her defection earned her a deathmark. Of course, since she's Psyren everybody knows that's probably bullshit. Who knows what the supposedly repentant Puzzle's real game is. Aside from McQuire, the major powers on planet are ***Father Nicaea*** and ***Reverend Mother Bena*** (both NG Human Cleric of Jesus I 7). These hopelessly optimistic and dangerously naïve theologians are the two most combat-ready, capable souls on planet. They are the only Lazarite clergy even willing to consider direct military action against the ICG. The rest tie their hands with a planetary constitution that is staunchly non-violent, even in the face of fascist violence. Useless hippies.

New Kingston

This sweltering, humid world is home to one of the most ecologically diverse rainforests in the sector. New Kingston's ecology is strongly influenced by the Lifechain; it's endless array of predators, prey, parasitic and symbiotic species often display a strong ***Nemesis Lifespawn*** heritage, making them hyper-adaptable, extremely hard to kill and bio-toxic in the extreme. Early colonists had to fight for survival every day, but eventually, the Afro-Futurists of New Kingston tamed their world, which they proudly named for their Old Terran nation of origin. Today, the proud coastal meg-city of ***Port Selassie*** is home to nearly 25 million Afro-Futurists and other human colonists, many of whom have adapted beneficial Nemesis Lifespawn traits themselves.

Port Selassie is proud of its Rastafarian roots. The city's domes and towers are burnished gold accented by rich red, black and green striping. The city is protected from the untamed, toxic jungle by a high retaining wall – the frame of this great wall is burnished gold, supporting diamond-glass panels in the same bold colors. The great city is surrounded by untamed jungle to the north, and by vast fields of Zix plants to the west and south; towards the east, the great ocean. The Glow fields are protected beneath military-grade force-domes. The eternally hungry jungle waits just beyond the defensive lines.

According to connoisseurs, Treant may produce the best Glow in the galaxy, but New Kingston produces several orders of magnitude more. New Kingston and Treant have been rivals nearly as long as the two worlds have been settled. Space dock brawls and spontaneous acts of violence are fairly common, and naval engagements are not unheard of. For the most part, however, the rivalry is a cold war. Heinlein spacers aren't welcome on New Kingston, and many pale-skinned Free Spacers are viewed with a wary suspicion, on the chance they might be connected to Heinlein Fleet. Hovercab pilots and dock crew usually warn pale skinned visitors not to stray too far from the stardocks and surrounding tourist traps.

The Many Mansions

New Kingston is far from unified.

Different families and factions, referred to as *mansions*, rule different sectors of the planet, and have differing attitudes on galactic trade and, especially, the ancient rivalry with the Heinleins.

One thing all the mansions are united in is their hatred and mistrust of The Command, which they term *Babylon.* The ruling council are all respected elders of these mansions; this council is referred to as ***The Proud Old Men of Many Mansions,*** even those rare few that are neither elderly, nor male. Meetings of the Proud Old Men are usually loud, regulary vulgar and always passionate. Politicking and dirty dealing are common, and even the dumbest locals consider themselves astute political watchers – uniquely proud of their contentious governing body.

The world's military is commanded by the High Protector, a single executive officer who serves a five-year term. The High Protector is appointed by the Proud Old Men. The current High Protector is the youngest to bear the title, a college aged warrior-prodigy who's been an activist and soldier since she was a kid, and a member of the ***Sons of Gold Mansion.***

Teanne Victoria (Use the Lifespawn Princess stat-block with Afro-Futurist racial traits) was poisoned by one of New Kingston's uber-predators when she was barely three – she survived against all odds, and eventually evolved into a powerful Lifespawn champion in her own right. Her chief ambition is to push back the dangerous jungle to make way for millions of acres of new Glow fields.

Some of New Kingston's many diverse factions include:

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The Nazarites

Traditional and extremely suspicious of outsiders, the Nazarites have taken the lead in 'righteous actions' against the Heinleins. Arrogant hot heads, Nazarite gangs have an abiding hatred of the ICG, and consider the Jesus Clone species a horrible blasphemy.

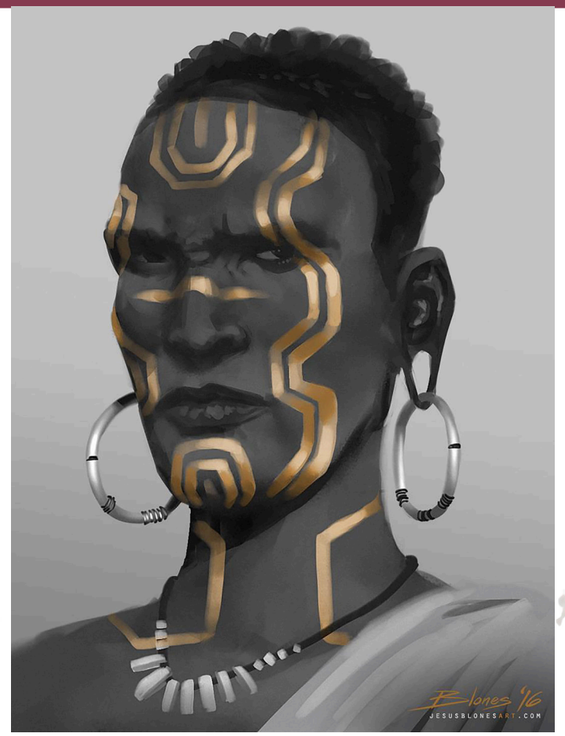
The best of the Nazarite faction's terrorists have no particular hatred of the Jesus Clones themselves, but want to remove the ICG's ability to create new Jesus Clones to order. They lead daring raids against the ***Mary Banks***, but to date have done little more than blow up a few cloning tubes. They're looking for any advantage that can inflict a more lasting wound on the Mary Banks, and are talking alliances with some Sethzinian space pirates willing to do the deed for a few cargo containers full of primo New Kingston Glow. The worst Nazarites kill unwary Jesus Clones on the streets when discovered.

Old Man Ezekiel Harriste (LE male Afro-Futurist Druid 4/Inquisitor 12) commands the Nazarites. Old Man Harriste is a miserly, suspicious and extremely paranoid man. He loathes outsiders and mistrusts all white spacers. His paranoia keeps his faction relatively small, and almost unknown off-planet.

The Sons of Gold

A sect producing some of New Kingston's best xeno-biologists and explorers, the Sons of Gold are headquartered in ***Cortexa***, a deep jungle city-state around two hundred kilometers north of Port Selassie. Always dreaming of what's next, the Sons of Gold have recently become obsessed with the Testorites – wanting to understand why some Old Earth children are chosen to receive such amazing physical gifts. Sons of Gold xeno-archeologists are a common sight on myriad worlds, often investigating ancient Psyren ruins. The Sons of Gold hypothesize that long buried Psyren artifacts are responsible for many of the oddities and wonders in the galaxy. They just don't know WHY nor do they understand the HOW.

"Old Man" Dr. Jacile Baptiste (LN female Afro-Futurist Smart 8/Tactician 3) holds two doctorates in xeno-archeology and occult-tech engineering. The 30-something genius has pushed her faction hard into uncovering and cataloguing ancient Psyren devices, but she has her eyes on a loftier prize: ***Senator*** and ***Second Iteration*** technology



in general. She is obsessed with discovering what the universe that existed before ours was really like. She's making some interesting strides in temporal physics that might, just maybe, with another decade of work, allow her to find out first-hand.

The True Selassie

Interbred with lion and panther Anthros fleeing Earth during the 25-28th Centuries, known for their golden eyes and hair. Often act as mediators between outlying Anthro colonies, and humans, including the other *mansions* and various Free Spacer clans. The women of the True Selassie are legendary beauties and insatiable lovers, stock femme fatales on planetary cinema and songs. The other mansions call the True Selassie vain, hedonistic and sex-crazed, and they're not wrong.

The True Sesalassie have decorated greatest city-state, ***Lionheart*** with leonine sculpture and wall murals. The central square of the city is protected by the looming form of an ancient war machine – a house-sized ***lion-form mecha*** with a hull of hammered onyx, accented by silver. The antique

mecha last fought years ago – was last successfully activated on the night Teanne Victoria was saved from a Lifespawn horror.

Old Man Robert Grandclaw (NG male Anthro Soulknife 13) was chosen as Old Man of his mansion more for his appearance (a golden lion with ice-blue stripes) and his military record than his leadership. He is primarily concerned with planetary defense and expanding the Glow fields out into the jungle. Unlike the other Old Men, he has few schemes of his own. The lion-man is a true planetary hero and champion, not a great leader. Old Man Grandclaw is a reliable vote for whatever ***High Protector Victoria*** wants.

Rheax (N male Anthro Fighter 9) is a proud, Rhino-derived super-soldier who is pushing very hard to be the next Old Man of the True Selassie. Unlike the current Old Man, Rheax has actual plans for the position – ideas on how to spend civic funds to improve True Selassie neighborhoods. He also has made hand-shake deals with Outlaw Sex Station 09 for all Anthro and Afro-Futurist porno-loops which should bring in major creds. Rheax just needs to find a way to dispose of the genial lion hero to put all these big ideas into motion.

Wordspeakers

The city-state of ***Carrington*** produces a greater than average number of Bards, Wizards and Modern Spellcasters. Carrington sits roughly a thousand kilometers south-east of Port Selassie. Huge, domed colleges spread over several acres of cleared jungle teach magic as both a science and a philosophy. The Wordspeakers are the Mansion most open to off world influence and exchange of ideas – the planet's most liberal faction by far.

Old Man Simonson Belle (LG male Afro-Futurist Wizard 10) teaches at Carrington's most prestigious arcane college. Old Man Belle loathes the ***Nazarites***, in particular its leader. He's emmeshed in a decades-long plot to undermine the Nazarites and remove ***Old Man Harriste*** from power. As far as Belle is concerned, the Nazarites are holding the planet back. Belle is using one of his prettiest nieces to embroil Harriste in a sex-scandal that he hopes will be enough to break the Nazarite Mansion… but is more likely to get the poor girl's throat sliced.

The Ghost Moon: Esperanza

Esperanza is New Kingston's only moon. And sometimes it isn't there.

This life-sustaining, oxygenated moon is roughly one sixth of New Kingston's mass and is a Low Gravity environment. When New Kingston was colonized, so was Esperanza. The intent was to use the moon as a staging and refueling depot for travel out-system. A small Afro-Futurist insta-colony was dropped onto Esperanza. Everything was on schedule, working as expected. A survey team discovered an ancient Psyren artifact called

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a "dimensional needle" and called their find in. The device activated shortly after. Esperanza vanished in a surge of rainbow luminescence that lit up New Kingston's night side.

New Kingston's colonists counted the moon as destroyed by weird alien technology. Esperanza remained gone for almost three centuries. Than one day, it reappeared as abruptly as it vanished.

Over the intervening centuries, Esperanza's colonists were trapped in the rainbow void of Hyperspace. Cut off from the outside galaxy, the proto-colony was forced to innovate to survive. The Esperanzans soon became self-sufficient and expanded their proto-colony to cover the entirety of the Ghost Moon. Occasionally, scraps of a lost starship, trapped forever in Hyperspace rained down and Esperanzan scavengers quickly stripped it for parts. Over time, the Esperanzans mastered a unique kind of song-magic, a unique magical tradition adapted to the chaos of Hyperspace. Generations of Esperanzans lived and died in the polychrome nonlight of Hyperspace, never seeing the outside universe. The Esperanzans contented themselves with Hyperspace, and reality faded into myth and legend.

Than one day, the sky cracked, and the Ghost Moon returned to reality.

Esperanza re-established contact with its parent colony, and as both worlds dealt with the ecological ramifications of the moon's return, Afro-Futurist scientists studied Esperanza's dimensional needle in hopes of preventing another crisis. Esperanza has returned to Hyperspace several times since, but these jaunts are measured in weeks or months, not centuries. The moon's absence makes New Kingston's tides unpredictable and treacherous, while Esperanza itself is exposed to the perils of Hyperspace. The disappearances have become somewhat more predictable, and now Esperanza uses FTL-equipped shuttles to travel back into reality when the moon is trapped in Hyperspace.

Esperanza is a single, badly overcrowded city-state. The trapped Esperanzans used every inch of available space to build their redoubt, and when that ran out, they built vertically. The oldest buildings are ramshackle scrap towers, only a few of which have been replaced Post-Return. Most have been reinforced without changing their jury-rigged outer appearance. Esperanza has a population of nearly twice that of New Kingston itself! The desperate need to breed in the face of Hyperspatial horrors, combined with the physics warping energies of Hyperspace itself have made the Esperanzans a highly fertile people – huge blended families are the norm.

Esperanza is considered a Mansion unto itself. ***Old Man Steward Grell*** (CG male Afro-Futurist Sorcerer 18) lives up to his name. He was only three years old when Esperanza vanished the first time. He grew up in Hyperspace, became a man, and then one of the Ghost Moon's great protectors. The energies of Hyperspace empower Grell, and make him all but immortal. He's guided the stranded colony his entire life – when Esperanza first reappeared, he was initially hostile to the exploratory team New Kingston scrambled, even killing a handful, but he's mellowed with age and experience.

Old Man Grell spends much of his time off-world; he's got a better understanding of Hyperspace than any man alive. His unique experiences make him invaluable in search and rescue operations to recover stranded starships and he is an effective hunter of Hyperspatial horrors, such as ***Horrix*** and ***Tantalos***. He's killed monsters capable of slaughtering entire worlds single-handedly, and his presidential mansion is home to an impressive array of impossible trophies.

New Trenton

The Space Mafia controls this dreary world of low grey skies and deep, foreboding forests. It's their major shipping and logistics hub for Free Space and the Fertile Zone. The name New Trenton was a joke on the shitty local climate, and the woods blanketing the muddy ground got nicknamed ***The Pine Barrens***. Like their namesake back on Old Earth, New Trenton's Pine Barrens are dangerous and mystery-strewn. These deep woods push against the relatively small percentage of the planet cleared for use as landing fields, control towers, warehouses and housing. Black trees with black leaves loom over plasma fences.

Security patrols never go more than fifty or sixty meters into the tree line, and even then only at platoon strength. Even that's chancy: some deep in the trees warps perceptions and absolutely fucks up compasses and nav-computers. Roll 2d4 each hour: that's the penalty on Survival checks made to navigate the woods. New Trenton considers itself protected by several light starfighter wings, patrolling the system. Ground security is a matter of tradition, and is more focused on keeping the workers in than protecting the endless rows of illicit warehouses.

Like many Space Mafia operations, New Trenton runs on slave labor. They deal with slavers in bulk – a huge percentage of New Trenton's laborers were stolen from ***New Kingston.*** The Mafia thought the terrors of the woods would keep the slaves inside the fence line. They thought wrong. Quite a few slaves fled to the wilderness, establishing nomadic communities within the trees. Unable to get their hands on a ship, they are trapped on New Trenton. While the Mafia doesn't want to go deep enough into the woods to recapture them, the slaves lack the firepower for a head on assault against the Mafiosos. The end result is a grueling stalemate.

Knowing their history, the slaves call themselves "***The Marrons".*** They keep as far away from the Mafia compounds as they can, but know that pushing too deeply into the woods is even more dangerous. The Maroons are led by ***Otine Vesper*** (NG male Afro-Futurist Smart 3/Druid 3). He was a tech-savvy data-nerd before his capture; circumstance forced him to confront the majesty of untamed nature. He is wild-eyed, consumed with the mysteries of the deep woods. His fellow Maroons worry he's fallen in love with the wilderness, and isn't trying hard enough to find them a ship off planet.

The Deep Woods

The Pine Barrens are haunted by monstrosities of every description. The ecology is warped, broken, and non-sensical. Virtually any creature from Paizo's *Bestiary* series, or the *Nemesis Unleashed* series, might lurk in the dark woods. Weird devices, resembling dead trees made of twisted black cables are found in forest clearings: whoever built these ancient spires, they summon dark things into the world.

Roughly 300 kilometers north of the Mafia shipping hub, the woods grow even more deeply together, and the dense undergrowth makes passage almost impossible. The forest here regrew over a vast scar carved into the forest, centuries ago. Hidden beneath the branches, an ancient, inoperable starship of prehistoric design. The gigantic, angular wreck is filled with the unquiet corpses of well-armed, fear-maddened ***Gunnokker*** undead. The starship's tech resembles, but is significantly cruder than, the summoning spires scattered throughout the woods. The starship's last and most dangerous weapon, not fired before impact, still slumbers within the wreckage: an inert ***Omni-Consumptos***. The thing's mere presence is the reason for the nightmares and fleeting hallucinations, which plague every human on planet.

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oriega

Noriega has a climate that varies between boiling rain-forests leavened by cooler milder plains across the northern hemisphere. The small world is Normal Gravity with a relatively thin, carbon-rich atmosphere. Humans suffer altitude sickness and slow suffocation within a few hours at sea level, requiring supplemental oxygen supplies. The misty, carbon-rich air traps heat, creating a planetary greenhouse effect, and nourishes native plant life to a degree remarkable even in the Fertile Zone.

The Space Mafia owns Noriega and have mined the system. Mafioso starfighters can scramble from flight bases hidden on two of Noriega's three moons. A huge contingent of armed Mafiosos and combat robotics guards operations planet-side.

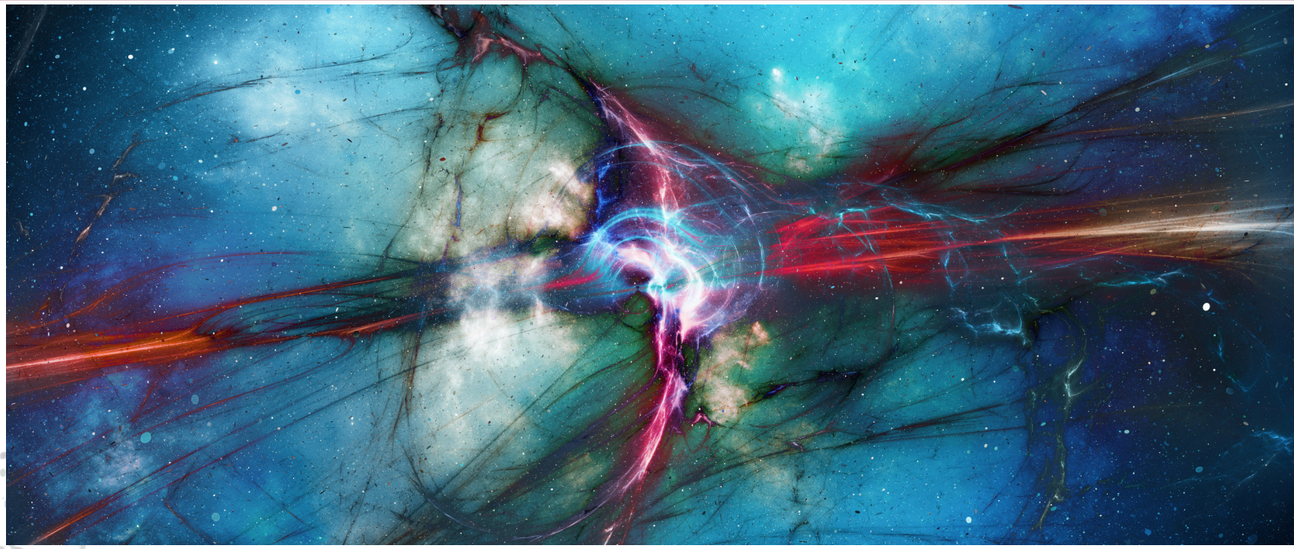
The jungle has been clear cut and neatly organized, industrialized farms cover Noriega. Axxin root and the other plants required to produce good *sniff* are grown in fields large enough to get half the galaxy high. The soil isn't right for truly top-quality Glow, but the Mafia makes up in bulk what they can't achieve in terms of quality. Every plant-based drug and psychotropic imaginable grows somewhere on Noriega. To ensure the (well-paid) field workers don't steal, they work nude, save for gardening gloves and a breather. Because the Space Mafia wants to keep its gun-thugs happy, the workers are all attractive Basic-compatible humanoids, chosen for beauty and work ethic.

Oryn Kernix (NE male Human Werewolf Druid 11) is the master of the operation; his mother filled the role before him, and his grandfather before her. He knows how to talk to the land, to get the best yield from the grow, to whisper to the leaves to secrete more psychotropics. Oryn stalks the fields in beast form, as a massive ebony and cerulean xeno-lupine. He controls a druidic coven, all of whom he personally initiated into his cult, with rites of blood and sex. These feral guardians (various evil Human Werewolf Druids 5-6) are utterly loyal to Oryn and honor his hereditary bond to the Space Mafia.

Largo Volpe (CE male Free Spacer Rogue 10) is an aging space pirate who's in charge of flight operations. He keeps the star-fighter security cordon running tight, and is responsible for making sure

cargo haulers loaded up with good sniff safely transition to Hyperpsace. He's decent at the job, but unchallenged, surprisingly easy-going and occasionally lax. He's nowhere near the legend he was thirty years back. These days, he enjoys a line of *axxin powder* every morning at breakfast, and sweaty nights spent in his bungalow with his choice of two or three beautiful field hands.

Largo's second, ***Manny Blacklighter*** (LE male Free Spacer Rogue 7) wants to replace his boss. At this point, Largo doesn't have the taste for a prolonged power-struggle and weeks of assassination attempts and counter-strikes. Largo flat out told the impetuous, arrogant young officer that he's gone at the end of the current growing season, and the job's his then. Blacklighter think it's a trick to get him to lower his guard, and already dispatched a pair of killers to take the old man out. Largo left their heads on his subordinate's breakfast nook, with a handwritten note urging him to cut the shit. Things are at an uneasy détente.



The Sepsis

The Sepsis is an infected, festering wound knifed into the guts of reality itself. Loops of rotting cosmic viscera push outward through a bleeding tear in space. The Sepsis is a rift into the living 'structural dimension' that allows the ***Galactic Transit Viscera*** to function. Several trains float dead and iced over in deep space, hulls shredded by the sudden ejaculation back into real space, the bloated, frozen corpses of terrified, stunned passengers drifting in zero gravity amid the wreckage. Highly combustible fluids that look like blood and bile form strange crimson webs in space around the Sepsis. Occasionally, a fusion detonation flares, when one of the drifting corpses brushes too close to one of the strings of plasmic webbing.

The Sepsis is spreading slowly. It has already taken over an increasingly wide swatch of deep space. Fortunately, the Sepsis didn't rip open near populated space, but as the system expands, the distortion zone pushes towards the sparsely settled ***Robinson System.*** Robinson System is home to a few farmers and a few ***Ptarn*** ranches. Scientists from ***Medicoake*** have come to Robinson and hired on some of the Ptarn-jockeys as support as they research the Sepsis. They are a mixed team of trauma surgeons and theoretical physicists, because to heal the Sepsis will take mastery of both disciplines. For now though, they don't even have an idea where to begin. If the Sepsis continues to tear, Robinson System will have to be evacuated completely in six months, possibly less.

The chief of cosmic trauma surgery is a deeply traumatized man himself. Eighteen years ago, ***Dr. Wellspring Martinez'*** father died on a ***New Singapore*** operating table: fifteen stab wounds to the thorax and abdomen. Dr. Martinez (N male Free Spacer Alchemist 9) never got over the loss of his father and took up medicine so he could save other people's fathers. He's cracking under the pressure of suturing a wound in material reality, feeling impotent, feeling pissed off that Robinson Sector's emergency crisis command center isn't his neat, rational operating room. He's feeling helpless as he did on the night dad died.

A mouthy little Afro-Futurist bitch named ***Dia Monk*** (CG female Afro-Futurist Psion 5) heads the theoretical physics arm of the mission. She's convinced her department is the key to fixing Sepsis, and that she's gonna be the one to solve the puzzle. Everybody else, especially meat-surgeon idiots, better stay outta her way. She's traced a geyser of temporal particles rushing backwards to 4,558 CE, emerging in an unusual tachyon burst detected somewhere in the vicinity of the New Singapore space station. All these idiots are looking to sew up a wound here and now, way out past Robinson Sector, and while the real problem is 18 years ago and a lot closer to civilized space. Naturally, only Dia's smart enough to see it.

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Adventuring in Septic Space

Physics are dying near the Sepsis. Anytime a character rolls a D20 for any reason also roll two D6 of different colors. The lighter D6 is a positive value, the darker D6 is a negative value. The total is added as a bonus or penalty on the D20 roll.

As one approaches the Sepsis more closely, the degree of flux increases. Increase the bonus/penalty die size by one step (D8, D10, D12, D20) at the gaping wound of the Sepsis nears.

While in Septic Space, any injuries suffered inflict ongoing Bleed 3, in addition to their normal effects. If an attack roll, skill check or saving throw is failed in Septic Space, that character suffers 2d8 points of slashing damage. If the check is failed by more than 15 points, all creatures within 30 ft of the failed character also suffer 2d8 slashing damage.

Finally, the plasma blood encircling the dimensional wound itself makes navigating Septic Space tricky. Periodically while travelling through Septic Space, make an additional DC 18 Pilot check; failure indicates the ship brushes a strand, suffering 5d6 damage. Small and Tiny ships, as well as space mounts such as Ptarn, receive a +2 bonus on this check. Once a detonation occurs, the next D3 checks made in Sepctic Space increase their DC by +2. This effect is cumulative, as the bloody plasma webs close with increasing tension.

Missing Trains

As the Sepsis opens wider, Galactic Transit Viscera service in the region, and throughout the Fertile Zone in general becomes increasingly ragged. Trains simply disappear, lost with all hands, if heading for a destination out onto the Fringe. Transit Viscera trains elsewhere move with jerky, peristaltic slowness, as the entire comic infrastructural system slowly bleeds out.

Occasionally, as the crisis worsens, the Sepsis disgorges some weird, monolithic machine. These ornately carved, house-sized cylinders are made of a strange, silver-grey metal unknown to the periodic table. The engineering resembles the mysterious machines found on ***Yandell, Round and Round*** and elsewhere throughout the galaxy. The scientific survey teams have no idea what these machines do, why they broke, nor how to fix them. They only realize that if the Sepsis is vomiting up these devices, the situation is rapidly becoming critical.

Tha Terragutt Horde

Tha Terragutt Horde are a small, inferior Void Orc clan who were chased into the empty sector of space where the Sepsis opened up by a string of failed raids and interspecies wars. Tha Terragutts were on the verge of extinction, when the universe got sliced open all around their pitiful little caravan of junker starships. A wave of sheer insane entropy washed over the jury-rigged fleet. The Void Orcs that didn't die changed. Mutated. Got a lot fucking more dangerous.

The Terragutt Orcs are fleshy horrors now, bleeding from endless wounds, guts hanging out of bulging, stapled-together bellies. Their starships are half alive, eternally rotting, cancerous things that are half bird, half vessel and all grotesquerie. The Terragutt Horde can no longer survive in the outside galaxy; they lurk within the Sepsis, energized by its discordant energies.

Terragutt Horde Void Orcs gain Regeneration 5 (good, fire) and never suffer when rolling the bonus/penalty die, always treat the higher showing dice as positive, regardless of its color. In short, they always gain some benefit from the presence of the Sepsis. These modifications increase the creature's Challenge Rating by +1 within Septic Space. Terragutt Horde Void Orc ships never cause fusion detonations for a failed Pilot check.

Tarnus

The Estrogyte homeworld is on the opposite side of the galaxy from ***Ganaden***, and so far from civilized space its star is omitted from most commercial nav-charts. Until the first Estrogytes emerged onto the galactic stage (which happened practically yesterday, at least in galactic-historical terms), nobody thought there were any habitable worlds in the system.

What little is known about Tarnus comes from the lips of the Estrogytes themselves, and that data is limited. None of the Estrogytes are xeno-biologists or botanists or planetary survey experts, but they are observant, intelligent and curious… maybe that's enough.

Tarnus is a sweltering jungle world possibly 60% of earth's mass, orbited by two small, cerulean moons that might hold liquid water. Tarnus races in close orbit around its star; its days are hot and fast and its nights barely eye-blinks. Intense rainfall and sudden storms are common; most of the land is swampy and vast rivers separate the forested continents into deltas and archipelagos. Tarnus is a 1G world.

Many of the world's fauna seem reptilian or saurian, and many draconic or semi-draconic species call Tarnus home. The Estrogytes have tamed a few, hunt others and are in turn hunted by the rest. Many of the world's creatures are hotly toxic, as are most of the plant species. Estrogytes who survive their first few months on Tarnus become experts at identifying and avoiding natural toxins.

The Estrogytes have founded several small villages (ranging in size from 25-woman communes to fierce and predatory city-states with populations in the tens of thousands) across the world. Most civilization is in the Northern Continent, and sane Estrogytes avoid the far Southern Archipelago. (Of course, most Estrogytes are so adventurous they can't really be called "sane".) The one way off planet is down south.

The Southern Archipelago

As there is no industrial base on Tarnus capable of manufacturing heavier than air fliers (though several city states make use of hot-air balloons for trade and warfare), sea travel links the settlements. Estrogytes are decent enough sailors, plying the rivers and oceans in flat-bottomed barges.

The Southern islands are cut off by a treacherous maze of reefs, shifting current and sea monsters larger than some small towns. Most of the adventurers who make it through sail as far as they can and swim the rest of the way, trusting their inhuman strength.

The Southern islands are dotted with old ruins, the remains of some great xeno-city that fell almost a million years ago.Floating towers fell from the sky, creating perilous, corpse-littered and moss-covered bridges between the larger islands. Ruined skyscrapers ten miles high- or more- claw at the low, wet sky. A handful of machines still function in the ruins; among them short range *stepping booths* which once linked the now extinct cities. Estrogytes who can figure out the combinations and sketch out a mental map of the pathways can flit between islands and ruins with the flick of a few buttons. As many adventurers have visited these ruins over the years, increasingly accurate English instructions are often carved in a wall or floor next to a still-functional stepping booth.

A handful of longer range stargates allow an Estrogyte to take her first step off-planet. These particular teleportation booths are marked with blood red doors and a unique design, making them instantly distinguishable from standard civic tele-

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porters. Their workings are less understood, and while an operator might be able to 'suggest' a destination, the machines send an Estrogyte who steps through where they wish, not necessarily where she wishes.

Tarnus' Stargates

Operating a civic teleportation booth is fairly easy. Operating a stargate is either a matter of stellar cartographic genius, or blind fucking luck.

It requires a Computer Use check to successfully activate one of Tarnus' stargates. The check DC is set by the intended destination; the closer to 'civilized space' the higher the check DC. The actual destination is always randomized, though the passengers always arrive in an open space with survivable conditions, though not necessarily safe or pleasant conditions.

The user decides what the check DC will be prior to rolling the check. The higher the check DC the more pleasant and cosmopolitian the destination.

If she fails this check by 5 or more points, the stargate activates in a rush of dark light, revealing a distorted hellscape through the portal.

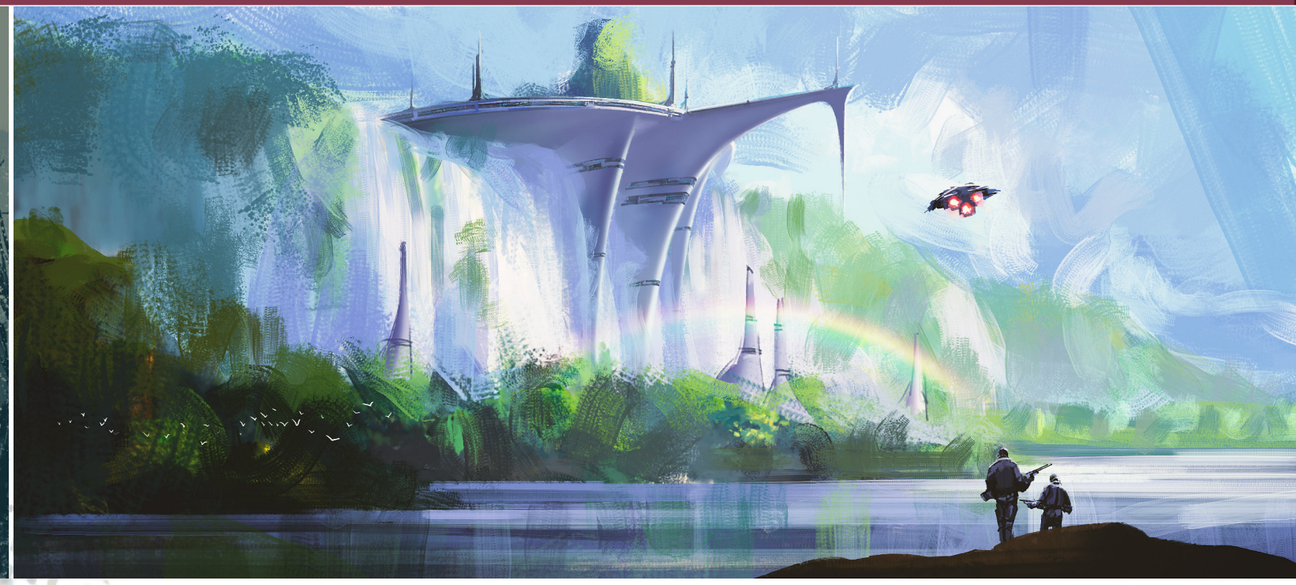
Anyone stepping through the darkly glowing portal appears on what looks like an endless, night shrouded shore. Black waves crash on the frozen beach, and far off in the distance, another stargate is visible, a hot red beacon in the night (20-40 miles distant). No stars are visible, as if something black and huge encloses the sky entire. Those who survive the horrors that inhabit the black shore, and the even worse demons and monsters that call the icy, ebony sea home can take this second portal to their intended destination.

Aside from these dangerous false activations, passage through the stargate is instantaneous, regardless of the distance. The destination is visible through the portal, lit by blue-purple radiance. Once a stargate is activated (even unsuccessfully), it remains active for 1d4 hours. Any creature stepping through the stargate is shunted to the same destination, though later passengers sometimes arrive several miles from the first passengers' landing site. After this period, the stargate shuts down, and its lights dim. It cannot be activated again for 24 hours.

Tarnus' stargates are exclusively one-way portals. Estrogytes who wish to return to their homeworld have to find some other path back.

The Black Else

Estrogytes have no name for the hell that their homeworld's stargates sometimes route especially unlucky sisters through before depositing them on the other side of the galaxy. Longtime fans of Otherverse Games might recognize the black beach and frozen sea as the Black Else, from *Black Tokyo's* cosmology.



This raises the obvious question: who were Tarnus' original inhabitants, and why did their stargate network touch the Black Else? Did some kind of dimensional incursion cause their culure's downfall, or were they pawns of the oni themselves?

Tarnus' stargates offer the possibility of crossovers between Black Japan and Heavy Future, and might explain how Black Tokyo specific elements, such as spells, feats and creatures, arrived in the 46th Century. The stargates also provide a route into Black Japan – if the player characters can survive the *oni* of the black shore, they might be able to find a stable torri leading to Black Tokyo itself.

Treant

During the mid-39th Century, a scout ship was dispatched to this small, densely forested and undeveloped world. The ship's captain, a Free Spacer named ***Thom Heinlein*** sent back a doctored report that Treant (then G-4722a) was an uninhabitable rock. When Capt. Heinlein mustered out of the Command Navy, he and his family returned to the planet, registered an uncontested claim, and have been living on their stolen planet ever since.

A few centuries later, the Heinlein Clan have thoroughly colonized Treant, and have turned it into the largest, best run mega-scale Glow plantation in the galaxy. Half of all the ***zix plants*** in Free Space grow here in neatly tended gardens the size of states. The Heinlein of the 46th Century are decadent, inbred, scarily xenophobic and way more than half-way crazy. The family has carved the world up into little baronies, with the head of each sub-clan staking a claim and occasionally raiding their siblings for women or to expand their own little fiefdoms. Incest is the norm, sex with off-worlders is viewed with soul-deep revulsion, and only the Heinlein's mastery of cloning techniques and advanced med-tech have prevented
genetic collapse.

Winding River Heinleins

The Winding River sub-clan controls most of the planet's rich and heavily forested northern continent. Either the clan is named for the massive river winding through their territory, or vice versa. This river system dwarfs the river that used to be called the Amazon, back when the Earth still had viable waterways. The northern forests produce a strain of ***zix plant*** that grows in the shadows of the underbrush, distinguished by pale pink leaves and a rich, fragrant smoke.

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The Winding River clan is controlled by ***"Fat Gail" Heinlein***, one of the very few clans ruled by a woman. Fat Gail (N female Free Spacer Ranger 9) runs her clan with a lighter touch and less xenophobia than most Heinliens. She marries the smartest, prettiest Heinlien girls off to other Free Spacer fleets at around 13, where they serve as shipboard hydroponics and wilderness survival experts. As a result, she's got a web of contacts throughout all the Free Spacer fleets, which gives her more off-world influence than the other clan leaders.

Maclaren Harbor

Maclaren Harbor is one of the largest cities on planet. Nestled against the banks of the Winding River, this city is a major shipping hub and boasts one of the few orbital elevators on planet. Old treaties and debts of honor keep Maclaren Harbor neutral – the local cops prevent the clan-feuds embroiling the rest of the planet outside the city's ferrocrete walls. The ***Red Hills Heinleins*** want the city – badly – and the walls designed to keep wild xeno-beasts out won't be enough to stop their tanks and grav-bikes.

Shipping and space-lift are Maclaren Harbor's two main industries, and prostitution is the third. The Maclaren-Heinleins sell their women into prostitution, with virgin preteens going for a premium. The clan father, ***Tobias Maclaren-Heinlein*** (LE male Free Spacer Wizard 12) is notorious in the galactic flesh trade. He sells to those pedo fucks in Anthony Fleet – he keeps his 'special daughters' in a locked, windowless barracks north of the beanstalk under tight security until their sale date. The ***Bleakmoon Tyrant*** wants Tobias exterminated and his slave holdings under Bleakmoon's control. Having such a dangerous enemy has made Tobias justifiably paranoid.

The Mahogany Spire

She is the grandmother of the woods, an immortal witch and Thom Heinlein's eldest daughter wife. She's been on planet since Treant was colonized. ***Mesquite Heinlein*** (CE female Free Spacer Druid 17) remains above the feuds and petty wars of the lesser Heinleins, but is indispensable to all the scattered clans. She is their oracle and living storehouse of Treant's cultural heritage. Her techno-occult genetic witchery keeps the bloodlines pure and unstained by transgenerational incest.

Mesquite rules from a great wooden skyscraper, high above the planet's plains. She is skilled geneticist, and one of the galaxy's most competent genetic engineers, but is also dangerously insane. The approach to her twisted mahogany monolith is watched by screaming, tortured statues of ancient wood and fungal meat. These are the transfigured bodies of supplicants who said the wrong thing to her. All are outsiders. Only fellow Heinleins are safe around her and even their safety is tenuous.

Red Hills

Gil Heinlein (use the ***Mecha-Ace*** statblock, NE alignment) is one of the worst of the clan leaders. His clan lurks in the low hills and prairies near the equator. This region is known as the Red Hills because of the red, pink, brown and vermillion tint of the grass and trees. Zix plants thrive here, in the rich soil, fed by run off from the Winding River.

The Red Hills Heinleins are probably the best armed and most violent of the clans. Gil Heinlein is a dedicated tank driver who learned armored cavalry tactics fighting off-world as a mercenary. His sons are well equipped with both traditional tracked tanks and more modern grav-tanks, combat mecha and powered armor. Gil Heinlein pays for his military by selling Glow and child-brides taken from his among his legion of daughters. He relentlessly wars to expand his territory, steal women and destroy his rivals' Glow fields.

The nearby Firefly Valley is infamous for its dinosaur-like apex predators and the sheer wild-eyed insanity of its human inhabitants. The Red Hills Heinleins share the feral Firefly Valley with a dangerous grav-cycle gang. The ***Luciferian MC*** rules Firefly Valley, a band of Cosmic Satanist grav-bikers who've got a habit of skinning their rivals to make their club patches, and who practice ritual cannibalism of defeated enemies. Between the dinos and the grav-bikers, it's hard to say who's killed more people. Firefly Valley's half-insane, bikers are specialists at hit and run combat, and serve Gil Heinlein (and anybody else who can pay) as scouts and assault cavalry.

The legendary intergalactic saboteur codenamed ***Lampriyade*** is supposedly a Luciferian, born and bred. He or she often uses the MC as muscle on overt destruction jobs. ***Poppa Choppa*** (CE male Free Spacer Cavalier 15) runs the club. The burly old psychopath is either Lampriyade's dad or their son, depending on who you ask. Either way, Poppa Choppa worships Lampriyade as Satan Incarnate, and the rest of the MC feels the same about Poppa. It's a pyramid of sociopathy, combat-meth and cannibalism.

Harris Ridge Heinleins

One of the smallest of the Heinlein clans, the Harris Ridgers survive by doing bitch-work for the Red Hills Heinleins. The Harris Ridgers have their clan holds on a mesa a few hundred miles southwest of the Red Hills. They've maintained the Red Hills' tanks and mecha for generations, and are decent mechanics and combat engineers. Gil Heinlein killed all the clan fathers years ago, but the Harris Ridgers tends to listen to ***Carlyle Heinlein*** (N male Free Spacer Smart 5). Carlyle wants his independence back from the Red Hills, and is planning an elaborate sabotage scheme to do it. Never piss off the guys maintaining your tanks.

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The Heist of the Century

Twenty years ago, an expert crew of criminals made it off ***Rigel-Chi*** with a massive payday, one of the most infamous and high-stakes bank heist in recent galactic history. They made off with roughly 2.5 billion dollars of rare-earth elemental bars, holo-encoded bearer bonds, and ancient *Psyren* memory-diamonds kept in the safe deposit box of one of the Command's most brilliant young starlets. The score was front page news for months – nobody knows exactly what happened to the loot, nor the robbers, but everyone has their pet theories.

The best guess is that the robbers were a Heinlein crew. The heist was audacious enough, and had just the right amount of stereotypical Heinlein ultra-violence to back it up. Supposedly, one or two mem-diamonds from the heist turned up in a ***Firefly Valley*** pawnshop a few years back. Even more to the point, one of the robbers – the asshole barking orders at the rest of the crew – had a Treant accent. As a result, every treasure hunter and bored true-crime junkies have been coming to Treant and chasing leads for years now. Most of the locals take every opportunity to scam and rob these interlopers. After all, if the loot really is on Treant, it's only right that some local finds it first.

The Siege of Treant

Treant's wars aren't purely internal. After centuries of tolerating the galactic Glow trade, the Command Navy has finally decided to eradicate it. The Command Navy has erected a loose blockade of the world, with comprehensive customs inspections of any flights to or from the forest world. Smugglers are thriving in the chaos, making themselves rich evading the Command Navy. Eventually, the Command Navy is going to abandon the blockade and move directly against the planet. ***Vice-Admiral Lunaris Strakk*** (LE male Human Rogue 15) commands the blockade. He has specifically instructed his men to be unnecessarily brutal and sadistic, hoping to provoke Treant into a violent response that will justify orbital bombardment. The Heinleins have nothing on planet capable of stopping 'rods from God' and they know it.

Verl Valley

Pleasant, Earth-like and with a large primary landmass composed mostly of sun-dappled grassland and light forest, Verl Valley is a paradise that the Corporate Command would dearly love to get its hands on (to build private dachas for its military elite). However, Verl Valley's current owners are definitely not selling anytime soon.

Verl Valley is wholly owned by the ***Church of Shahteya***, and the lush, green little world is rented out, a few acres at a time, to film about 90% of all the holo-porn out there. At any given time, a transient population of silicon enhanced robo-starlets and cyber-studs numbering in the high millions can be found on planet. The Shatayans keep the world unspoiled, and intentionally limit their ecological footprint on the planet. There are a variety of small homes, temples and other structures scattered throughout the forests, but no major settlements or organized cities. The planet is governed from the *Cathedral of Breasts,* as well as even larger and more impressive sacred sites located in the equatorial mountains.

The Cathedral of Breasts is centrally located, at the mouth of the world's longest river. From the air, the Cathedral of Breasts resembles a hominid female of indeterminate species, reclining and nude. The Cathedral of Breasts is the heart of Shahteyan worship, and the center of culture throughout the galaxy. The Cathedral of Breasts is attended by ***The Lady Youngest*** – a precocious child chosen from the daughters of Shahteyan faithful and given a draught of sacred wine that gave memories spanning eons of tradition and vast psi-talent. This green haired starchild (LG female Psyren Tactician 16) is the ultimate shaper of Shahteyan policy, and may well have to lead her faith in war against the ICG sooner rather than later. Should it come to that, the potent weapon known as ***The Polestar*** is stored in the veneration-vaults beneath the Cathedral of Breasts.

The Lady Youngest is protected by ***Corris-00001*** (LG male Leather Clone Paladin 3). Despite his youth, he is fiercely devoted to the Lady Youngest, and has sworn his life to her service. She cured the Ender Virus ravaging his body, and in her honor, renamed himself, deleting his old ID code and taking a new one to symbolize he is made new in service of Shahteya.

The Vault of Wax

There are secure vaults below the sacred, armored reliquary containing the Polestar. These structures are built using the instantly recognizable combination of bio-wax and shaped, hard-light forcefields that were the architectural signature of the long extinct ***Brightstar Order.*** The sacred wine that empowers and enlightens the Lady Youngest is stored here, along with the tiny bones of all the preceding Lady Youngests, back to the first. The sacred wine is liquid memory, a concentrated, potent draught that unlocks incredible psi-potential and eons of simulated, yet lived, experience.

The Vault of Wax is guarded by one of the last remaining Brightstar warriors (use the ***Brightstar Remnant*** statblock, *HOTM1*). When the universe was young ***Mother Sinestra's*** people constructed the Vault of Wax, and even though her culture fell and died, Mother Sinestra maintains her vigil. Over the years, she formed an alliance of convenience with Shahteya's worshippers, which eventually became a deep faith. Though she rarely leaves the Vault, she has served as advisor and consiglieri to virtually the entire Youngest lineage.

Despite this legacy of service, Mother Sinestra and the current Lady Youngest are at an impasse. The Lady Youngest believes that a concentrated dose of the sacred wine could potentially cure the Ender Virus. She allowed a dying Leather Clone a single sip of the preserved wisdom of Shahteyan culture, and it saved his life. More could be saved, but doing so would expend the stored wisdom of the Shahteyan cult. If the Lady Youngest takes this course, she might cure the Ender, but whether she succeeded or failed, she would be the final Youngest. The Lady Youngest considers it a viable risk. Mother Sinestra does not. She has seen too much good in the universe vanish, and she won't allow the Shahteyan cult to join them. The extinction of the Leather Clone

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species is tragic, but their existence is a galactic eyeblink compared to her faith's ancient lineage.

The Statuary Range

The goliath, highly erotic sculptures of the Statuary Range dwarf the Cathedral of Breasts, their smaller-scale sibling. An entire planetary mountain range, whose peaks scrape the edge of the breathable atmosphere, has been sculpted into sacred Shayteyan pornography. These mega structures are easily visible from orbit. The inner reaches of these goliath statues have been temple-cities and pilgrimages sites since the dawn of history. Some of the great structures of the Statuary Range include:

The Hospital of Souls

This colossal, shapeshifting statue is found on the far western edge of the Statuary Range. The cunningly engineered stones, each the size of a city block move together like pieces in an engine. Over the course of three Verl days, the statute changes form. First it is an upthrust, erect penis, then a flared vulva, than a hermaphaditic organ, finally it is a depiction of intercourse. The rooms within the motile statue reconfigure their position as well. The Shahteyan Hospital of Souls is a place for ritual purification, psychological care and intense meditation. The hospital's intricate, cyclic transformation occurs in utter silence, it is so perfectly engineered.

The Scissor Sisters

Two mountains marked by radically different shades of stone, have been sculpted into vast female humanoid forms, dressed partially in Hunter raiment. The mountainous lovers grind their pussies together in tribadism epic enough to be seen from orbit. The eastern mountain is the Dark Sister; it contains armories, temples and the graves of especially honored Hunters. The western mountain is the Pale Sister; it contains courts and collections of legal and religious texts dating back millions of years.

The Palintid

A heroic statue of a hammerheaded ***Palintid Knight*** *(HOTM1),* rises from a grasping pile of feminine bodies, her lovers representing a hundred species. The Palintid sculpture has become a training dojo and ritual arena for ***Hunters of the Cosmos*** and other Shahtayan holy warriors. Ptarn often circle the peaks, waiting for their masters or exercising their wings before being called to righteous battle. Wild Ptarn make their nests within the vast sculpted labia of a half-crumbled, abandoned statue-temple on a neighboring peak.

Weather's World

There were 10,000 conscripts in the hold, taken from worlds all throughout Free Space. Juvies, minor criminals, the poor and stupid caught up by Corporation Command press gangs, and bound for training on Mars. The conscripts learned math fast: 10,000 pissed off convicts versus 48 Command Marines. The right throats got slit, and the conscripts were free. Only problem: none of them knew how to fly a star hauler, and crashed on this obscure Fertile Zone shithole. About half survived the hard landing; another quarter died in the first month, trying to live off the land.

Soon enough, everybody started calling the planet Weather's World, after ***Zilch Weathers*** (CN male Human Ranger 7), the teenaged juve-criminal badass who started the rebellion in the first place. Weather's World is a lethal planetary jungle, where everything is trying to kill the stranded deserters. Most creatures have the ***Omni-Toxic*** template, (HOTM1) and even those that don't are fast, hungry and equipped with way too many teeth. Any of the deserters who lasted out the first month evolved into hardened jungle survival experts. A few months ago, they were urban gangers; today the deserters could teach a Genocide Templar a few things about jungle warfare.

That's exactly what the Command thought, when a routine orbital survey found the wreckage of the prison ship. More in-depth scans soon discovered human life on a world which should kill humans pretty much overnight. The Command dispatched a full ***Genocide Templar Legion,*** all fortified with pan-immunity doses which will probably kill them all within 3 years but renders them immune to pretty much anything else until then. The mission is to recover the deserters, place their brains in destructive scanners, and extract their hard-won survival skills to improve the next generation of Command troops.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE MERC TERRITORIES

The Merc Territories are a militarized stretch of Free Space. The chief industry is war fare. Arms dealers, training academy and mercenary hiring halls do a brisk business in this contentious sector of space, far from Command law.

The Adamant Castle

The Adamant Castle is a boutique powered armor and mecha fabrication laboratory, producing hand-made exo-suits and war-mechs of dazzling beauty and stunning battlefield efficiency. Ordinary war machines might price out in the millions, but a Adamant Castle product might cost billions. Adamant Castle's founder is himself a very minor scion of the MacBeth clan – trusted enough to earn a millionaire's wage, but not high-born enough to kiss ***Hectate's Stone*** and awaken the invincibility that was the MacBeth birthright. ***Talcin Glenn*** (NE male Human Wizard 15) retired from MacBeth Defense Solutions, disgusted by designing mass-produced grav tanks and artillery units. Glenn purchased the dreary, grey tundra world Adamant Castle sits on and built his fortress.

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The Adamant Castle is a towering edifice built and reverse engineered from the corpse of an ancient ***Battlechanger***, slain millions upon millions of years ago. Even with the Battlechanger's mind and memory offlined and lost, the edifice retains its mecha-morphic capabilities. At Glenn's command, the Adamant Castle can shift into a highly mobile carrier form that flies via gravitic repulsion (use the ***Hover Carrier*** stat-block).

Adamant Castle armors and mecha are works of art, intricately gilded, hand etched, exactingly painted, often with brushes only a few molecules wide. The usual limits of technology are exceeded with clever, deft occult-tech enhancements. Curses tailored to each individual pilot bind soldier and machine into a seamless whole, maximizing strengths and turning weaknesses into new challenges. Each is one of a kind. High resolution hard-light holograms of famed commissions turn under cold radiance of the showroom floor. The Adamant Castle is an art museum without equal, one specializing in the beautiful, glorious art of war.

The Adamant Castle supplies dictators, galactic warlords and ultra-wealthy collectors exclusively. Ordinary soldiers, even the wealthiest adventurers, have nowhere near the funds to purchase a commission. Talcin Glenn deals extensively among the ***Baronies*** of the ***Prison Zone***, equipping the dangerous, post-human royals with appropriate panoply. Likewise, Glenn forged the ceremonial armor worn by ***Space Mafia Don Gancero***… as well as the newer generation of armor worn by the Don's upstart rival, ***Boss Sarghetti.*** Since Glenn demands total candor from his clients, to custom build an armor that is a true complement and part of them, the information Glenn holds about these fearsome galactic powers is a prize even greater than his vast holdings.

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Armor Point

Armor Point is a rocky and desolate High Gravity world with a planetary mass more than three time's Old Earth's. The punishing conditions allowed Armor Point to escape colonization during the first exodus from Earth, and today those same hellish conditions make it an ideal training ground for mercs. Armor Point produces some of the best powered armor and heavy mecha pilots in the galaxy. Eighteen months of intensive drill on Armor Point produces highly competent mechanized infantry officers without compare.

Five training bases, spread across the arid surface of the parched world educate powered armor cadets. ***Camps Stark, Stingray, Rhodes, Irons*** and ***Williams*** each accommodate a single class, which begins at a strength of 400 candidates. Hard training winnows down each class: typically, by the time the five camps face each other in a live-fire graduation exercise, only 40-60 pilots remain in each squad.

Armor Point is considered neutral – the planet trains mecha pilots for any faction, any army, able to afford the tuition. Elite Command pilots train alongside future Space Mafiosos and WARSTAR terrorists. A web of favors owed, and credible threats made, keeps Armor Point independent. Armor Point has operated for more than forty years, the brainchild of the legendary space pirate and merc commander, ***General Vermior Heinlein*** (use Mecha-Ace stat-block, LE alignment). General Heinlein built Armor Point from a rag-tag, three-person 'lance' of stolen combat mecha into an empire by sheer audacity. His chief weakness, such as it is, is an obsession with complex, multi-pronged strategies and intentionally opaque schemes. General Heinlein hates the straight-forward approach.

The General's complexity addiction has tied him, and his most elite lancers, directly into an emerging military coup to unseat President Plantagenet, and install a more capable, mil-vet President. Of course, at an opportune time, General Heinlein will betray the military junta to MacBeth Defense Solutions in exchange for next gen armor tech. Once he has that, of course, the General plans to defect to WARSTAR and live like a king behind the Iron Curtain of Space. Once that's accomplished…..

Flag Point
Flag Point is a decommissioned space-carrier capitol starship in orbit high above Armor Point. Formerly the ***USS Defiant Mathis***, the space-carrier was captured by Armor Point mercenaries four decades ago during a skirmish with a Command Naval battle group. Flag Point provides excellent space cover of the training planet below. Of all Armor Point's trophies of battle, the Flag Point carrier is most impressive and most useful.

The egotistical General Heinlein uses Flag Point as his personal demesne. He has made the former bridge his private quarters, an impressive museum of military conquest. Obsessively curated displays of the general's former glories line the walls. The general's private armory includes overly elaborate occult-tech powered armor and unique, baroque personal weapons collectively worth billions. This private collection is one of the largest in Merc Territory space, the envy of many other collectors and military aficionados.

Bacilli

A terraforming cataclysm poisoned Bacilli's atmosphere, effectively choking out the ambient oxygen with inert gases. Ordinary humans can survive Bacilli's atmosphere for only a few minutes without a supplemental oxygen supply. Unconsciousness comes quickly, and death a few minutes later. When the disaster hit, Bacilli was a young corporate-sponsored out-colony, home to roughly 100,000 souls. About half survived the first few hours after the disaster, sheltered in pressurized gymnasiums and cafeterias, breathing canned oxygen. In the years since the disaster, a new order was established on planet.

MacBeth Defense Solutions bankrolled the Bacilli colony, and in the wake of the disaster, was able to solidify its hold. All the colonists signed liability waivers before shipping to Bacilli, and the mega-corp held the colonists to them. Rather than fixing the damaged terraforming towers spewing out argon, MacBeth put them under tight guard, even built new argon spewers to accelerate the atmospheric change. Oxygen rations replaced company scrip as payment; if the colonists wanted to breath, they'd have to work harder than ever before. MacBeth migrated as many of its production lines to Bacilli as was feasible.

One hundred years later, Bacilli is a world of dead, petrified forests and sterile, arid canons. The ecosystem has mostly collapsed; the few spots of greenery are factory-farms protected beneath biodomes. Colonists live in pressurized shacks with intricate airlock systems designed to capture and recirculate every single molecule of precious oxygen. These homes are cold and spartan, with little privacy; virtually every container is transparent polymer. MacBeth internal security specialists are allowed into any dwelling on station to search for illegal oxygen supplies, O2 crackers and illicit breathing gear. By contrast the factory floors are spacious and brightly painted, their walls bedecked with holographic propaganda posters telling Bacilli's citizens that hard work is its own reward.

Air Giver Torrim Hawke (LE male Human Aristocrat 9) controls the colony, ruling with an iron fist wrapped in kitschy holo-art and pro-business slogans. The Air Giver rules with a false magnanimity, generously offering free oxygen rations to children up to the age of 10, and 50% discounts on O2 rations until the age of 12 when most of Bacilli's children enter the workforce. The current Air Giver even provides free, life-sustaining O2 rations for the disabled or the elderly, though the fine print notes that this supplemental oxygen only lasts for a maximum of 9 months. His cradle to grave brainwashing is so effective that most of the workers see him as the most benevolent and progressive Air Giver in living memory.

The Wind Caves

Not every worker on Bacilli is taken in by the corporate propaganda. A small, and mostly ineffective rebellion hides out in the ***Wind Caves***, atunnel system hundreds of miles from the main production factories. They're a socialist revolution waiting to happen, surviving on minimal aid from outside Free Spacers. This revolutionary cell has converted a naturally occurring tunnel system into an air-tight habitat. Algae and oxygen-producing fungi allow the rebels to breathe without the Air Giver's permission.

The distance from the factories keeps the rebels undiscovered, but limits their effectiveness. The best they've been able to do is smuggle in small algae farms so the poor can breathe a little easier. A few oxygen thefts won't free the world, and the revolution lacks the firepower necessary to take down the trio of argon-emitter towers.

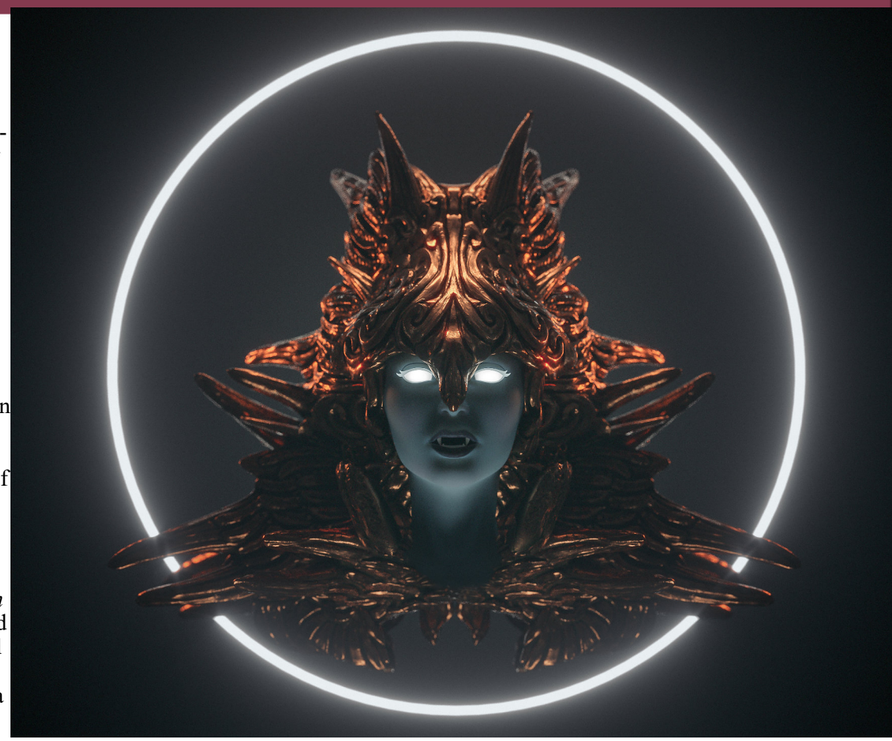
The current leader of the revolution is a feisty 17-year old who inherited the position after the last leader was arrested and executed by slow suffocation while trying to steal some CO2 scrubbers. ***Lizzy Skybreath*** (NG female Human Druid 3) has passion, but little competence. She doesn't have a clue how to grow her revolution, nor how to actually take the fight to the Air Giver.

The Blue Larks

A more effective rebellion has sprung up from nothing, directly under the Air Giver's nose. At least sixteen children, who succumbed to slow suffocation over the past two years, have reanimated as a new and un-catalogued breed of undead known locally as ***Blue Larks.*** The Blue Larks are statistically equivalent to the ***Goryohime*** (*Black Tokyo: Neon in the Dark*), another breed of undead children created by suffocation. These undead children have no idea how or why they've returned. The only knowledge they share is a vision of a gnarled, ancient but obviously vital tree which glows impossibly, lighting the great petrified forests that scar the planet.

But they're pissed.

The Blue Larks are also more than a little bit insane. Most forced themselves back into the lives of their grieving (and understandably terrified) families. The Air Giver has no idea of the Blue Larks' existence, and they've been more effective saboteurs and thieves than the rebels hiding out in the Wind Caves, by a huge margin. ***Litt Aerozar*** (NE female Goryohime Rogue 3) has been undead the longest – nearly 17 months since her last breath. Her mission is to destroy the three argon-emitters, so the ecosystem can eventually repair itself, but she's mean. Whether she had sociopathic tendencies when she was alive is up for debate, but the teen insurgent has them now. She enjoys killing MacBeth security forces and the Air Tyrant's inner circle a little too much, and has no compunction about slaughtering civilians caught in the crossfire. Her leadership has made the Blue Larks very effective, but also extremely viscous.



Bolland's Rock

Labor robots are busy carving the face of this roughly spherical 3 km diameter, nickel-iron asteroid into a leering skull. The staring orbits of the eye sockets are emerging from the rock, while far below, other laborer droids are putting detail into the teeth and fanged lower jaw. Though the morbid decoration proceeds, the asteroid-habitat's defenses, both military and occult-based, are already fully online.

Since awakening in the war-torn 46th Century, and recovering her memories of her prior (and equally murderous) incarnations, ***Lady Morgan Le Fey*** *(HM1)* has slowly built up a power base. Morgan Le Fey rules a small, but gradually expanding territory outside civilized space; she situated her habitat a relative stone's throw from ***LaPierre*** – the two factions hold a military alliance of convenience, and will reinforce each other if their counterpart is attacked. Bolland's Rock has deep hangers with fast-launch capabilities that allow it to deploy a wing of ultra-light fighters in seconds,

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and docking capacity for up to mid-sized cutters and warships. Space pirates flying Le Fey's livery use Bolland's Rock as their main rest and resupply point.

The Sword of My Father

The Sword of My Father is an impressive capitol ship which dwarfs Bolland's Rock. This seven-kilometer-long vessel is the capitol ship of ***Changed Mordred*** (use the *Genesis Machine Warlord* stat-block with a LE alignment), the son and consort of Lady Le Fey. Like his mother, Mordered was reborn through a succession of incarnations and his 46th Century body is the most powerful 'sleeve' he has ever worn. Though his lust for his mother and mentor is insatiable, the golden-hulled, cybernetically augmented admiral believes their shared armada would be decades ahead in terms of technological progress if he were cleanly in charge.

The Sword of My Father is rarely in-system with Bolland's Rock. Instead, Mordred takes his personal flagship into battle on the fringes of settled space. He is seasoning his crew, and perfecting his tactics, by raiding Free Spacer colonies. Incursions into WARSTAR space give Mordred access to captured weapons and ships with which to swell his armada. Changed Mordred's armada has raided as far into settled space as the ***Starburn System***, picking off a handful of Leather Clone cargo ships here and there and testing the response time of Starburn's System Navy.

Verth Prime

Bolland's Rock is barely visible in the night sky of this sweltering jungle planet. The world is home to the ***Verth***, a primitive reptilian species that has established a cargo-cult society built around ancient AI half buried in the muddy sludge of their world. The Verth are the most numerous, yet least dangerous of Morgan Le Fey's servants – they overwhelm opponents with sheer numbers and mindless suicide charges.

Despite the planet's humid miasma Lady Le Fey maintains a villa on world. This castle of blackest stone resembles an ancient English fortification, set incongruously on the alien world. Le Fay's citadel is built atop ancient xeno-ruins that produce the Verth's weapons and archaic flying saucers. By controlling the AI spirit within the ruins, Morgan Le Fey controls the Verth species.

Le Fey's guardians patrol ***Castle Joyous Reunion's*** grounds. Verth slaves equipped with blasters patrol under the direction of corrupted knights (use the ***Reincarnated Knight*** stat-block with any evil alignment). Lady Le Fey's terrified handmaidens and serving girls – full-blooded human girls stolen from Fringe and Free Spacer colonies – serve their terrifying mistress, hoping to avoid both her legendary rages, and her sadistic lusts. The bones of handmaidens that failed at either rot in the swampy moat, gnawed by Verth's scavengers.

Separated from Castle Joyous Reunion by several hundred miles of treacherous swamp, rises the spiraling tower of Lady Le Fey's consiglieri. The almost comedically greed-driven ***Bruce With Banners*** (CE male Leather Clone Combatant 4/Magus 12) advises Lady Le Fey on the modern galaxy, and tries, without success to acclimate her to the technology and politics of the 46th Century. Bruce is the archetypical 'genius bruiser' battlemage and a man of real ambition, if not common sense. Bruce With Banners has sought the ***Baker Flag*** for decades now, without success. His whispered advice sent Mordred's armada into the Starburn System in hopes of finding clues to its location; he is convinced he could rule his race if he uncovered the Flag. Bruce is certain that the Baker Flag has survived into the 46th Century – another legendary artifact that Lady Le Fey greedily seeks he's less certain of.

Bruce isn't sure there ever was a ***Holy Grail***, but he still spends Le Fey's money and influence coordinating the quest for its discovery. If the Holy Grail really exists, and can do what Le Fey claims, there's no fucking way he'll hand it over. There's a part of him that hopes it's real – ruling the galaxy sounds like a pretty sweet retirement.

Callix Beta

The men of the ***Locke*** race have served as psi-shielded mercenaries hunting and executing rogue ***Psyren*** for generations. This stoic race's enemies are many and powerful, and only by keeping the location of their homeworld – and the women and children of their kind – a secret, have the Locke escaped genocide. Hiding their birth planet requires truly massive sacrifices and near insurmountable difficulties.

Callix Beta was once a pretty world – mostly open seas dotted with seven small continents and an infinite archipelago strung between them. Centuries of military adventurism has taken its toll on the world. Most of the islands have been scarred by military exercises, bombing runs and weapons testing, while the seas and the caves have been dirtied by centuries of haz-waste dumping.

The world's location is an intensely guarded secret; the Locke have somehow managed to hack the galactic data-net to delete the location of their mother-world. As a result, most of the militaristic squalor of the planet is their own fault. Locke cut themselves off from trade for the eco-tech that could make their world lovely again.

What few outsiders know is that to help hide it, the Locke have made Callix Beta fully mobile. A bank of massive fusion torch thrusters, each more than 5 km in diameter, encircles the fortress-world's equator. Callix Beta can travel through hyperspace – its engines are extremely slow by starship standards, but its mobility is usually enough to keep Callix Beta and the Locke's children safe.

Callix Beta's security is assured by ***Home General Vakka*** (LE female Locke Fighter 12/Inquisitor 8), the most experienced officers in the Homeworld Guard. Vakka is merciless in the protection of her race and homeworld; she has dispatched kill-teams on the mere suspicion that an outworlder has discovered the homeworld's location. A few years ago, she hit a ***Sethzinian*** pirate colony of 2.5 million with slatewiper nukes because the pirates had breached Callix Beta's security cordon; she falsified evidence that the Command was responsible for the atrocity.

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Home General Vakka is well-known as ***"The Booker"*** on the inter-galactic mercenary circuit – she personally arranges the sell and rental of Locke mercenaries throughout the cosmos. As the Home General, she has never allowed herself to be photographed, and rarely ventures off world. As "The Booker" she's a common sight at arms shows, on holo-conference calls with various warlords, arms dealers and other military scummers. Playing the role as "The Booker" lets Vakka glean vital intel for protecting her world.

Connery

Connery is a failed mega-corporate colony that was founded, lost and written off by MacBeth Defense Solutions four centuries ago. A dangerously decadent, misandrist new society emerged from the ruins of the corp colony. The planet is ruled by a cadre of female ***Ded-I*** called, collectively, the ***Exterminata***. Dressed only in boots and ammunition bandoleers the color of blood, the Exterminata allow pitiful bands of mortal men and women to survive on the ruined world.

These living humans survive as low-tech savages, their technology and much of their knowledge of the galaxy completely forgotten. Periodically, the Exterminata murder males and pregnant women where they are found – teaching the terrified female survivors that the gun is good, for it brings merciful extinction, and the penis is evil because it shoots only new life. The Exterminata have not extinguished all life on Connery simply because this long campaign of terror and pursuit amuses the immortal, undead gunslingers.

Guildhall

Guildhall is an unaligned military station that serves as a recruiting station and mustering depot for the galactic mercenary trade. Eight habitation cylinders radiate outward from the curve of a C-shaped broken toroid station; each cylinder color coded for use by a particular merc company and off limits to all others. Only the top eight companies are allowed to quarter on the station – merc rankings determined purely by the whim of the station administrator, a mysterious Locke called ***The Booker***, never seen outside her (?) all concealing powered armor.

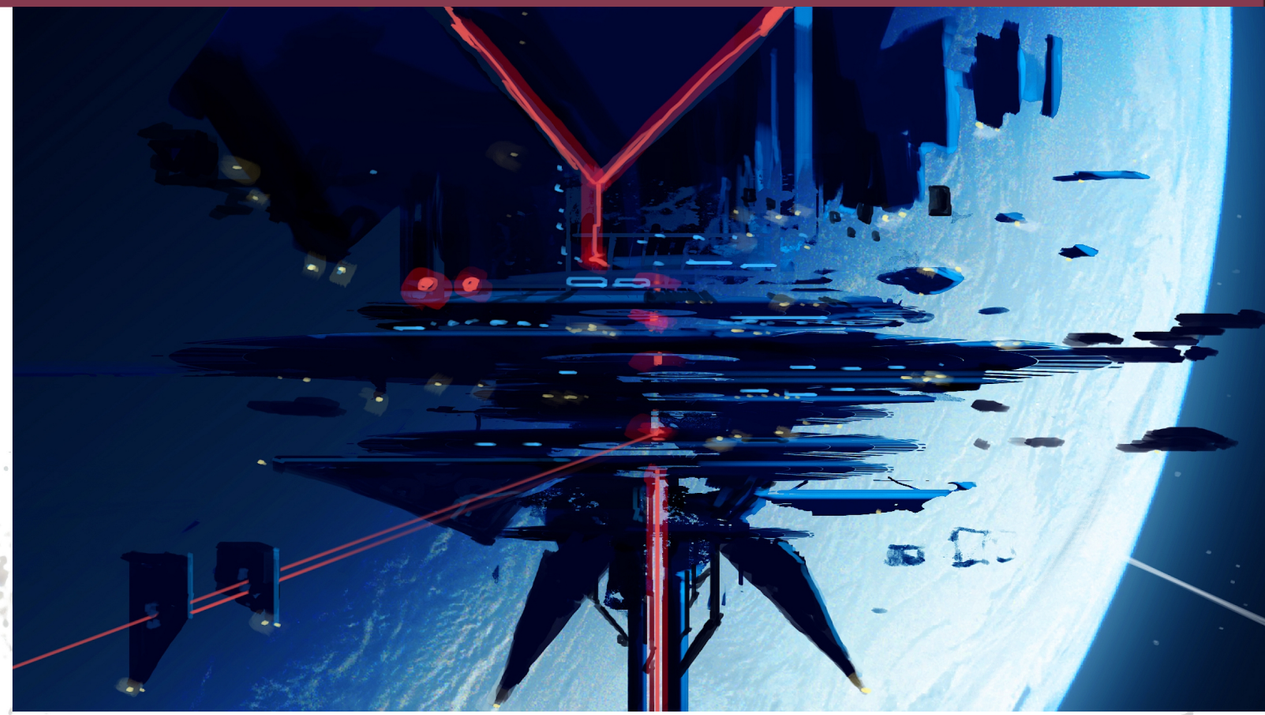
The Booker keeps tabs on top-tier merc regiments, tracking mission effectiveness, survival rates, commissions and intangibles like reputation and unit *espirit de corps*. The Booker, and through her, the Locke species, have access to good, solid, actionable intelligence about the galaxy's most effective mercenaries.

Guild cylinders change hands each New Years Day, as determined by the Old Earth's GMT. As the galactic year ends, merc companies engage in brutal dirty tricks and black ops against one another, hoping to pick off a low performing company and claim the prestige of a Guildhall hab-cylinder.

The ***Locke*** themselves command three of the eight cylinders: Black, Gold and Pink. This trio of habitats has remained in Locke hands since Guildhall was established. The ***Mercer*** race has recently claimed Violet cylinder for themselves, though the good Dr. Youp wanted Green cylinder, obviously. As a result, the Mercers are waging a secret, black-ops warfare against the ***Free Spacers*** of ***Skullbuster Charlie***, the current masters of Green cylinder. The Skullbusters have no idea why they've been taking such heavy casualties, on what are supposed to be easy jobs.

Lady Logistic's

This (in)famous spacer's bar is found in the common, broken-toroid section of the Guildhall. Frequented by battle-hardened mercs of all eight companies, violence is common and shockingly brutal. The bouncers keep things (mostly) non-lethal in the bar itself, but the forcefield-reinforced fighting pit beneath the bar is another story. Mercs with a grudge that can't be solved any other way strip bare chested and duel with chain-swords. The loser, obviously, doesn't have to worry about settling their tab.



The bar is owned by a psi-capable Locke, ***Vhex*** (LE female Locke Elocater 18), one of the most capable and lethal mentats the species has ever produced. She is officially retired from the Locke military, but maintains close ties. For a million-credit fee, she can be hired to teleport paying passengers or cargo across the galaxy: from a suitcase full of sniff or a single assassin, to an entire starliner or mercenary company, she makes distance an irrelevance. The tactical advantage provided by Vhex' untraceable, undetectable teleportation is immense: she can be a kingmaker for any would-be rebel or coup. Through the notorious "Lady of Logistics", the Locke maintain a stranglehold on power in a galaxy otherwise stacked against them.

Grindhouse

Grindhouse is a rowdy postage-stamp encampment on an otherwise lifeless black asteroid. The place is probably the galaxy's roughest and toughest biker hangout, a popular spot for Sethzinians riding Star Hawgs to congregate, drink themselves stupid and fuck a few hang-arounds. Anybody who lands on the Grindhouse asteroid and who isn't riding a Star Hawg or at the very least, a Wayhunter, had better know how to fight. Landing a standard issue starship means you're fully okay with having your ship stripped for parts by the customers.

Why come all the way out to Grindhouse?

The place is a notorious trouble spot, which means its an ideal place to buy dope, weapons and fence swag. The Grindhouse is claimed by the ***Mad Mutants Motor Club,*** an all Seth biker gang run by ***Griffin*** (use the Sethzinian Star Ripper stat-block, *HOTM1*). The bitter, sarcastic Griffin wants money, respect and pussy, in that order. He's a little more clever and ambitious than the norm, and is a major power in this sector. He's

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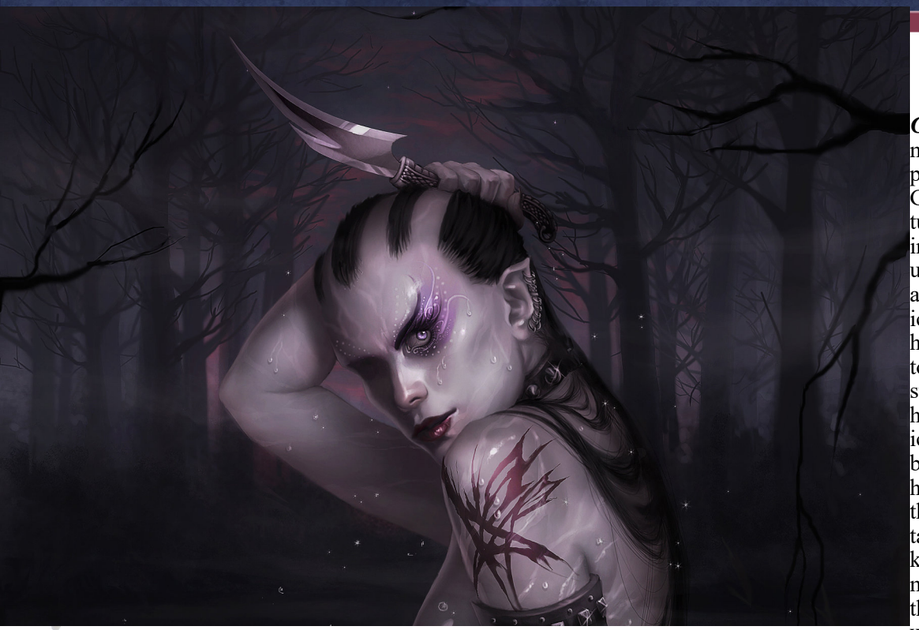

been painting his face and body with ash white and ink black, as a symbol of his devotion to the ***Rocker Kult of KISS,*** sworn to an Old Earth metal demi-god.

Griffin keeps ***Hot Reverend Exxa Simmons*** as a pet and consigliere (NE female Human Rocker Cult Cleric 8). He sawed off both her legs and one of her arms to keep her obedient, and forces his living good luck charm close. She's responsible for laundering his money, healing his thugs, and buffing him in battle. When Griffin fights, he hangs the crippled woman from his massive, bull-neck like a charm.

Griffin and the Mad Mutants have the run of Grindhouse, but they don't own it. The place is owned the ***Zantar*** clan, who seem to be a bunch of beautiful, slutty dommes that pour the drinks, and their meathead men who work the door and sweep up. ***Diabolica Zantar*** (CE female Free Spacer Vampire Bard 10) does a hard grinding strip tease hot enough to make even Griffin cum in his pants. She's the big draw, getting the men here hard for the whores – Diabolica ain't on the menu. Diabolica and her clan are all vampires – she is master, the rest are her progeny and slaves. They don't feed on the Mad Mutants, who provide daylight security and raw muscle when needed. The other space bikers that visit Grindhouse are fair game, especially if they piss off a Mad Mutant.

Gramps Zantar (NE male Free Spacer Vampire Bard 4) started Grindhouse a few centuries back. The annoying old man is a favorite uncle to the powerful and aggressive Diabolica, and she protects him from the fitter and tougher vampires. He still gets to feed because his antics make Diabolica smile. He's the barker out-side, and the hype-man, pumping up the crowd with lurid tales of all the different kinds of pussy on the menu inside. Some of the younger Zantar men want the old parasite gone, but if they stake him themselves, they've gotta contend with Diabolica next. So the Zantar bulls try to start shit between unwitting customers and old Gramps, hoping they can get some hot-headed biker to snuff the old fuck for them.

Griffin and Diabolica keep whatever fenced swag they've stolen or bought off Grindhouse patrons in freezing vaults beneath the bar for a few months at a time. Eventually, a Space Mafia contact shows up, usually every three or four months, to pick up the load. Lately, the Mafia's been buying the drained corpses of the Zantars' victims, for some reason known only to them. It's only a few credits per corpse, but it's easy money.

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G-Wave Aerospace

G-Wave Aerospace owns a small, out of the way oxygenated, Low Gravity moon in a mostly unclaimed system. An orbital drydock orbits the moon for precision manufacture in zero gravity, it's orderly rows of hexagonal assembly bays designed in imitation of the efficiency of a bee hive. G-Wave Aerospace is a promising young tech start-up making waves in the very profitable world of starfighter design and engineering. G-Wave's CEO and chief innovator is the exuberant, mercurial yuppie ***Corvaire Cassh*** (NE male Human Smart 8/Field Scientist 2).

Cassh's golden, bio-metallic dermis, his unshakable confidence and his engineering genius are signs of his strong and profound ***Genesis-blood-line Lifespawn heritage***. Cassh recruits promising inventors and technicians from across Free Space, offering impressive candidates positions on G-Wave's staff. The best of the best, however, are transmuted to new Genesis-blood Lifespawn themselves, through sexual communion and biologic subservience to the genius CEO.

G-Wave Aerospace remains stridently neutral in Free Space politics, and will sell advanced starfighters with cutting edge ECCM gear and energy-based weapons to any polity capable of meeting their price with a single exception. G-Wave will not deal with ***Nemesis Lifespawn*** in any capacity. G-Wave starships are extremely common in the region.

Innovatus-Class Stardart – Tier 3

Tiny Interceptor
Speed 10 ***Maneuverability*** perfect (+2 piloting, turn 0)
AC 16 ***TL*** 22
HP 30 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 6
Shields 40; regen 1/min ***(***forward 15, port 10, starboard 10, aft 5)
Attacks
forward: light particle beam, medium range, 3d6 damage
forward: light torpedo launcher, tracking (16 hexes), 2d6 damage
Power Core Pulse Black (120 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** 2
Systems Hyper-Mobility T-10 Thrusters, Mk 2 Armor, Mk 8 Countermeasures, B-40 Shields, Mk 5 Mononode Computer, Advanced Short Range Sensors, Signal Booster Hyperdrive
Expansion Bays none
Modifiers +2 Piloting, +4 Perception ***Complement*** 1

Special
As long as the Hyper-Mobility Thrusters are active, the Innovatus-Class Stardart can may use the *Flip and Burn* Stunt without making a piloting check.

Crew
Gunnery +9, Piloting +11 (5 ranks)

Innovatus-Class Stardarts are emblematic of the fast, highly responsive light starfighters produced by G-Wave Aerospace. A sleek cockpit with superior heads up displays tapers to a needle point. A trio of instantly reconfigurable wings, each equipped with an adjustable maneuvering thruster encircles the hyperdrive system aft of the cockpit. These starfighters come off the line bearing the striking gold and black tiger-stripe G-Wave livery, though their purchasers might recolor them in system-standard hues.

The Heavy Court

The Heavy Court is a central clearing house for bounties and for-hire law enforcement. This gear-shaped, heavily armored vault of a space station maintains a standoff distance of roughly ½ AU from ***Guildhall***. Its airspace is heavily patrolled by both piloted and drone fighters, always watchful and more than little trigger happy, perpetually paranoid that some galactic mega-criminal might try to clear the bounty on their head by nuking the Heavy Court itself. Though much smaller than ***Conquest Station***, the Heavy Court's point-defense rail-gun batteries are nearly the larger station's equal.

The Heavy Court is dominated by heavy-duty, multiply redundant supercomputers containing crime files on literally billions of escaped criminals, wanted men, women and monsters all. Ansible communication spurs allow the Heavy Court to transmit data to bounty hunters anywhere in the galaxy, and wire credits in a heartbeat. The Heavy Court works with, but never directly for, every galactic law enforcement body in known space, and most of the major criminal gangs. They take bounties and hand over their captured or DOA targets just as readily from the Space Mafia as they do the Corporate Command.

Bridger Kane (LN male Locke Inquisitor 15) has served three tumultuous terms as Union president, meaning he is responsible for the survival and prosperity of the Heavy Court. Kane is a humorless, angry man. Part of him wants to retire, but none of the next-best candidates for Union rulership meet his inhumanly high standards. He takes his annoyance out on his underlings, as often as possible. Berating careless bounty-hunters or deducting a percentage of a posted bounty to penalize unnecessary collateral damage are some of Kane's vanishingly few pleasures in life.

Other areas of the Heavy Court contain armories and repair shops, rec spaces and coffin-beds for visiting bounty hunters, and short-term prisoner storage. Prisoner storage security levels range from standard issue brigs for low-threat, low-rent spacer scumbags, all the way up to occult-tech adamantine laced cells capable of holding the star gods themselves. Tarnished silver alloy statues, slightly than larger than life,size loom down from public spaces, bearing the images of infamous bounty hunters now long dead. The Heavy Court

is under the jurisdiction of the ***Freelance Peacekeeper's Union*** – an old euphemism the bounty hunters four centuries ago preferred.

The Heavy Court is intended as a one-stop shop for those in the business. Notable station merchants and amenities include:

Deplorable Gunz, a rowdy establishment with internal shooting range equipped with modular, live-fire training holograms and combat droids. Extremely popular as a training and recreation spot for ***Ameriscum***, and sells some decent heavy-duty energy weapons and SAWs.

Forgiveness Arms, run by a former ***Serial Killer Immortal*** once known as ***Black Wendell.*** His mind was multiply wiped, and a conscience implanted in the form of a behavioral modifying neural computer. Having lived within the law for thirty years and more, the former murderer now produces fine pistols and energy rifles for discerning bounty-hunters.

Personal Business Blades specializes in particle katana, chain axes and chain-swords, high frequency blades, thermo-knives and other high tech melee weapons. The proprietor, ***Hannibal Rharne*** (CE male Human Combatant 15) was a

former gladiatorial champion on ***Colossus.*** He is a scarred, heavily reconstructed beast, who absolutely despises ranged weapons as cowardly, and will beat the shit out of any customer stupid enough to ask for *combat birds* or other nonsensical hand weapons.

Restoration Unlimited, which specializes in combat medicine, cybernetic prosthesis and upgrades, as well as armor and equipment repair and refurbishing. If you get shot up, bring yourself and your armor here to get fixed up.

The Rumornet sells information. Come here for reliable leads on high-value bounties, research-for-hire, background information and data-analysis. The Rumornet consists of several *Proximite* ex-intelligence operatives, most of whom have solid reps throughout Merc Space, as well as assorted detectives, informants and stringers.

LaPierre

LaPierre is an arms dealer to rival ***MacBeth Defense Solutions***, but its arms are never sold legally. LaPierre intentionally arms terrorists, rogue regimes and the ***Space Mafia*** – they pay better, and demand death-dealing technology that gives LaPierre's mad armorers a chance to let their murderous creativity shine.

LaPierre is a trapezodial space station with a hard, Brutalist style, orbiting a dead world its engineers have thoroughly strip-mined for resources. The entire station is a Zero Gravity environment, except for a few tiny sales offices and meeting rooms along the outer circumference of the hull. The stations inhabitants have adapted well to zero gravity.

LaPierre is controlled by a ***Warp Widow*** queen mother, ***Skranskur,*** a larger-than-average specimen of her kind who has evolved vast and lethal telekinetic mutations. Her lesser children – a brood of Warp Widows numbering into the hundreds, staff the space station. They oversee a cadre of ***Gunnokker*** engineers and inventors who are given free reign to indulge their death for mass-causality uber-weapons, designing ever more baroque instruments of destruction. Skranskur holds a web of contracts with virtually every force in the galaxy actively doing evil, and her roster of favors owed is virtually inexhaustible.

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The arachno-form arms merchant uses (and is used by) ***Faustian Abyss*** who consider the Widow Queen a good friend and invaluable contact. They put her guns in the hands of those that should have them least. Beyond these cosmic instigators, Skranskur's most trusted sales associate is the rogue Battlechanger trader, ***Fast Talk*** (NE male Battlechanger Rogue 11). Fast Talk usually disguises himself as a military transport of some kind, and ingrates himself with militaristic regimes. The Battlechanger prides himself on being to deliver any weapon the client demands within 72 hours of payment processing, no questions ask, no matter how ridiculous or physics-breaking the demand. Thanks to LaPierre's weapons engineers, he's never failed to deliver.

Fast Talk would never let the Widow Queen know it, but he's never fully trusted the Faustian Abyss hanging around the operation. Fast Talk did some digging and realized that their plans for LaPierre (and the wider galaxy) are definitely not in his best interests. He knows that sooner or later, this sweet ride's gonna hit a brick wall at 95 mph, and he's readying himself to jump out before it does. Fast Talk has squirreled away caches of exotic weapons, and liquid cash in a thousand different currencies, on secret safe-houses across the galaxy. The device worn on his right gauntlet, which looks like a standard galactic communicator, holds a map to Fast Talk's stashes.

The Robodome

The Robodome is the bio-mechanical skull of a sky-scraper sized Battlechanger titan, slain in brutal combat with a fellow giant, and repurposed by humanity. The titanic robot visage looms proudly over a rather unspectacular planet of flat meadows and the occasional forest. The first human colonists refurbished and colonized the robotic skull rather than build individual structures. A few kilometers south-west of the Robodome lies the broken left hand of the same great machine, but someone or something removed the rest of the titanic corpse long ago. Only the occasional bit of useful techno-detritus remains.

The ramshackle city-state inside the Robodome has become a bustling free market, a sector hub for trade and recreation. Best shopping mall in twenty parsecs in any given direction, built inside the skull of a dead robot. Everyone with credits to spend are welcome, but most of the merchants and bar-owners are either examples of the various human strains or Proximites. Most of them remain on neutral-to-positive terms with most of the Free Spacer fleets, and try to stay under the Command's radar and make some money.

Some of the shops and attractions within the vast, hyper-consumerist labyrinth of the Robodome include:

Children's Castle, is an impressive faux-stone fake medieval castle that sells every licensed toy and game in known space. Employees are forced to dress like knights, bandits, princesses and jesters. There's been occasional mom-riots when popular toys have sold out around Christmas time. Last season a security merc, and veteran of a thousand engagements under alien stars, was killed in action by rampaging suburban housewives.

Citadel Outlet Mall, located in the right eye socket of the Robodome, this sprawling clothing giant not only has designer labels at affordable prices, but it offers spectacular views of the surrounding countryside from 60 stories up. There's also a coffee-shop located inside the Citadel Outlet Mall.

Come Out and Play is a sporting goods store where everybody dresses like psychotic 1950s baseball players. You can get some top quality steroid treatments and genemods over the counter here.

Crystal World, a music store specializing in data crystals by the hottest rock groups in the galaxy. The sound system plays a constant Outlaw Sex Station 09 feed. Not only a place to score the hottest tunes, it's a good place to find Rockers and conventional musical instruments.

Dance Crown 4700! A swinging Low Gravity roller-disco located at the very top of the Robodome, beneath a sparkling diamond-glass canopy that provides a great look at the stars after the two suns set. One of the hottest party places in Free Space, lots of great looking potential mates wearing tight little booty shorts, and reputable vendors walking around selling high-grade *sniff*.

Goth Topic sells leather, spikes and pre-ripped black concert tees. Fashion, holo-chips and gaudy silver jewelry popular among real Cosmic Satanists and wanna-bes alike. Goth Topic also sells combat blades and satanic hand weapons, up to and including overpriced, Goth-deco *particle tantos* and *particle katana*.

Huddleston Arms, specializes in basic self-defense spacer's blasters, light energy rifles and hunting-specced slug-throwers. More a general sporting goods store than an adventurer's armory, Huddleston Arms does sell useful accessories, ammo and cleaning/repair kits.

Jell-a-Matt, sells tacky, colorful furniture made from shape memory polymer that can adjust to the customer's body. A 100,000 square foot showroom, dedicated to ooze-based mattresses and easy chairs.

Kuppy Snak, a popular street food joint that sells virtually every type of food imaginable. As long as you like your meal blended into an unrecognizable slurry, topped with some sprinkles of cheese and placed in a self-heating 12 oz cup.

Lingo & Nobles, a data-shop that specializes in trashy mass market entertainment. Comics, pulp novels, holo-games and dramas, and the kind of overpriced desk toys that every white collar has ten of in their cubicle.

The Muscle Europium is a combination of fitness store and merchandising outlet for the celebrity fighters of planet McMahon's *Muscle League.* The faces, masks and slogans of top tier fighters are branded on every packet of protein powder, sweat hoodie, strength-buffing genemod treatment

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and grav-weight bench sold in these bright, noisy stores.

Outlaw Sex Data-Chips is the official storefront of *Outlaw Sex Station 09* and the best chain of music stores in the galaxy. Offers high fidelity audio and holo-recordings from every musical act you've ever heard of and about ten million more besides, in a variety of formats, some of which are still actually used.

Qudian Gifts sells these weird, glowing…thingies. About fist sized, prices ranging from 20 credits all the way to 20,000 for particularly rare shapes or colors. Nobody can figure out what they do, but everybody wants one.

Rekall, Inc offers implanted memory-trips of fabulous vacations in exotic locations. Indistinguisable from your real memories or your money back! Warning: not recommended for use by those who have been subject to military-grade memory alteration.

Win Now, sells appliances and household goods. They even sell "Bachelor Elite" Sex Synths, bubbly, big-titted bimbo AI with a shockingly misogynistic, frat-boy marketing campaign. The Sex Synths are sold from a rear showroom only accessible with proper ID.

Useless Little Kiosks!

There's also an endless and ever-changing array of kiosks in the walkways between shops. Want a random Robodome Mall kiosk? Roll a D20 and see what's closest.

The Battlechanger Perspective

Despite millions of years of civil war, the ***Tyrakrons*** and ***Freegear*** are united in one thing: a desire to see the Robodome returned to their own species. Most Freegear want a peaceful handover, but some of the more militant find themselves nodding in agreement with Tyrakron genocide plans. Nobody likes seeing the steel and silicon skull of one of their ancestors desecrated. Hired mercenary companies, equipped with both ground and space-based support hold multi-year, million-credit contracts to protect the Robodome from Tyrakron assaults. Any Freegear rebels who wish to protect the fleshy shoppers, despite their well-earned grudge, must do so without official Freegear support. The Freegear Rebellion has officially adopted a non-interference policy as far as Tyrakron attacks on the Robodome is concerned.

Minor Tyrakron general ***Kontelpax*** (use the Tyrakron City Commander stat-block) has been assigned the capture of the Robodome and its repatriation to ***Technys.*** Despite the efficiency and fire power of his legion, Kontelpax only launches sporadic, minor raids and terror strikes that are usually rebuffed by the fleshy mercs.

Robodome Mall Kiosks? (roll D20 as many times as needed)			
1 An automated Dr. Youp's Vendotron	6 Brass knuckles, switchblades and cheap martial arts weapons	11 Confederate Flag memorabilia popular with Ameriscum	16 Tacky, blinged out religious medals for every faith imaginable
2 An ICG booth with data pamphlets for prospective converts	7 Candy or snack food stand	12 Hologram posters	17 Pizza vending machine or similar automated fast food
3 Sunglasses and goggles for sale!	8 Corn dog on a stick	13 Sells cheap toys that break in a day or two	18 An empty graffiti covered, dusty booth
4 An artist airbrushing portraits of kids and pets on sweatshirts	9 A small time headshop selling skunk Glow and smoking accessories	14 Knock-off holo-game systems	19 Used holo-dramas, memory crystals and other entertainment data
5 New age crystals, beads and jewelry, often falsely marketed as Tal Anon	10 Purses, wallets, leather belts, ect	15 Hats and headgear specifically designed for TV Heads	20 Kitchen ware and household gadgets

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His restraint has a purpose. As long as humans occupy the Robodome, Kontelpax can use their anger to recruit Freegear defectors and double-agents. The staunchly unsentimental Kontelpax is willing to let the giant's skull remain in human hands for the next thousand years if he keeps getting results like that.

Kontelpax' superiors aren't so sanguine. He's worn out their patience, and spent all his political capitol. Kontelpax knows that if he doesn't get the results they want, and soon, one of his subordinates is going to assassinate him and take command.

History of the Robodome

The face of the Robodome is a recognizable one to most Battlechangers. In life, he was known as ***Metro Atlas***, greatest of the ***Originates*** (HM1). Metro Atlas completed *113 Legendary Labors*, each more impossible than the last, during the primordial era, before the Tyrakon Empire rose to power. There a dozen competing legendary traditions about how Metro Atlas finally fell, on this obscure world, but all are suitably epic. All agree that Metro Atlas died defending his species – and all mechanical life – from a great enemy of the race.

The real question, of course, is what happened to the rest of Metro Atlas's corpse.

And more importantly, where is the life-creating techno-womb that all Originates carry within them now?

Rudat Advanced Arms LTD

Rudat is a fairly small weapons manufacturer, trying and failing to compete with the giants in the business: ***LaPierre*** and ***MacBeth Defense Solutions***. Rudat is headquartered on an ore-rich rocky moon without a breathable atmosphere, a short star-hop from ***Armor Point. Rexicle Rudat*** (LN male TV Head Smart 5) and his immediate family started the company a few years ago, with more ambition and egotism than practical planning.

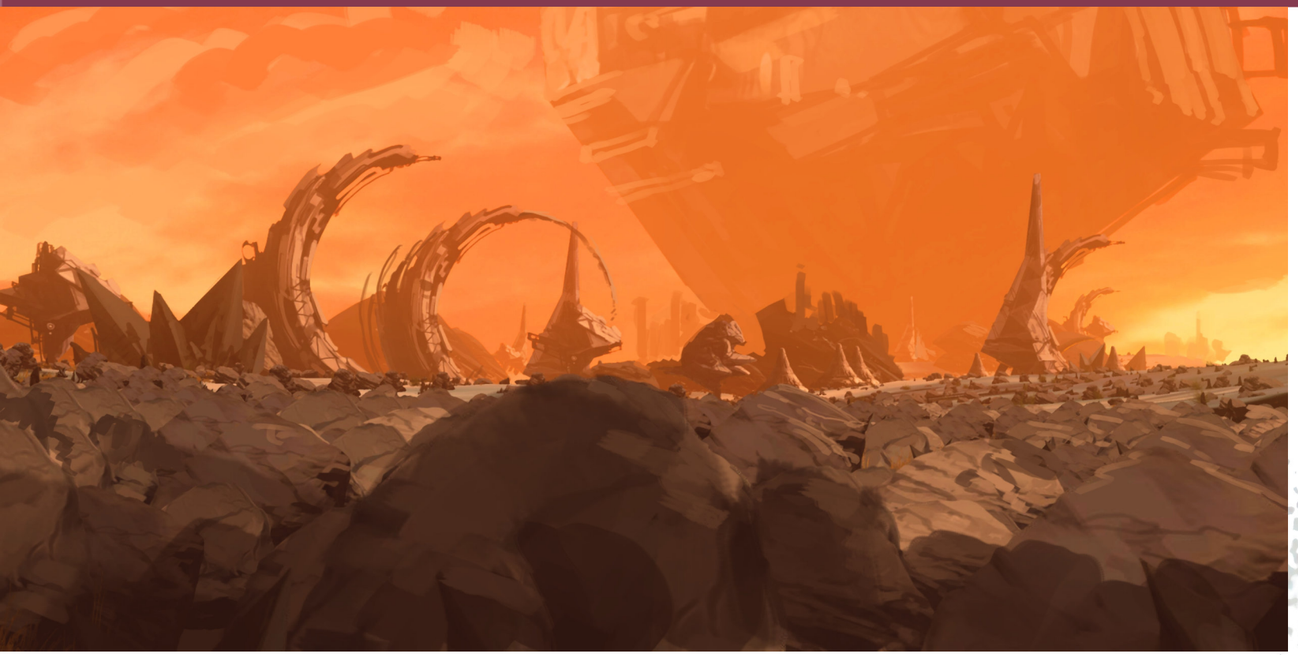
Rudat's weapons systems are insanely complex and baroque: bulky, multiple cockpit behemoths that tend to flip into new configurations, transform into battle station modes or do other impressive but impractical things. Of course, such over-complicated weapons have a steep learning curve and insane failure rate. Only a moron would choose Rudat weapons systems over battle-tested, reliable armaments. ***General Vermior Heinlein*** is Rudat's chief customer and largest patron. The general rhapsodizes about the versatility and unexpected tactical options Rudat's weapons offer. He's teaching Armor Point's cadets to operate Rudat weapons, never mind how many students get atomized because they got hung up transforming their grav-tank into a supersonic bomber. The general just considers the causalities 'low performers' and moves on to the next cadre.

Rexicle Rudat's weapons are innovative, but despite his pretentions of genius, he is anything but. He depends on his designers, which he pays lavishly out of his family fortune (which is shrinking annually). Rudat has based most of his tech on recovered ***Battlechanger*** technology. The company often hires mercenaries and bounty-hunters that specialize in capturing live Battlechangers for experimentation and vivisection. Rexicle has only recently heard of the ***Steel Graveyard*** on ***New Miami***, and is sending a collection team to see what he can recover from the ancient battlefield.

Scorpius Mundi

Scorpius Mundi is an inhospitable desert world that's been used as a dumping ground and pirate hideout for generations. The desert is polluted with wrecked starships and badly shielded rad-waste containment cells. The deep deserts are virtually incapable of supporting life due to the radioactive waste and the dead zone expands each year as more toxins are air-dropped in. Within a few centuries, Scorpius Mundi will be entirely lifeless. The only creatures capable of surviving the worst waster-zones are mutant ***Rad-Ants*** (HM1) and other genetic nightmares.

It's a dangerous world, and the humanoid inhabitants are equally nasty. The coastlines are still mostly habitable, and have become pirate havens. Improvised landing strips and supply caches are scattered throughout the desert, and the largest starships make rough water landings since the world doesn't have a proper star port. ***Scofflaw*** and ***Vulture Bee*** are the planet's two largest settlements, similar in many respects. Both settlements are run semi-democratically; anybody



who's been in town at least two weeks can vote. Energy weapons aren't allowed on the streets or in the saloons (except by the owners), and the towns are supposed to be neutral ground for the various pirate crews. Respected local bruisers keep the peace, so do business owners with a blaster hidden under their countertop. These criminal free cities are more peaceful than you'd expect, because those that live outside the law have some honor.

The Spine of God

The Spine of God range bisects the deep desert. One of the tallest peaks was sheared off a few centuries back, when a waste hauler rammed it during a dumping mission. The wrecked, hotly radioactive ruins of the ship rust in the deserts, half buried beneath waste-filled cargo containers dumped by more successful garbage haulers. The Spine of God is the toxic epicenter of the desert's radioactive dead zone; only the most dangerous mutants survive here. These mutants include a clade of ***Juggernaut Worms*** (HOTM1), warped and agonized by their genetic defects, which are far more aggressive than the species' default state of murderous rage. And oh, some of these fucking things can phase through matter, just to make things worse.

Despite the hazard, the Spine of God is a popular destination for treasure hunters, ninety percent of which are never heard from again. According to local legend, the legendary space pirate ***Scorpius Wynd*** buried the spoils of a lifetime of crime in a time-shielded vault somewhere in the Spine. His exploits were legendary in the sector, so much so his favorite planetary hideout bears his name. Nobody's ever found the treasure vault, but the lucky few have made it back to civilization with promising lesser finds. A few have even found enough artifacts from Scorpius Wynd's time that proves they're on the right track.

Seven Suns Manufacturing

Those who come aboard this massive industrial station are unnerved for reasons they can't quite articulate. The design looks conventional from a distance, a mushroom-shaped space station with docking rings along the outer lip of the 'cap', but inside strange little quirks become apparent. Everything is subtly skewed, the angles and curves a bit too sharp. The proportions and architecture are just…. Off. Everything seems designed to give humanoids a minor anxiety attack. Nothing by itself is that disturbing, but in-toto, those doing business aboard the Seven Suns station want it complete ASAP so they can get the fuck out.

Seven Suns Manufacturing is on the cutting edge of terraforming technology. Not only can they turn a lifeless mudball into an Earth-equivalent farm world in less time than anybody else in the biz, Seven Suns can even custom ignite stars to order! Compared to terraforming a planet, sparking up a star is near impossible, and extremely pricy. The mega-corp must not only initiate a stable stellar-fusion reaction, it must somehow spark a stellar consciousness, effectively making the process artificial insemination on a cosmic scale.

The central shaft of the space station is a massive Zero Gravity micro-tech factory, where highly skilled techno-occultists work in disciplined teams to manufacture ***World Maker Torpedoes*** *(EOTM).* Somehow Seven Suns Manufacturing have rediscovered this lost, legendary occult technology. Security is impossibly tight, the well-compensated staff sworn to utter secrecy. Corporate NDAs are enforced by telepaths and assassins. Working for Seven Suns requires you to sign a consent form in advance, legally indemnifying the company to murder you if you breach confidentiality. The rewards, and the sheer thrill of working on such god-scale projects, are worth it to most of the makers.

Beneath this grand factory, the time-lost ***Psyren*** princesses who secretly own the Seven Suns mega-corp make their lairs. Their homes are tombs of crystal and ectoplasmic ice, festooned with soft pillows and fine silks. The Seven Suns bring these coolly sociopathic women impossible wealth, but also allows them to openly possess on of the galaxy's most feared weapon systems. They hide their universe shaking power in plain sight.

Stygia

During the worst nights of the ***Great Galactic Darkness***, Stygia collided with its only moon. The shattered crescent of a world spiraled out of its stable orbit, wandering drunkenly through its home-system and far into the outer darkness. During the longest nights of the planetary winter, Stygia drifts so far from the light and warmth of its sun, the star appears no larger in the sky than Earth's moon does in its.

When its moon slammed into the planet, it instantly vaporized much of Stygia's Northern hemisphere, creating a massive impact crater that blasted away almost a quarter of the planet's mass. The advanced, starfaring civilization the ***Kalloc*** had built vanished, and well over 98% of the planetary population either died during the impact or during the long nuclear winter that followed. A tenacious few survived, cast down into barbarism, but refusing to let the near destruction of their world extinguish their race. The survivors have clawed their way back up to an early Iron Age level of technology.

No permanent space ports, refueling stations or advanced habitations beyond the level of an off-worlder bandit camp are known to exist on Stygia. Mercenary guilds recruit from among Stygia's survivors – desperation breeds ferocious warriors for hire, available cheap.

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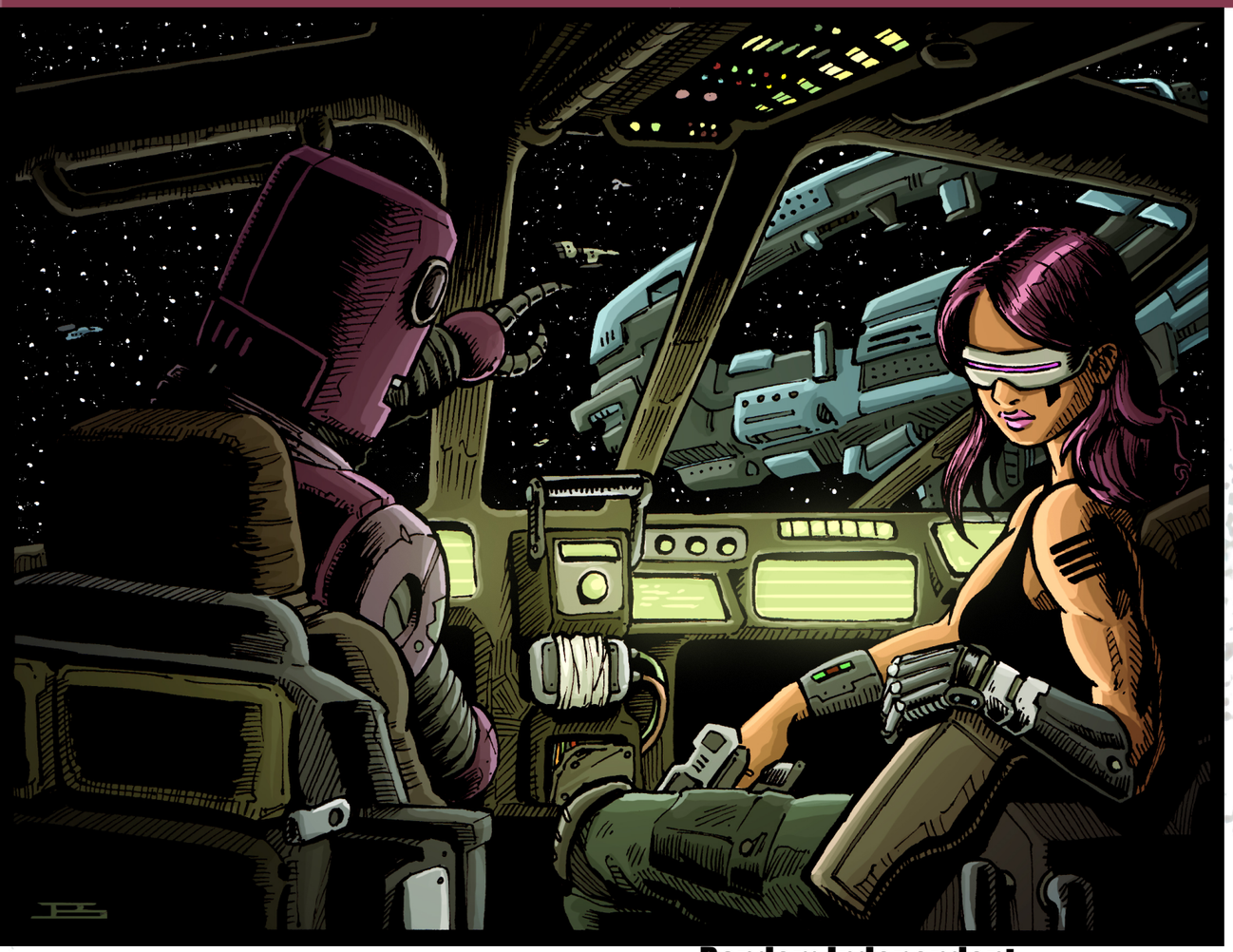

CHAPTER TWELVE FREE SPACE

Libertarian selfishness defines Free Space. The spacers here have no time for the Command and its bullshit laws, but unfortunately, Free Space is not a united front. Each planet and station is fiercely independent, and only concerned with its own business, its own tribe. If Free Space can't come together, it's going to die apart.

Random Independent Stations

Big habitations like New Singapore and Conquest get the majority of press – and starship traffic. But Free Space is littered with other stations, big and small. If you want to quickly generate a random, independent space station, roll some D8s on the chart below and see what appears.

D8	Station Configuration	Dominant Species	Major Industry	Station Quirks	Station Dangers
1	Multiple habitation spheres and cylindrical habitats	Humans (ICG aligned)	Starship Foundry, Repair and Refueling	Old, run down and falling apart; failing life support	Space Mafia drug wars are spiraling out of control
2	Broken torus station	Humans (Free Spacer)	Scientific or Medical	Zero Gravity Environment for precision engineering or sensors	Lifespawn predators have colonized the under-levels
3	Habitation cylinders arranged in an X	Leather Clones	Tourism, Culture and/or Sex Work	Has a pressurized / aquatic section for non-Basic aliens needing a special environment	Critical systems are at the failure threshold and the station government can't or won't fix them
4	Hollowed out asteroid base	Afro Futurists	System hub for agri-business shipping	Station's self defense forces are in shambles or badly mismanaged	The station's economy is dying; people leaving in record numbers
5	Habitation wheel around a central spherical core	Shippers	Legal services and white collar professionals	Station is undergoing a massive refit and civic improvement campaign	A mutant strain of the Ender has broken out on station, killing huge chunks of the population
6	Biodome with docking collars around the base of the hemisphere	Proximites	Popular R&R stop for soldiers and mercs	Station economy is mostly Communistic	ICG Inquisition wants to put the station under direct control
7	A complex, three dimensional snowflake of labs, modules, sensors and solar panels	Synths and other AI	Adventuring needs, such as arms dealers or cyber upgrade clinics	Station inhabitants belong to a bizarre cult or splinter faction unknown in the wider galaxy	A hyperspatial rift, straight to hell, opens regularly in system
8	Monolithic and imposing slabs of steel and orbital glass	Roll twice; racial tensions are rampant	Roll 1d4 times – the station is known for multiple specialties	Station is swamped by refugees fleeing a local war or planetary crisis	A powerful warlord wants the station

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Free Trader Names (D20)			
1 The Pearl Harbor	6 The Cargo Camel	11 Hate the Game	16 The Free Flag
2 The Monarch	7 The Naughty Mommy	12 Edge of Nowhere	17 The Warp Riverboat
3 The Scavenger Eagle	8 Dos Diablos	13 The Green Manalishi	18 The Buzzsaw Buzzard
4 The Hardlight Rainbow	9 The Rumpunch	14 The Hellfire Harlot	19 The Heliotrope
5 The Bright Caravan	10 The Bum Rap	15 The Olympus Mons	20 All Seven Bastards

D10	Captain/Owner	Their Starship	The Mission	The Problems You Don't Know About
1	Vis Starmapper, Proximite uber-nerd amateur astronomer	The *Gold of El Dorado*, a light scout ship with extraordinary sci-sensors	Routine cargo haul to New Miami	There's a Lifespawn prisoner in the brig who's attracted hostile attention to the ship
2	Jetta Lynk, *Free Captain* with dreams of being a rock goddess	*Front Towards Enemy*, a decommissioned light gunboat	A six month stellar survey mission	The captain has a death grudge against an ICG officer and a plan for revenge
3	Colin Gingrich, TV Head asshole (aren't they all?)	The *Dirty Destiny*, a battered old smuggler hull with lots of secrets	Passenger haul- you're shuttling a bunch of rich assholes around	There's a bounty on the captain's head and you've just become an accomplice
4	"Friend", a Jesus Clone stoner with a sex cult	The *Slipstream Rodeo*, incredibly fast with a Hyperdrive 3 rating	The cover mission is routine cargo, but there's hard drugs in the secret hold	A pissed off ex-lover of one of the crew has planted a bio-weapon onboard
5	StrikePaw, pissed off Anthro activist	*CX-313*, a brand new yacht hull too new to have a reputation (or even a real name) yet	Carrying workers to an asteroid mining operation in the Iron Belt	Despite what the captain tells you, there's no money coming
6	Tasmir Cole, *Free Captain* with a serious Axxin Powder problem	*Chainbreaker*, a former prison-ship stolen, customized and turned pirate	Maintaining satellites and ansible relays in Command Space	There's enough food, water and O2 aboard to last half the mission
7	J'lila Starsoul, a Pacifician even hornier than expected	*Black Hammer of Vladivostok*, a legendarily unlucky warship	Clearing orbital detritus and trash from Benediction's airspace	Two competing prophecies, a time paradox and an unplanned pregnancy among the crew make for an interesting ride
8	Iko Montgomery, *Free Nav* grieving for lost friends	*Conspiracy of Poetry*, recently sold to the OSS09 Fleet	Field testing a new shipboard system for several weeks	"That's no moon."
9	Crater Williamson, Ex-Command Navy deserter, big bounty on his head	The *Rusting Railgun*, a battered mining tug	Delivery route travelling through myriad populated systems	Cyborg repo men are coming to take the ship and impound the cargo
10	Valarie Venn, *Free Nav* flying on daddy's money	*Pegasus III*, cursed with a really unreliable hyperdrive	Pharmaceutical trade with Medicoake	There's an ICG bastard out to get the captain and the crew

Free Traders and Junk Starships

The settlements and planets in Free Space only tell part of the story. The nomadic starships that flit from station to station looking for spare parts and good prices tell the rest of it. If you want to build an interesting random free trader vessel, use any or all of the charts below.

Starships Made of Junk

Free Spacers tend to make do with what they have. Starships are ridiculously expensive and usually customized for the needs of one captain, only to fall into the hands of another owner with entirely different needs. Want an interesting, grungy, 'used-future' starship? Roll 4D10 and see what you come up with.

Free Trader Names

Need a name for some random cargo ship or salvage tug? Roll a D20 to find a suitably Heavy name for the vessel.

Kinky Space

Each starship has its own unique culture, and the crew's kinks form a vital part of that culture. Running into a random starship with its own specialized spin on sex can make the Heavy Future that much dirtier and more memorable. What fetish does this new ship and crew cater to?

What's this Starship Crew's Distinctive Fetish? (roll D20 once or twice)			
1 The single gendered crew is exclusively homosexual and fucks often	6 Shipboard discipline is handled by a busty, leather clad domme	11 A virtual reality 'sleep- net' that allows crew members to interact (and fuck) in dreams	16 Nothing thaws a spacer out after long cryo-sleep than a good hard fucking
2 There's an official orgy room at the prow of the ship, with a great view of the stars	7 Uniforms and space suits are tight fitting and include transparent plastic bras	12 The crew uses drugs and meditation to repress sexual drive only to have an orgiastic heat period every few years	17 This Pacifican-style ship makes love not war, and solves all shipboard disputes with sex and love
3 Sex Synths or purpose-grown clones service the crew	8 Ritualized interspecies sex is a vital component of diplomacy and trade	13 The starship is a mélange of hot, moist flesh and hotter metal, and demands to be fucked… often	18 Impregnation and breeding fetishes mean the crew's roster grows steadily
4 Likes feet more than Quinten Tarintino. Spacesuits have transparent toe socks rather than boots.	9 Pre-teen crew members initiated by older mentors (creepy and common among Anthony Fleet vessels)	14 Weird technology allows lovers to intermingle their flesh and trade traits	19 Bloody duels leaving dramatic scars turn to bloody, passionate and animalistic sex
5 Zero-G 'party' rooms set up for sex	10 Non-reproductive incest is tolerated and even encouraged (common among many Free Spacer fleets)	15 Bathroom facilities are shared and set-up for easy cleaning after pee play (possibly in Zero G)	20 You cum only when the captain says so. And a good captain takes care of their crew's needs.

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The Sex Planets of Free Space

Spacers are a horny bunch, and there's any number of major and minor settlements out there that cater to those needs. These pleasure worlds aren't quite as big of names as ***Pacifica*** or ***Fuckalotta***, but they're good places to spend some money, shovel some high grade *sniff* up your nostrils, and get your fuck on. Some of the most debauched pleasure planets scattered throughout Free Space include:

Amigo

Amigo is a mostly Earthlike world, but the winds are too unpredictable and the local storms too intense to make it a prime colony location. Despite that, it's home to a thriving sex industry, where patrons fuck on stage, beneath artificial diamond domes, as mega-scale thunder storms rage outside. Amigo is a popular Free Spacer R&R stop over, and in addition to bars and bordellos, has decent starship resupply and maintenance capabilities.

Anacosta

Clothing optional beaches with rainbow sand. Spectacular views of the orange, pink and gold gas giant that this pleasure moon orbits. A population of joyful native Pacificans who offer their bodies to anyone – anyone at all – who asks politely.

Ballerina New Café

The Ballerina New Café is a relatively small orbiting station renowned for the genetically engineered beauty and grace of its high-dollar courtesans. The sex workers are members of a transhumanist eugenics cult – outwardly perfect, slender and androgynous humans, inwardly some truly advanced cyborgs. They are fascinated with Erobot technology, dangerously so.

Borealis IV

This cold Normal Gravity world is trapped in perpetual winter due to a tidally locked orbit. Impressive slopes make it a skier's paradise, an ideal place for a winter getaway. Most of the sex workers on Borealis IV are sleek and attractive Shippers and Anthros. Those who don't have naturally white or slate grey pelts bleach and dye their fur to fit the expected polar aesthetic.

Double Down

This classy bordello sells the ultimate fantasy: sex with hawt twins who don't have any taboo about playing with each other. All the professionals at Double Down are *Pulsa*. Given their natural talents give them the equivalent of a built-in laser pistol, Double Down is a quiet joint. There's never any trouble the pros can't handle themselves.

Heavy Horse

Heavy Horse used to be a Leather Clone exclusive fuck-palace operating out of a asteroid habit orbiting a custard yellow gas giant. It's dead now. A particularly nasty local strain of the Ender wiped out the entire staff. There's only a handful of survivors: Leather Clone boys, the clone-sons of some of the workers, far too young for the sex trade. They escaped the Ender, but are still thoroughly screwed. No outsider's visited the station in weeks; the food's running out and O2 recyclers are starting to seize up.

Fundrazor

Fundrazor is Mafia owned and operated. The world is a pleasant, Low Gravity tropical paradise decorated with old Psyren ruins and crystal towers. The planetary orbit means the sunsets are half a day long, and spectacular, especially refracted through ancient psi-crystal monoliths. Gambling, betting on blood sports, and sex with a wide variety of sentients are all on the menu.

Pantyshot

Pantyshot is a raunchy, hedonistic Free Spacer asteroid habitat that tightly orbits a blazing yellow sun. The bulkheads are padded with eye catching orange and pink safety padding, because the station turns off the gravity for party nights.
Pantyshot was built on the skeleton of an old orbital 'sun-gun' a railgun firing rad-waste bullets into the nearest star. Everything was thoroughly cleaned and redecorated, but the rail-gun still works, which means the station can defend itself if necessary.

Renoir 16

Renoir 16 is one of countless moons orbiting a sludge-colored giant planet, and the only oxygenated one. Most of the other moons are colonized by heavy mining mega-corps. Renoir 16 is where the miners come to blow off steam and spend their money. It's a Wild West style cat house – it's raucous and unpolished, but because of some really excellent security staff and well-trained bouncers, not rough or violent. Work a year or two as a bouncer on Renoir 16 and you can find similar work anywhere else in the galaxy at premium rates.

San Amor Del Shayteya

This Low Gravity water world is colonized by a sect of Afro-Futurist pacifists who worship Shayteya. The culture and architecture betray the colony's Afro-Caribbean roots. Quite a few of the first generation of colonists were survivors of the intentionally failed Caribbean star-lift that created ***Radiance,*** out in Jupiter orbit.

Thule

Thule used to be a Command naval base, but when the Command pulled out, some ambitious Free Spacers took it over and converted the prefab hangers into hotels, casinos and sex clubs. From the outside, Thule is a nightmare of pragmatically designed Brutalist grey buildings and miles-long landing strips. Inside, it's a decadent, gilded non-stop party with top flight accommodations.

Tropix V

Tropix V is known for its amazing athletic infrastructure and extreme sports rental joints on planet as much as it is pure, nasty, for-hire sex. Tropix V hosts pan-galactic games and championships in city-sized reconfigurable arenas that can alter their gravity and environmental conditions to suit any team, playing any sport. Major Magno-Star and Ero-Wrestling tournaments come to Tropix V every few years, as do baseball, soccer, basketball, and nude beach volleyball competitions. Non-lethal combat sports, including Battlechanger alt-mode rally races, parasailing and hover-board competitions are also on offer seasonally.

William Kwan (Order #50594381)

Carter

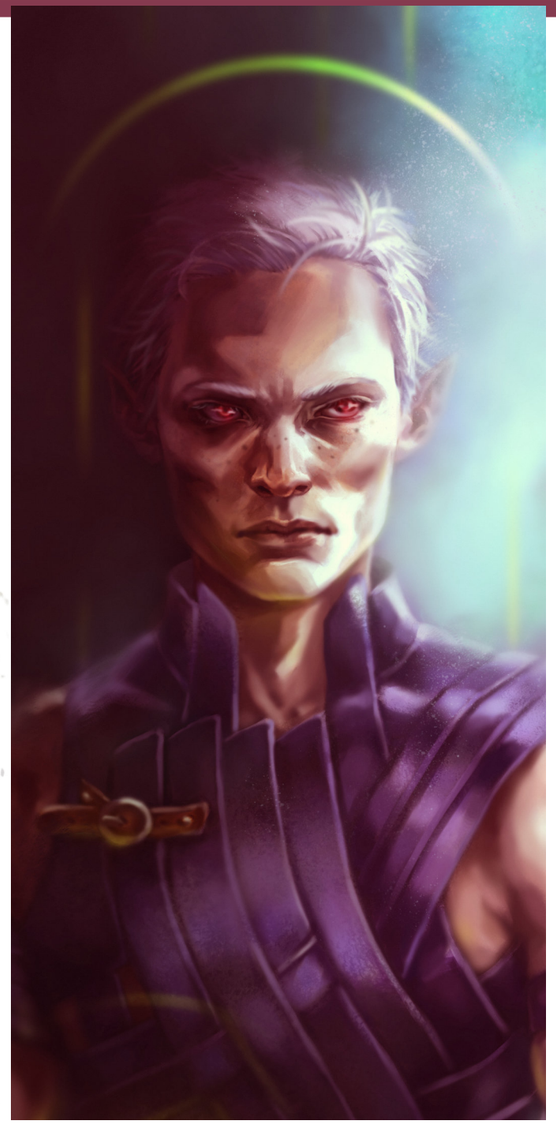
The ***Bhershae Space Cases*** had a roughly Dark Ages technological level when their world of veldts and rolling prairies was first colonized by Afro-Futurist explorers. The pill-bug like aliens were awed by the Afro-Futurist explorers, and their brilliant technology, and their tribes entered a partnership with the more advanced species. Within a century, the Bhershae had elevated themselves to technological parity with the Afro-Futurists, while retaining much of their pre-contact culture. The Afro-Futurists had no intention of letting a pre-starflight society exterminate itself in the race for wealth and techno-trinkets.

Today, the two cultures work in lockstep to produce fine textiles, armored fabrics and bespoke powered armor. Carter was chosen as a colony world for its rich natural resources. A highly durable, flexible and energy resistant fabric known as *use-flax* can easily be harvested from native trees. Prior to contact, the Bhershae were extraordinary weavers who produced fine fabrics and stout ropes. Now, Carter is a center of Afro-Futurist armor artistry. The world produces some of the best, most ornately decorated personal body armor in human space, for only a small fraction more credits than a conventional tac-vest would cost. The Bhershae specialize in civilian textiles and fashion, while their Afro-Futurists specialize in advanced body armor and combat exo-skeletons. Even the hardest exo-armor produced on Carter uses chemically treated and hardened *use-flax* as its base.

Conquest Station

Conquest is one of the largest and best defended independent space stations in Free Space. It is the center of ***Anthony Fleet's*** power and trade web. Conquest Station consists of four cylinders arranged around a diamond-shaped central hub. The cross-shaped space station orbits a rocky planetoid covered in solar and cosmic ray collectors, which beams power to the station. Starships can dock at virtually any point along the habitation cylinders, beneath the watchful eyes of AI-guided railguns and liner-accelerator turrets. The ventral surfaces of this well-defended, fortified space habitat are painted in alternating bands of black and royal purple – Anthony Fleet colors.

Space Tyrant Jericho Perez-Anthony (use the Free Captain stat-block, LE alignment) commands his Fleet from a titanium and purple leather throne in the station's central hub. Under his rule, Conquest has expanded dramatically, and it military readiness has increased exponentially. Conquest Station was a dream begun by the Space Tyrant's grandfather, and nears completion under Jericho's hand. Under Space Tyrant Perez-Anthony, four years of military service is compulsory for all Anthony Fleet spacers when they turn 15. Much of this service is spent aboard Conquest Station in intensive training, or serving aboard one of the Tyrant's newly commissioned fleet of warships.



The Space Tyrant's fleet is large enough to effectively project power throughout Free Space. The Space Tyrant has a meticulous plan to conquer and absorb several other Free Spacer fleets and then expand outward, taking ***Starburn***. Perez-Anthony is considering accelerating his Five Year Plan to take advantage of the disruption the Ender is causing Starburn's Leather Clones. He hates acting rashly, but hates leaving an opportunity unexploited even more. If Perez-Anthony sticks to the Plan, his next objective will be an assault on ***Bradbury Fleet***. If he deviates, Starburn System will feel his wrath. Either way, war is coming, and the Space Tyrant is more than ready.

The Tyrant's Harem

Space Tyrant Perez-Anthony is quick to point out the differences between a pedophile and an hebephile, and proudly considers himself the latter. Perez-Anthony keeps a personal harem of Free Spacer teenagers, of both genders, chosen at the age of 12. From 12-16, these children are both sexual playthings for the Space Tyrant as well as young officer candidates, personally drilled in tactics and naval warfare by the Tyrant. After they reach 17, the former members of the Tyrant's Harem are placed aboard military vessels as junior officers, groomed for command.

Simo Gonzalez-Anthony (use the Spartan Messiah stat-block, HOTM2) is the greatest young warrior of his generation, the brilliant and cold darling of the Tyrant's Harem. By the time this fit, serious young athlete was 12, he had already been blooded in actual space-combat. Beloved by the Space Tyrant, the now-13 year old Simo has taken command of strike fleets on pirate raids, performing exceptionally well. The Space Tyrant has already marked the boy as his heir. Though incredibly ambitious, Simo is content for the Space Tyrant to step down in time, respecting the older man as a mentor and skillful commanding officer. As long as Simo feels he has more to learn from Space Tyrant Perez-Anthony, he will remain loyal.

Should Conquest Station decide to pursue war against the Starburn System, this young but highly competent officer will lead the assault.

The War College

The War College is an elite, grueling military academy which enrolls children at 10, and by the time they are 14-year-old graduates, forges them into battle hardened officers. Training is cruel, emotionally manipulative and fiercely competitive. Live fire exercises begin in year two; students can face one another in lethal honor duels

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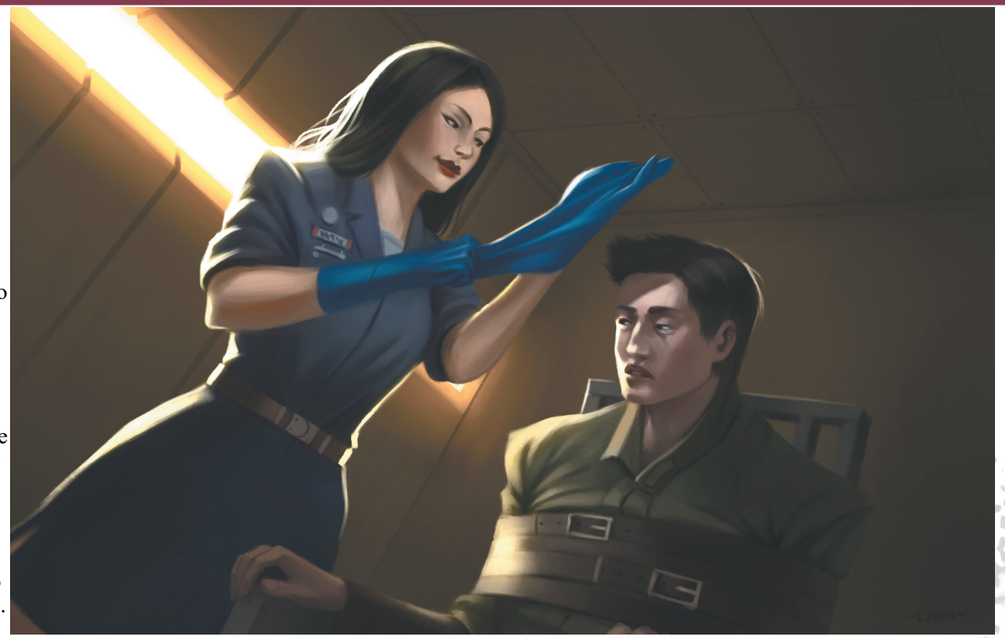
beginning in year three. Despite the risk, Anthony Fleet parents pay enormous tuition fees, and engage in all manner of skullduggery, to have their sons chosen for the War College.



Graduates of the War College are tightly controlled, hard-eyed and tactically cruel. They can turn any situation to their advantage. Compared to the pampered, beautiful children in the Tyrant's Harem, they are far more dangerous. Only iron-rod discipline tempers the repressed rage and trauma that fuels their military excellence.

Friday

Conquest Station's AI core "***Friday***" is the depersonalized and partially lobotomized brain module of a fallen ***Tyrakron*** warlord. Many of the weapons protecting Conquest Station were derived by reverse engineering Battlechanger technology. The hyper-intelligent and efficient Friday tutored Jericho Perez-Anthony, as she did his father before him, and is indispensable in keeping Conquest Station flying. Recently, however, the AI has been experiencing odd system glitches and 'ghost memories' – the Tyrakron components of her brain module are starting to reawaken and repair themselves. If not stopped, the fallen Tyrakron's consciousness will reinstall itself and overwrite Friday's code. Then, it would be a simple matter for the Tyrakron to take over the station and reconfigure all of its mass into a new chassis for itself. In this case, the notorious Tyrakron warlord called ***Steelflayer*** (use the ***Omegan Ancient*** stat-block) would unleash war on the cosmos once again.

Zanth Sub-Sector

The ***Zanth Space Cases*** are ruddy, wrinkled little hominids with long, sail-like ears and an inquisitive, gossipy demeanor. They are not particularly liked, but tolerated aboard Conquest. Zanth are capable enough couriers, transcribers and data-programmers, blessed with a nearly perfect recall and a couple of very minor psi-talents. The Zanth are only allowed to make their homes in a disused under-sector of the station, an ancient and poorly maintained techno-slum that none of the station's human inhabitants want.

Zanth often work as informants, thanks to their perfect memories and keen ears, and are Conquest's best rumor mill. The more nefarious are skilled blackmailers, when they can get away with it. Zanth blackmailers have to be careful – they have no real rights on station, so they widely distribute their damaging information as poison-pill letters among their own kind. The only reason most victims of Zanth treachery don't retaliate is they don't know how many other Zanth their blackmailer has brought into the loop. Even non-criminal Zanth are willing to aid their comrades in a blackmail scheme in a show of ethnic solidarity. Information is their only real weapon against Anthony Fleet humanity, and they will use it to keep their kind alive and well-fed.

The Free Market

Conquest Station is primarily a military staging post, but it is also a major trade hub. While Anthony Fleet starships make primary use of the station, it is technically open to all independent spacers. Other Free Spacer fleets dock at Conquest for trade, R&R and resupply, with various degrees of reluctance, depending on their Fleet's feelings about Anthony Fleet. The Free Market is a shopping archology running the length of two habitation cylinders, with a half-dozen levels of the central habitat given over to high end restaurants and clubs.

Conquest Station is notorious for its grueling and invasive customs examinations and its omnipresent and aggressive internal security forces. Anthony Fleet 'peacekeepers' walk the length of the Free Market in pairs and small squads. These are typically young military students, getting a little seasoning before being posted to a fleet assignment, and can be represented by the ***Techno-Fascist*** statblock. Anthony Fleet intelligence operatives mingle with the ordinary police and customs crews, attempting to turn new informants, fit surveillance devices aboard visiting space ships, and gather actionable intel.

Security Director Liliana Fisk (LE female Free Spacer Dread 13) is the head of Conquest's intelligence apparatus. She hides her ruthless love of, and expertise in, torture and psy-ops behind a façade of genial hominess. Her brightly lit interrogation rooms are decorated in holo-pics of kittens and baby animals, but they are still places of absolute horror. SD Fisk served the prior Space Tyrant, and helped train the current one. Her tutelage left the Tyrant psychologically scarred in ways he cannot admit to anyone, though he jokes proudly about the dueling accident that cost him the little finger of his left hand. SD Fisk knows her early cruelty has given her more power over the Space Tyrant than anybody else in the Fleet. She uses her power judiciously and rarely.

Creedence

Creedence is a postage-stamp independent asteroid habitat and minor dry-dock. The place is owned by a half-dozen Free Spacer tech-heads who pooled their resources to get flyin'. Creedence's chief business is starship sale and repair: on a good month, they make enough to keep most of their postage-stamp habitat oxygenated and fully lit. They specialize in small, cheap and ultimately disposable micro-starships that will get a spacer from point A to point B but not much else. Perfect for pirates and Free Spacers down on their luck. The fact that most of Creedence's staff will usually trade good dope for a low-Tier starhopper is a point in the station's favor.

Creedence's mechanics are talented amateurs. They're masters of juryrigging and building on the cheap. ***Velma Syrinx*** (N female Free Spacer Smart 6) is the senior partner, on account that she put up most of the money and does most of the work. She's also the one who charges closest to fair market value for a Creedence-built ship, so most buyers try to avoid her as best they can and deal with one of the stoner deck-hands.

Aside from Velma, the only other competent spacer on Creedence is the part-time repo man. A hulking Great Dane Anthro named ***Shagger*** (use the ***Colonizer Fireteam Leader*** statblock). Shagger mustered out of a mega-corporate PMC a few years back, and drifted around Free Space for a while before hiring on with Creedence. Repo-ing light starships from deadbeat idiots is a lot easier and more profitable than fighting in Trench Space. He's started hitting the Glow hard, something he was never able to enjoy during his enlistment, and relaxing as much as 300 lbs of post-human PSTD wearing body armor can. Shagger's getting a little fat, a little lazy, a little wise and a little mellow and he loves it.

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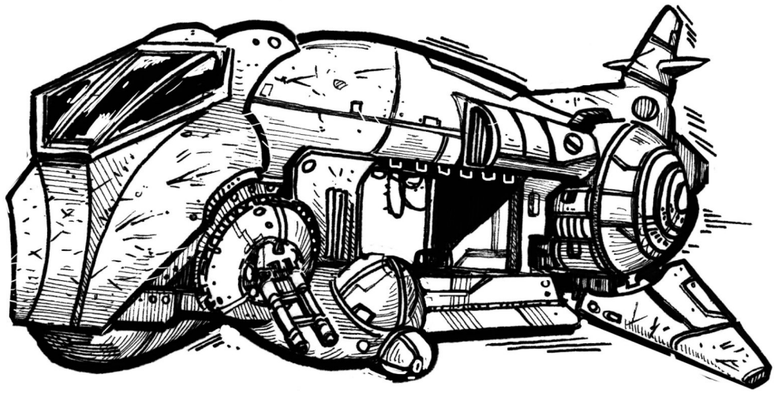
Space Buggy – Tier 3



Tiny Bubblecar
Speed 6 ***Maneuverability*** average (+2 pilot, turn 2)
AC 17 ***TL*** 17
HP 35 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 7
Shields 40 (forward 20, port 7, starboard 7, aft 6)
Attacks
forward: particle beam, long range, 8d6 damage
forward: light torpedo launcher, long range, tracking (16 hexes), 2d8 damage
turret: chain cannon, short range, 6d4 damage, Ripper
Power Core Arcus Light (75 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** 1
Systems T6 Thrusters, Basic Computers (analog), Mk 2 Armor, Mk 2 Defensive Countermeasures, Signal Basic Hyperdrive, Budget Short Range Sensors, Basic-40 Shields
Expansion Bays Hydroponics Lab (glow production)
Modifiers +2 Pilot ***Complement*** 4

Special
The Space Buggy's analog computers are immune to the effects of EMP Weapons and cannot be hacked.

Crew
Gunnery +6, Piloting +8 (3 ranks)

Space Buggies are hand-made junker starships that resemble slightly aerodynamic bread boxes – VW vans with short, stubby wings and aft-mounted warp thrusters. The custom, psychedelic paintjob and shag carpet costs more than the standard issue electronics. Despite it's no frills functionality, meager crew comforts and occasionally glitchy electronics, Space Buggies are popular with poor Free Spacers. Style counts for one thing, and for two: these fucking space vans are insanely up-gunned! Fold-out missile pods and particle beam batteries can swivel-snap into place, giving what's basically a glorified cargo shuttle more offensive punch than some destroyers! Ideal for the space pirate on a budget.

Creedence also sells "***Stripped and Chopped" Buggies.*** These Tier 1 starships have all the listed features, but lack all attacks. They don't come with standard issue weapons systems. Stripped and Chopped Buggies are popular among Pacificans, and if you just need a starship and plan to install the weapons yourself, these cut-rate starships are a bargain. Creedence probably moves a dozen unarmed, T-1 Space Buggies for every well-armed T-3 warbird it moves.

Finally, Creedence offers a local knock-off of the ***Sethzinian Star Hawg***. Same stats, same pricing, but instead of a badass star-chopper, you're riding a warp capable moped in hippy colors. Your choice.

Exavia

Exavia is an orbital shipyard home to a rather reclusive breed of highly intelligent and technologically adept avian Anthros resembling Terran great horned owls. Exavia orbits a lurid green world with a harsh methane atmosphere, unsuitable for most life. The system was chosen for its spray of ore-rich asteroids and hydrocarbons in a neighboring pair of gas giants, all necessary for large-scale shipbuilding.

Exavia can easily repair up to Tier 12 vessels, and can manufacture up to Tier 10 craft from scratch, including capitol-class starships and massive stations. Their backlog for such major projects are several years: Exaiva is a known and trusted factor in Shipper and Anthro economics. They produce the cargo haulers used by the ***Shiner*** habitat, and are trusted to produce Naval vessels for the ***Leather Clones of Starburn System***. While Exavia is willing to do business for personal and light commercial vessels (Tier 4 or lower) with most Free Spacer fleets, they tend to distrust baseline humanity, and refuse to deal military-grade starships with Earthers. Exavia is blacklisted and semi-illegal within Command Space.

Several years ago, the most impressive warship Exavia had ever produced was stolen from its construction-dock. The 7-km capitol ship, intended as the first example of the new *Caliburn Class mega-carriers*, is now in the hands of the space pirate ***Changed Mordred.*** The pirate warlord has christened the mega-carrier ***"The Sword of My Father"*** and with it, he menaces all of Fringe Space.

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Fuckalotta

Fuckalotta!
Best bordello in the galaxy! All species, genders, sexualities, quirks and fetishes cheerfully serviced! Choose from over 65,000 Registered Companions in a relaxing and fun-filled atmosphere of delicious excess!

Fuckalotta is a massive torrid space station resembling a colorful Roulette wheel, endlessly spinning above a pretty green and blue world. It's been a Free Space institution for decades. Visiting Fuckalotta is a rite of passage for young spacers after their first voyage. The place is just expensive enough to seem luxurious, but not so pricey it's out of reach of a working-class spacer. The rich and glamorous have their own secure VIP decks, but even on the public levels, service is uniformly excellent. Fuckalotta is careful to maintain an aura of cheerful, friendly debauchery. Gold and silver valet droids park your starship for you, press your clothes and even slip you an anti-hangover pill as you stagger out the door the morning after. The legion of Registered Companions and support staff are exactingly managed to provide a perfect visitor experience, each and every time.

Beneath the glittering surface, Fuckalotta is a meat grinder.

Psycho-conditioning and Pleasure drugs breed compliant and agreeable Registered Companions, but not ones with especially long lives. A lot of future Registered Companions are slaves, bought in huge lots from the ***Space Mafia*** and ***Bleakmoon Tyrant*** and other flesh-traders. Only Fuckalotta's top earners are independent, contracted employees, though all the slaves will claim they're free, if asked.

Like its methods of control, Fuckalotta is careful to keep its ownership obscured by convincing false data trails and exceedingly boring incorporation paperwork. In reality, Fuckalotta is owned by one of the Command's most strident an d uncompromising moralists, ***Censor-Nun Phyllis Thatcher*** (LE female Human Cleric of the Dues Maximus 12). The humorless, grey-faced bitch has lead a crusade against porn and pre-marital sex for thirty-eight years now. All the while, out where Command law doesn't reach, she's been profiting on all the sexual repression as the richest madam in known space.

Some of Fuckalotta's profits enrich Censor-Nun Thatcher, but even her limitless greed is satisfied with a few percentage points of the take. The rest is funneled into the Command's black ops budget. None of the Free Spacers fuckin' and suckin' in the Orgy Rooms know that their loads bought and paid for the illegal genetic research that created ***The Ender.***

The Independent Republic of Lepus (Former)

A few years ago, a coalition of Anthro militants carved out the ***Independent Republic of Lepus.*** A trio of Free Space systems fell to the well-armed, highly coordinated Anthro insurgents. Guided by the xenophobic, fascist Species Superiority philosophy, the Anthros built a society where they were in charge, and the sleek, fast-breeding rabbit Anthros were at the top of the social order. Eventually, a human counter-insurgency tumbled the short-lived IRL. The reprisals were horrifically brutal – rabbit genocide.

The resurgent human culture is dangerously xenophobic. Anthros can be slaughtered on sight, no justification needed. Several hardline churches to Our Lord, Murderer of Furries, Jesus II lead the racist crusade; these mega-churches are fortified bunkers that teach weapons safety and urban warfare as sacraments. Non-humans are only slightly more welcome. Only Proximites have anything approaching civil rights and even then, the segregation is obvious and intentionally demeaning. The Corporate Command military recruits heavily from among the furious humanity of the former IRL. So do the major merc companies. The Space Mafia doesn't. Crime is everywhere, as is profit, so they're forced to be at least a little bit tolerant of diversity.

Mementoes of the war are everywhere. Pelts taken as war trophies and the taxidermied heads of Anthro soldiers decorate the walls. Holoposters depicting victorious human soldiers standing in the shadow of a lynched IRL soldier are proudly displayed behind desks. Buildings are covered in old bullet scars and militant human supremacist propaganda. Buried arms caches and unexploded landmines litter the landscape. Most of the settlements were renamed for violence: *Dead Bunny, Pelt, Rabbitscream, Open Season, Hare Splitter* and other murderously named towns are major trading posts.

Virtualy the entire human population is militarized. Every adult worth a damn, and most of the children, can recite their unit assignments during the Bunny War. Everyone knows how to fight, how to kill, and how to use guerrilla tactics, making the former IRL a very dangerous sector of space. Already highly radicalized, these humans will never be conquered again.

Stahl

Stahl is the most populated world in the former IRL, once the Republic's capital, and before that an agrarian world with the best developed starflight control infrastructure. After the Bunny War, the new human-held capitol was re-christened ***Rabbit's Foot.*** The capital building was rebuilt with clear polymer bricks: inside each, the preserved foot of a murdered IRL soldier. The transparent outer walls are filled with more than 200,000 grisly trophies. The capital is crowned by an impressive air and space control tower: the steel rebar smelted down from captured IRL rifles.

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Jonesy

Jonesy is a rough, tectonically unstable and volcanic Normal Gravity world out on far edge of human colonization. It was passed over during the early days, because of the near constant earth-quakes and eruptions, but as space became more crowded, Jonesy was finally claimed and settled. There are no large landmasses – just vast, broken archipelagos scattered across the turbulent seas like bread crumbs. Islands rise and fall back into the sea, as the planet struggles to find its final shape.

Earthquake proof architecture has evolved to its highest form on Jonesy. The cities are built on reinforced pylons driven deep into the planetary mantle, to preserve them in case the landmass they're built atop suddenly sinks back beneath the waves. Local 'polysteel' has incredible tensile strength but also a rubbery flexibility that allows buildings to sway with the terrain's spasmic contractions. Impressive polysteel bridges dozens of miles long link islands, twisting and flexing during quakes but never breaking.

The chief local industry is porno. Data-decks filled with low budget, shaky-cam sleeze filmed on Jonesy make it to the backrooms of vid-stores throughout known space. Jonesy's planetary government has a distribution deal with ***Dr. Youp*** to place short, locally filmed holo-loops in bathroom stall dispensers at 5 credits for a 10-15 minute scene. Everybody's making money, though the stars themselves are only seeing pennies on the dollar, but it's still enough money to pay the rent and keep them in Glow.

One of the local super-studs of porn is the infamous Battlechanger, ***Mega-Thruster,*** a rare strongly gendered male example of the species with an impressive set of add-on '*discretionary parts'* which he can fold out and use with real style. Mega-Thruster (use the Tyrakron City Commander statblock, NE alignment) does loops with giant-sized fem-aliens big enough and tough enough to handle a six meter tall war machine and a cyber-cock that's imposing even at this scale. Mega-Thruster has a rare, secondary robot mode which the Tyrakron empire knows nothing about, which allows him his second career as a porn-stud.

In his primary robot-mode, Mega-Thruster is the Tyrakron Senator ***Jerimix Major,*** known for unflinching loyalty, a scholar's incisive grasp of Tyrakron law, and eloquent speeches. The Battlechanger keeps his two existences completely separate, knowing both his careers would end, along with his life, if they were discovered. Despite the risk of discovery, Mega-Thruster/Jerimix Major is addicted to the fleshy thrill of fucking organics, and the adulation of his fans. The ***Freegear Rebellion*** has found out about the Senator's double life, and have dispatched the master-spy ***Omni-Screen*** (CG female Battlechanger Wilder 9) to Jonesy to turn him as a double agent under threat of blackmail. Omni-Screen has a holo-cam alt-mode as well as a polydermal carapace and size-morph circuits that allow her to imitate an organic female basic. As ***Suzzette Starling***, she's another local porn-idol, working her way up the ladder, dispassionately faking orgasms and squiring on command until she gets a chance to 'work with' Mega-Thruster.

The Pornographer's Civil War

Not everything on Jonesy is peaceful and quiet. Jonesy, like many planets throughout Free Space, technically has no age of consent laws on the books. While most of the planet's adult entertainers want to keep the adult industry on Jonesy just that, adult, there's a few porno-corps with other ideas. Anthony Fleet has settled a few of the tremor-wracked islands and are filming kiddy grade porn. The shit's even being sold under the general planetary trade agreement with Dr. Youps under the *Doc's Pornographic Playdate* holo-sim line. The locals have been pushing to at the very least exclude child porn from the trade agreement, but Dr. Youp's lawyers are holding to the letter of the trade agreement.

Vigilante action has kept Anthony Fleet confined to a few cities, but seeing the massive profits involved, Anthony Fleet brought in merc security teams and have been pushing back. They've hired a variety of surly, degenerate ***Xeno-Mercs*** willing to do the dirty work. An Anthony Fleet battle group orbits Jonesy, commanded by ***Pornographer General Turgid Marshall,*** makes retaliatory kinetic-kill strikes on any city-state that acts openly against the child pornographers. Anthony Fleet firmly controls the city-islands of *Susanna, San Paloma*, and *Winthrop*, and is fighting a territorial action to fully annex *Ichabod*, which is basically a DMZ these days.

Stahl was the site of Dr. Herbiv West's early experiments in alchemical reanimation. One thing Stahl had in abundance during the heyday of the IRL were fresh corpses. West had a vast laboratory complex at ***Camp Extinction***, a concentration camp where over 1 million humans were murdered. When the Bunny War ended, Stahl's human population bombed the concentration camp flat, not wanting to remember their misery. While the surface was scorched, Camp Exinction's blast-resistant under-layers survived. The plague-spreading alchemical zombies that rampage across post-war Stahl originate from the abandoned death camp.

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Grace Sima (LG female Afro-Futurist Monk 8) is not only a celebrated acrobatic gang-bang starlet, she's the mayor of one of the larger island cities. She's led the city of *Leocivis* for years, well and wisely. She's campaigned against Anthony Fleet's pedo pornographers since they landed. With Anthony Fleet reinforcing its camera jockeys, direct action isn't practical. They literally hold the high ground: rail guns from high orbit. Grace Sima cannot risk Leovicis with open action. So instead, she fights a proxy war, hiring outsiders and mercs when she can, and funding anonymous locals to rescue kids kept in fortified "talent barracks" and bring them to new and hopefully freer lives in Leocivis. She's been hitting the dope hard these days, because she can't do more, and it's eating away at her from the inside.

The Lovely Lady

John F Kennedy isn't sure who Lee Harvey Oswald shot in Dallas, Texas, circa 1963, but he's sure it wasn't him. JFK knows this because that year, he was a slave aboard an ***Azzi*** *(Secret Soldiers)* warship, heading away from Old Earth at maximum warp. JFK doesn't know who sold him to the Azzi, not for sure, but he's got his suspicions that at least one of the Mafia dons his brother was busily busting had extra-planetary connections. After years of toil and captivity, the former President was able to stage a mutiny and slaughter his Azzi masters. The ship's controls were damaged, and it was sent on a long, slow (yet fleeting) tarantella through Hyperspace. Time dilation meant when the stricken vessel finally dropped out of warp, JFK and his fellow slaves were trapped in the 46th Century, in a broken starship low on fusion fuel and anti-matter.

Tenacity and determination won out. Eventually, JFK and his impromptu crew reached civilization, and were able to obtain a functional starship. With the Earth of their day forgotten and extinct, piracy beckoned. The newly christened "Lovely Lady" began prowling Free Space, skirting the edges of the ***Prison Zone***. The former president hunts Space Mafioso starships, partially out of a need for vengeance, partially out of incredulity that a criminal philosophy from his own time has somehow mutated into a galactic power. He hasn't ventured into Command space: he doesn't want to see what Earth became. The biography files he found in the data-net were bad enough. The little he knows about the Imperial Church of the Galaxy and Command culture absolutely revolts him.

JFK is best represented using the ***Free Captain*** stat-block, though with slightly lower than normal physical ability scores: the wounds he took during WWII still pain him, even nearly three millennia into the future. His starship is a dramatically upgunned light cargo hauler equipped with a Harrier-class hyperdrive, ideal for fast getaways. Kennedy favors hit and run raids against bigger, slower ships, still fighting like a PT boat commander going up against destroyers. A half-dozen pirate vessels, in various states of disrepair, compose the President's small, illegal armada.

Kennedy is the the last traditional Catholic in the galaxy, and JFK's executive officer politely fails to mention that he's a clone of the guy Jack grew up worshipping. ***Tommy Merlyn*** (CG male Jesus Clone Wizard 14) goes clean-shaven and has been with JFK since pulling his ass out of a tight spot on *New Singapore.* Another thing Tommy doesn't mention is that he's pretty sure Kennedy didn't end up in the 46th Century by chance alone. Meditation and the liberal application of good Glow has opened up Tommy's third eye: he remembers a ton of the first Jesus' life and death, not to mention memories from several other reincarnations. He remembers being a nut-job Druid in the Welsh countryside circa 500 CE. He took his new surname as a tribute to that particular incarnation. Tommy Merlyn figures its no coincidence this incarnation met up with, and befriended the King of America's Camelot at the same time a reincarnated ***Mordred*** is causing trouble in the *Merc Territories.* Tommy's been trying to steer Jack's interest in that direction, without attracting too many uncomfortable questions.

Ludus

Though its equatorial diameter is only a third of Old Earth's, Ludus is a High Gravity world thanks to its super-dense metallic core. The world's climate is mostly Mediterranean, though due to the crushing gravity, the water is as viscous as syrup. Swimming is a suicide risk for all but the strongest.

Ludus is used by the Space Mafia as a training camp to toughen up their elite soldiers. Ordinary soldiers come to Ludus, to sweat on back-breaking runs up the hills. Steroid therapy and an intense close combat curriculum turns Mafiosos into super soldiers. The training camp is run by ***Burke Corrada*** (LE male Human Combatant 13), who used to be a Command Drill Sargent on ***Remus***. Despite his military record and top-notch fitness reports, Corrada's *sniff* habit and penchant for banging underage prostitutes earned him a dishonorable discharge. He's doing the same work for the Mafia for six times the pay, and unlike in the Command, he can murder any recruit that really pisses him off. He's only had to kill two trainees over the last few seasons, but the specter of these fearsome acts means Corrada might never have to kill another rookie again.

Don Vacco Torez (NE male Venerable Human Tactician 13) makes his home on Ludus. Intensely paranoid, and with a lifetimes worth of enemies, he's taken shelter behind the Space Mafia's best young soldiers. Don Torez was the Mafia's "Actuary" for years, a fancy term that meant he knew about, authorized and paid out for every assassination the Space Mafia sanctioned over the past 70 years or so. The Corporate Command police have a 1 billion credit bounty on his head – literally. They'll accept Don Torez alive, but as long as his intact central nervous system is delivered, they can put it under a scanner and extract the information they need to get a conviction.

Don Torez keeps a garrison of heavy cyborg bodyguards to protect his gravity-shielded villa. His needs are attended by a small but prestigious harem of Erobot caregivers. He plans to live a long, long time in quiet retirement on Ludus, but if the worst happens, his servants have standing orders to vaporize his brain to cheat the Command of their prize.

MacBeth-415

Revolutions can start in the unlikeliest places. MacBeth-415 is a Low Gravity planetoid about 90 km in diameter that is used as a food processing station for one of ***MacBeth Defense Solution's*** subsidiary corporations. Three quarters of the processed, ready-to-eat burgers and synthmeat consumed by the galaxy passes through 415's frigid production lines and out its docks. MacBeth-415's indentured workers are some of the lowest paid, and worst treated in the galaxy – the dregs of the MDS workforce. And even they've had enough.

MacBeth-415 has unionized, and the workers have risen up. Crappy Mac-food across the galaxy has jumped in price and nose-dived in availability. The ***Fighting 415*** is a violently simplistic and direct union – pissed off workers under the command of the meanest bone-crusher on station, "***Big Dick" Krugg*** (CN male Sethzinan Barbarian 7). Big Dick's had enough being MacBeth's wage-slave; his union's put out reasonable demands, but he knows MDS isn't going to pretend to listen. Big Dick knows this fight is to the death: he doesn't care if he dies, as long as he gets to kill some of the fucks who've shit on him his entire life before he falls. Most of the Fighting 415 are right there with him.

The Fighting 415 are probably going to get their wish. Their rebellion is starting to affect MacBeth Defense Solution's quarterly earnings statement.

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A full mechanized infantry battalion will be orbital dropped onto MacBeth-415 within a month: their orders, kill every sentient being on planet and get the synth-beef flowing again.

The raid's commanding officer has orders to capture "Big Dick" Krugg alive and conscious, and then feed the rebel leader into the rendering machines. He's going to be the part of the first batch of synth-burgers to roll down the lines of the reclaimed factory. Big Dick doesn't quite know this, but he figures if he's captured, that's what he can expect. He's already had his union skrag the production lines. MacBeth doesn't know it yet, but it will take something on the order of 14 trillion dollars to get 415 working again.

McMahon

McMahon is an odd, spindle-shaped world, with Normal Gravity conditions near the equator, which increase to High Gravity conditions at the poles. Deposits of ultra-dense *adamantine* near each pole warp local gravity condition, which in turn warps weather and climate planet wide. The poles are parched, blindingly bright, shockingly flat tundra, encircled by eternal stormwalls that send punishing thunderstorms towards the equatorial belt.

When McMahon was first colonized, centuries ago, the chief industry was adamantine mining, a profession which required both backbreaking labor and the intellectual skill to extract, refine and shape the near-indestructible metal. Over the centuries, the polar miners evolved into a variant, high-grav adapted strain of humanity. Most developed the ***Planetary Adaptation (High G World)*** racial feat, while others took the ***Goliath Human*** alternate racial trait, becoming even larger, bulkier and impossibly strong. The last few generations of polar-born develop ***Mega-Scale Strength*** as teens, giving them physical prowess on par with a Battlechanger warrior.

Like Ironclad, the violent hobbies that the early miners used to blow off steam became a galactically recognized sport. McMahon is one of the centers for combat-art excellence in the galaxy. The mines are still there, still working non-stop, chipping away at the massive adamantine mountains, but they've been joined by fighting schools, dojos and wrestling academies. Style and stage presence count as much as pure strength or mart

D8	Name and Gimmick Favorite Style	Moves and Fighting	Outside the Ring	Plots, Rivalries and Schemes
1	Tarheel Tennison, hypertropic redneck from Hell.	The West Indian Hammer Drop	Uses his spouse for a heavy bag	Dreams of being the next big action-movie star. Fighting is just to get his foot in the door.
2	Joe Krusher, violent surfbum thrillseeker	The Spinning Scythe of Skayne	Consumes about 24,000 gp worth of *Sniff* each day!	Fucking Million Dollar Vinny for a push up the ladder, making a lot of enemies
3	Thundereagle, faux Native American stoic warrior	Undisciplined brawling and dirty tricks. No names, all pain.	Meek, mild and nonconfrontational outside the ring. Writes children's books and/or romance novels	He's become a quirky meme thanks to some ridiculous commercials playing in alien markets that have become data-net favorites
4	Black Out Ortega, violent and vindictive bad boy	The Dick Crusher 5000!	Takes all this shit way too serious. Never breaks character because he's not playing a character.	The fourth son in his family to become a Muscle League champ, training his boys to succeed him
5	The Kanniballer, a frothing, wildeyed blood thirsty freak	Capers and dances around the ring, wearing out their opponent	A rising star in Muscle League politics	Trying and failing to license his image. Theme restaurants, toys, comics, clothing – all bankrupt.
6	Orin Pink, an honorable, do the right thing superhero	Has a 'manager' or cutman who cheats on their behalf often	Deeply religious, donates millions to the ICG and is a staunch conservative	Thinking of running for high office on Rebel Yell, maybe even being King one day
7	Billionaire Bryce, Million Dollar Vince's spoiled brat son	The Five Fists of Fascism	Has fucked about half the fighters in the Muscle League. Lots of messy breakups and STIs shared around	Donating as much as he can afford, and putting on benefit shows, to raise money to cure Ender
8	Firebreak, playing the ultimate fire fighter rescue hero	All American Assault! Red, white and blue holograms wrap around fists as they charge up to a power move!	Addled and paranoid thanks to way too many concussions	Impregnated his ring rival's woman… and made it into part of the storyline

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ial skill, so the polar-born fighters build elaborate tage identities and wear flamboyant costumes. Masks and belts are part of a fighter's core identity – to lose a mask or belt to a rial is an indignity that few can ever recover from.

The storm-drenched equatorial lowlands have grown into major tourist destinations. Huge rings and arenas can accommodate tens of thousands of screaming fans, there to cheer on their favorite polar-born behemoths. By local traditions, championship matches are always played out in an unroofed arena, with fighters and audience alike drenched by driving rain, the action strobing with lightning flashes.

The Muscle League

The Muscle League is the most prominent fighting guild on McMahon. Virtually every fighter is a dues paying member. The Muscle League arranges matches, and settles beefs that move outside the arena. If you've got even the least bit of acting ability, the Muscle League can get you some cash playing a badguy in some low-budget *Flixazon* original holo-movie. If not, you can grunt your way through commercials and product endorsements, or make some money on the side as an Ero-Wrestler. It's all about the money, and the League keeps it rolling in.

The Muscle League's managed by a self-aggrandizing former champion, ***Million Dollar Vinny*** (LE male Leather Clone Combatant 16). Vinny favors bespoke tailored grey suits that cling to his massive frame like Syran Wrap and an adamantine and platinum battle-mask inlaid with gold and about 2.6 million credits worth of gems.

Under Million Dollar Vinny, viewership of McMahon's super-brawls is higher than ever, and the best fighters are galactic celebrities. Fighters are battling more often, and harder. The stunts are riskier, and a lot of fighters have died. As much money as everybody is making, the fighters are seeing pennies for every dollar Vinny makes himself. Vinny is a glib and capable conman, and his stable of fighters love and revere their boisterous union president. They have no idea how much more they would be taking in if he were out of power. A few of the ringside causalities were accidents-on-purpose, arranged by Vinny, to get rid of a fighter that was too close to figuring things out.

The Muscle Stable

The Muscle League is home to a cast of characters with personalities as outsized as their musculature. If you need stat-blocks for a championship brawl that the player characters find themselves fighting, use any of the brawler stat-blocks from various Othervese Games products. Some good options:

- Demon Beast Grappler, Goro Akabeko, Goryohime Strangler, Shifoku, Taru Tsuyoi (Black Bestiary V2)
- Box Office Gladiator, Break Proof Mutant, Detroit Lamprey, First Nations Anvil, Hard Gene Beat Cop, Mutant Buzz Boy, Mutant Street Freak, Shortstack (PW:SS)
- Alien Gladiator, Leather Guardian, Rocker Brute, Testorite Adventurer (HOTM1)

These stat-free suggestions can help you build gimmicks, rivalries, superstar fighters from McMahon's poles. Roll some D8s and see what you get.

Mercantile

Mercantile is a small, swampy oxygenated moon orbiting a gas giant. The humid, muggy and fetid swamp is a Low Gravity environment, and the home to the ***Mercer*** species. It is also the headquarters of the Dr. Youp manufacturing empire. Mercantile is highly industrialized, with factories and automated production and packaging facilities rising out of every stinking mud hole and delta. Virtually the entire species is engaged in Dr. Youp's money-making schemes, which means they are all factory slaves. Settlements are simply barracks and chow halls built around the factories, each named for the type of product they produce. There are factory-towns called *XKM-7 Light Laser Blaster*, *Sudzo-Mattix Food Replicator, Standard-Issue Spacer Condom* and more.

The good Dr. Youp himself and 14,000 of his closest family members live in sybaritic luxury in the large planetary capital city, ***Froggybottom Standard Issue Office Furniture***. Dr. Youp (LE male Space Case Smart 10, Field Scientist 5) is one of the greediest beings in the galaxy, and also, unfortunately one of the most clever. The majority of his species is only semi-sentient; given proper nutrients, they can evolve to full, Basic-standard

intellect, but Dr. Youp keeps the necessary nutrition to himself and his immediate family. They are the executives and designers of the merchandizing empire that's propelled Dr. Youp to galactic fortune, and his less intelligent kin are the factory workers and delivery pilots.

Religious Services Limited is a gigantic tabernacle just north of the capital. Here, multiple shifts of Mercers pray ceaselessly in tiny cloisters that amplify the psychic energies of their scripted prayers. More and more workers are diverted from other factories to pray to Dr. Youp – immortal god king of retail commerce, miracles guaranteed or your money back! Dr. Youp has found a brute force method of divine ascension: the mindless faith of his species has already made him quasi-immortal, and his powers increase every day. Money is great, but divinity, that's where the action is!

Sooner or later, Dr. Youp is going to abandon conventional production entirely, and when that happens, since Mercantile is responsible for about 30% of all goods sold anywhere in the galaxy, the economy is going to shit a brick. Dr. Youp doesn't want competition. Never did. Now that he's chasing out divine market share, he has to do something about the industry leader: The Imperial Church of the Galaxy. Through back channels, Dr. Youp funds any terrorist or heretic cell willing to take a poke at the ICG. His limitless money keeps the Church of Cosmic Satanism humming along. Nobody knows that either, Nobody knows that Dr. Youp is the money-frog behind ***General Vermior Heinlein's*** incipient military coup against the Corporate Command. Dr. Youp knows that the ICG and the Corporate Command need each other, like symbiotes, and if he can kill one, he can kill both of 'em. And then, they'll be a new, fat-bottomed Frog God sitting on the Throne of Heaven. Forever and ever, Amen.

Minge

Minge is known for its deep, polychromatic forests and dizzyingly high coast lines. The rough and untamed world is home to no native sentient species, but the moist air is alive with a cacophony of bird calls. Minge is a riotously noisy world; the handful of ***Space Mafioso*** procurers on planet must wear heavy-duty hearing protection anytime they step outside their shelters. Minge naturally produces some of the finest ***Combat Birds*** *(EOTM)* in the galaxy, and the Space Mafia wants to make sure their exclusive supply of blade-birds remains exclusive.

An embittered old wilderness scout, mustered out of the Command infantry a decade ago and still pissed, runs the operation. ***Kirker Gregg*** (LN male Human Ranger 9) traps and breaks the local avians. He's usually got a couple of junior Mafiosos with him as helpers, and muscle should he need it. He doesn't and usually leaves the scutwork to them. Every few months, a shuttle arrives

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to pick up a new consignment of trained combat birds, leaves him supplies and deposits creds in his account. They don't stay long, and don't bother him with unnecessary chatter. Gregg likes the arrangement just fine.

Neon

Neon is a small Low Gravity oxygenated moon with an equatorial diameter of less than 150 miles. Neon is one of many moons orbiting a pink, cotton candy gas giant, and one of the very few with a breathable atmosphere. Neon has been converted into a single massive party palace – a place for acrobatic roller-disco with a speed and grace only possible under gravity conditions 1/6th Earth-normal.

Neon is gaudy, colorful and modular. Pressurized domes lit with the brilliant fluorescence that gives the planetoid its name allow a fabulous view of the gas giant. Each dome is a dance floor, high-speed roller rink with dizzyingly steep sides, or swinging cabaret. Modules can be detached and reconfigured automatically, and can combine to create skate courses or larger ballrooms. The ever-changing layout keeps things fresh for partiers, but does make finding the restrooms interesting.

Vikki Verifier (CN female TV Head Fast 5/Daredevil 2) owns Neon and is its glamor-puss celebrity host. She was a galactic-champion roller girl, who parleyed her fame and smoking hot body into ownership of the most prestigious nightclub in Free Space. Her staff are all scantily clad, beautiful roller-champs like herself. Most are galactically recognized pin-up babes, and quite a few have exclusive Outlaw Sex Station 09 porno-contracts. ***Silky Starwing*** (CE female Tal Anon Bard 3/Rogue 4) is one of the most eye-catching: not only does she dye her spectacular wings with luminous nanites that can harden into knife edges at her subvocal command, she is nude except for a pair of fringed panties at all times. Silky isn't just a stunningly pretty face: she is a highly capable enforcer and contract killer when Vikki needs a problem eliminated.

Drugs are everywhere on Neon, and their sale is open and legal. "Candy girls" roll by on hoverskates, carrying trays heavily laden with piles of colorful sniffs and hand-rolled Glow joints. High orbit deliveries sell to spacers who need a hit but who prefer to keep their distance from disco. Verifier contracts with the ***Space Mafia*** for above-board products with predictable purity, and buys in bulk. Her contract with the Mafia has been profitable for both sides: she pays a fixed percentage, and gets the good dope in return. Her chief worry is to ensure that low-rent operators don't deal under her nose. Silky Starling's aptitude for murder serves her well in this regard.

"Mr. Starmaker" (LE male TV Head Bard 7) is an officious, all-business producer who decides what bands get books to perform on Neon. Unlike the pay-for-play blowjobs other producers prefer, Mr. Starmaker prefers exploitive and legally unbreakable contracts. Perform on Neon once, and Mr. Starmaker owns you, the rights to your music, and all future music produced, in this or any other lifetimes, until the heat death of the galaxy. The sexless, dispassionate TV Head travels everywhere with at least two full conversion cyborg bodyguards (typically LE Heavy Cyborg Rogue or Combatant 4-6), and possibly more discrete security precautions as well.

New Singapore

New Singapore is an independent, broken-torus space station that hangs in high orbit over the accretion disk of an unborn solar system. The immature solar system's high energy radiations give New Singapore access to an almost limitless font of power – the entire dorsal surface of the gigantic station is covered in cosmic energy collection plating. New Singapore is one of the primary hubs for trade, commerce and culture among Free Spacer fleets.

New Singapore is a spikey steel crescent roughly 18 km long, and is home to a population of nearly 30 million permanent residents. On any given day, New Singapore might boast a transient population of nearly twice that. Most of the station is Normal Gravity; there several Low Gravity industrial areas and many of the docks are Zero Gravity zones, all clearly marked for safety's sake.

Sherriff Sean XO-73 *(use the Leather Guardian stat-block with a LE alignment)* keeps order as

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best he can, and commands an internal police force the size of a small standing army. Crime and gang violence on station is rampant, and Sherriff XO-73 fully expects his officers to be equally brutal in putting a stop to it. There are no excessive force laws on station, and repeat criminals typically end up spaced unceremoniously, unless they're either insanely dangerous or dangerously well-connected. Sherriff XO-73 has grown hard and cynical in his command role. He's kept the Ender off his station by spacing confirmed carriers and any sexual partners, regardless of whether or not they've shown symptoms. Known ***RAMDOWN*** operatives on station are treated the same. RAMDOWN is looking to kill the sheriff, one of their own kind, and he knows it.

Time Ghosts

For some reason nobody on station can figure out, regular tachyon bursts from eighteen years in the past are hitting New Singapore station. Occasionally, an intangible, silent ghost image of a spacer from eighteen years ago will walk today's hallways, eyes bugged in confusion for a few minutes before slipping back into their own time. The locals have already gotten used to this shit. They usually flip off the time ghosts, and go back to their business. A few long time New Singaporeans have come up with get rich quick schemes – data slates with all kinds of juicy cross-time insider trader info to show their past selves if they ever appear. But so far, nobody's met themselves, and if they have, they're not talking about it.

Petra's Place

The definitive spacer bar – no question 'bout it.

Every Free Spacer knows Petra's. Technically the bar is also the hiring hall for unionized spacers. There is a holographic job-board running the entire length of the southern wall, broken only by the entrances to the heads. The northern wall is the bar – a tiered stadium filled with ornate, colorful bottles behind a sheet of dingy ballistic glass. Petra's Place holds a galactically recognized record for most unique liquors served, pouring everything from fine Old Earth whiskey to potable anti-matter, to intoxicating wet-dreams and refined Fuelon. In between the two walls rest hundreds of too-small booths and crescent shaped tables, perfect for discrete meetings with potential crew or ship captains. There's a second bar-room towards the outer hull, fitted with giant-scale seating and booths, for the comfort of Battlechangers and other mega-scale spacers.

Petra's well-armed bouncers are the only sentients in the joint allowed to carry weapons. Standard procedure is to dump your weapons in an automated lockbox on entry, with the locker only accessible again from the outer wall of the premises, and only with a confirmed DNA ident.

The bar's namesake is a sixty-something Free Spacer with a killer reputation and a list of favors owed half a light-year long. ***Petra*** (use the *Americscum Bar Mistress* stat-block) doesn't use a surname – those in the know realize it's because she was born and raised in Anthony Fleet, and don't ask about it. Petra despises Anthony Fleet – its spacers are the only people she's blacklisted from her bar.

The Job Board

Petra's Place maintains a comprehensive job-board. Spacers looking for work can easily find some captain to sign on with, and if you're looking to book passage, you can find a Han Solo to take you where you need to go. You can make some random rolls to quickly design random spacers, crews and missions.

The T-House

The muscular, exuberant and outspoken transmuter ***Wizard T*** (NG male Afro-Futurist Combatant 3/ Wizard (transmuter) 14) is a shameless self-promotor, and is actually as good of an enchanter as his reputation claims. Wizard T specializes in conjuring gold from nothing, and spinning the newly conjured gold into the blinging chains and rings he favors. Though he doesn't live on an Afro-Futurist station, Wizard T is down for the cause, and it takes very little to get him involved in an adventure. Wizard T's got a soft spot for kids and innocents in danger, no matter their skin color, and is fiercely protective of Afro-Futurist worlds and stations. If you're in danger, you can do a lot worse than seeking out Wizard T for help.

Wizard T enchants armor, wondrous items and muscle-powered melee weapons, but refuses to touch firearms and energy weapons. Anyone who can conjure gold and diamonds from dust and wishes doesn't need money, so Wizard T only works to sharpen his skills and takes the commissions that seem most interesting or for clients who need them the most. His habit of dropping every

D10	Captain/Owner	Their Starship	The Mission	The Problems You Don't Know About
1	Vis Starmapper, Proximite uber-nerd amateur astronomer	The *Gold of El Dorado*, a light scout ship with extraordinary sci-sensors	Routine cargo haul to New Miami	There's a Lifespawn prisoner in the brig who's attracted hostile attention to the ship
2	Jetta Lynk, *Free Captain* with dreams of being a rock goddess	*Front Towards Enemy*, a decommissioned light gunboat	A six month stellar survey mission	The captain has a death grudge against an ICG officer and a plan for revenge
3	Colin Gingrich, TV Head asshole (aren't they all?)	The *Dirty Destiny*, a battered old smuggler hull with lots of secrets	Passenger haul- you're shuttling a bunch of rich assholes around	There's a bounty on the captain's head and you've just become an accomplice
4	"Friend", a Jesus Clone stoner with a sex cult	The *Slipstream Rodeo*, incredibly fast with a Hyperdrive 3 rating	The cover mission is routine cargo, but there's hard drugs in the secret hold	A pissed off ex-lover of one of the crew has planted a bio-weapon onboard
5	StrikePaw, pissed off Anthro activist	*CX-313*, a brand new yacht hull too new to have a reputation (or even a real name) yet	Carrying workers to an asteroid mining operation in the Iron Belt	Despite what the captain tells you, there's no money coming
6	Tasmir Cole, *Free Captain* with a serious Axxin Powder problem	*Chainbreaker*, a former prison-ship stolen, customized and turned pirate	Maintaining satellites and ansible relays in Command Space	There's enough food, water and O2 aboard to last half the mission
7	J'lila Starsoul, a Pacifician even hornier than expected	*Black Hammer of Vladivostok*, a legendarily unlucky warship	Clearing orbital detritus and trash from Benediction's airspace	Two competing prophecies, a time paradox and an unplanned pregnancy among the crew make for an interesting ride
8	Iko Montgomery, *Free Nav* grieving for lost friends	*Conspiracy of Poetry*, recently sold to the OSS09 Fleet	Field testing a new shipboard system for several weeks	"That's no moon."
9	Crater Williamson, Ex-Command Navy deserter, big bounty on his head	The *Rusting Railgun*, a battered mining tug	Delivery route travelling through myriad populated systems	Cyborg repo men are coming to take the ship and impound the cargo
10	Valarie Venn, *Free Nav* flying on daddy's money	*Pegasus III*, cursed with a really unreliable hyperdrive	Pharmaceutical trade with Medicoake	There's an ICG bastard out to get the captain and the crew

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thing and going on spur of the moment adventures means that most of his commissions are delivered months late.

Wizard T has fathered a huge brood of children, most of whom are arcanists themselves. The oldest work at his shop, filling in for dad when he's off on another of his quests. The youngest are still in diapers, but are already showing dangerous flair with magic. Wizard T's long-suffering wife, ***Peach T*** (NG female Afro-Futurist Cleric of Neo Rastafari 13) goes on sabbatical with her husband as often as she can get away with. She's especially apt to hop in on humanitarian missions. Together, the Ts are nearly unstoppable.

T-Pain (CG female Afro-Futurist Cleric of Cosmic Satanism 4) is the Gothic oldest daughter, with a real aptitude for necromancy. When both parents are away, she's usually tasked with keeping the T-House running, which utterly annoys the shit out of her.

T-Ice (CG male Afro-Futurist Bard 1, Wizard (Evoker) 2) is a sardonic and cynical middle son, who takes great delight in needling his big sister every chance he gets. He's a ferociously adept rapper and has already made a name for himself on station. He is a battle mage that specializes in ice magic and loves to rumble.

T-Ball (LG male Afro-Futurist Combatant 2) is a lovable meathead following in his dad's pugilistic foot steps. He's protective of the smaller kids, and when he has to fight for real, he favors weaponized *volleys* and his two ham-sized fists.

T-Vee (NG female Afro-Futurist Smart 1/Cryptic 1) is one of the younger daughters. Even though she hasn't even started middle school, T-Vee is already a competent hacker. She seems to have developed psi-talents rather than arcane ones, probably a throwback to her maternal grandmother. Peach T is obvioyusly pleased at this, and dotes on the girl.

Bastard Scholastica

Part encyclopedia, part galactic gossip sheet, part uncensored reporting on the things the Command doesn't want you to know about, *Bastard Scholastica* has been published via FTL data-comms for decades now. They're one of the galactic underground's most reliable sources of data, on everything from the life cycle and mating habits of dangerous xeno-critters, to the hidden politics of Starburn, to the best ways to home test your *sniff* for safety and purity. Bastard Scholastica maintains offices aboard New Singapore, in a run-down district, sandwiched in between a shitty bar and a worse restaurant.

Bastard Scholastica reporters and researchers travel the galaxy, mostly on their own dime, and report on their own special interests and weird areas of expertise. There's not much editorial direction. The most senior reporter, the one who's been with Bastard the longest, and does most of the work, is a sniff-head gonzo journalist with an ironclad code of honor mitigated only by crippling bi-polar mania. ***Orion S. Kalashnikov*** (CG male Human Bard (Investigator) 16) and his exploits have become legendary, and every junior reporter at Bastard Scholastica emulates him one way or another. Without meaning to, he's totally reshaped the Bastard in his own image.

The Rookery Hotel

This massive hotel occupies much of the spinward arc of the station's broken torus. The Rookery is a massive, multi-story establishment with an internal volume of usable space larger than some small cities. Stepping booths and people-mover sidewalks are placed strategically for guest use. Accommodations vary from stadium sized banks of coffin-hotel sleeping tubes, to cramped single-bed suites designed for middle-class businessmen and star-travelers and cavernous, luxuriously appointed penthouse suites for the ultra-rich. A coffin-tube is only a few credits a night, and dues paying members of the Spacer's Union stay free, so the lowest-class zones in the Rookery are effectively massive flophouses, home to the bedraggled almost homeless.

The Rookery gets its name not only because it packs guests in like birds in a cage, but for the massive flocks of tame, semi-sapient corvids that call the structure home. These exceptionally bright avians perch on every horizontal surface,

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caw endlessly and take off in sudden flights of millions of black wings. The birds flinch coins, food and Glow joints from unwary spacers. The noisy flocks are the reason the coffin-tubes are so effectively soundproofed. Spacers with a knack for animals might be able to pick up one of several ***Combat Birds*** *(Enchantments of the Multiverse)* mingled with the flocks of ordinary corvids.

The Patterning Harem

There are nearly 50,000 brothels of various quality and accommodating different genders, species and kinks in New Singapore. The Patterning Harem (a quick and dirty translation to Galactic Common that raises more questions than it answers) is probably the most unique. Starship captains can hire a ***Shipwife*** here, a member of a biomechanical race of cloned horae, to both attend to their crew's sexual satisfaction as well as the maintenance of their ship's systems. The process of hiring a Shipwife is a long and involved form of courtship. In addition to presenting the prospective Shipwife with a complete blueprint and maintenance history of the starship, the captain and senior bridge officers are exhaustively tested, not only for mental acuity and technical acumen, but for sexual compatibility with the Shipwife. The last part of the interview process, obviously, is the most fun.

Contracts are usually signed on a per-mission basis, with the Shipwife free to extend her contract if she becomes particularly fond of a ship or crew… which usually happens, because the eldest Shipwives are very careful to match their younger sisters with a compatible crew.

The Humming Market

This shopping archology is one of the largest in Free Space, and despite the fact it is made up of countless storefronts, stalls and push-cart vendors, the Humming Market is a single collective. In terms of sheer credits handled each day, the Humming Market could be ranked as a top-tier megacorp. All kind of creatures trade here, but many of the merchants are frog-like sentients of the same species as ***Dr. Youp*** and the notoriously unreliable ***Mercer*** guns-for-hire.

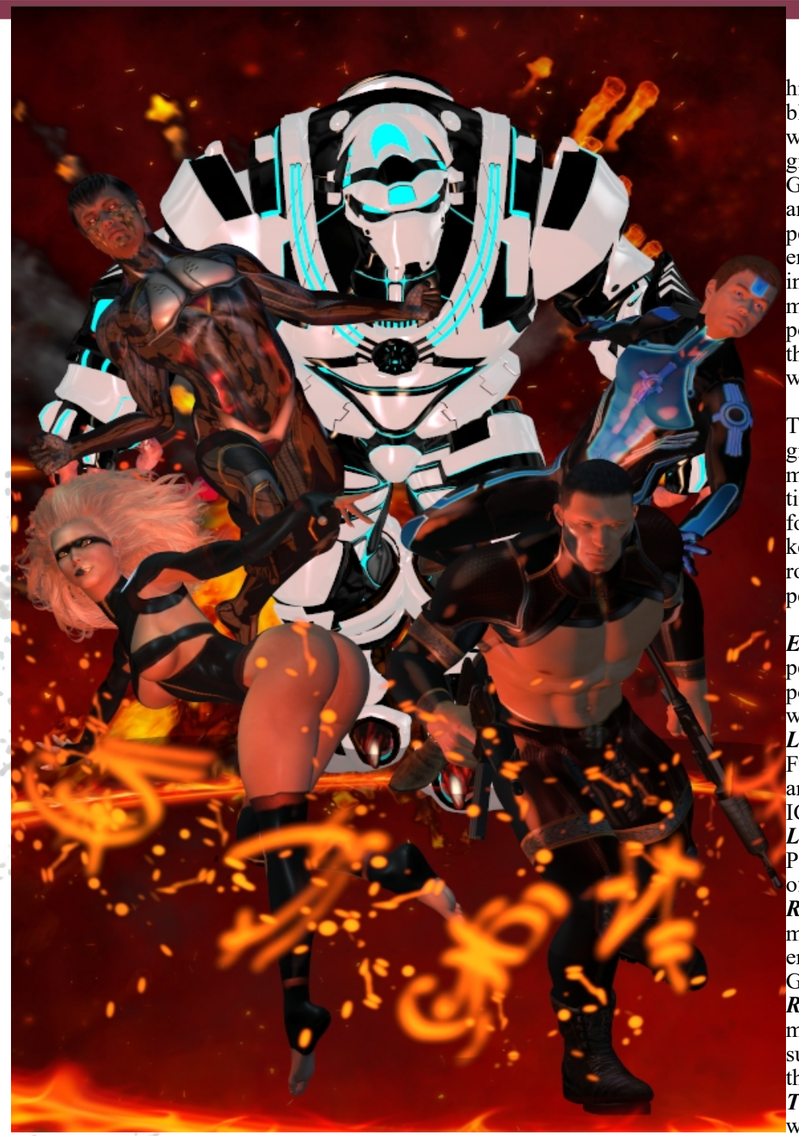
The Humming Market specializes in knock-offs – violating intellectual property laws seems to be a fucking religion for these people. You can find bargain priced knock-offs of *anything* here, from shoes and handbags to blaster pistols and light starships. Sometimes the products work as advertised (or are so innocuous it doesn't matter) but occasionally glitches cost a buyer their lives. Smart adventurers might pick up some bootleg holo-porn or threads here, but nobody but rookies or the absolutely desperate trusts armor or weapons bought in the Humming Market.

The Hauk Mansion/Galaxy Legion HQ

The private residence of multi-billionaire ***Orbot Hauk*** and his glamorous Pacifican wife ***Sundolphin*** takes up an entire level of prestigious New Singaporean decking. This multi-level palace is a museum of excess and a testament to Hauk's success. The sprawling mansion has recently been converted to an operations base and private fortress for the idealistic and horny young superheroes of the ***Galaxy Legion.*** Once grand banquet halls have been reconfigured as repair and arming bays for seventy-meter-tall Mecha Kaiju. Independent space launch facilities have been built into the exterior hull, defying standard New Singaporean building codes. Incalculable wealth solves every problem.

Since the changeover, the once staid Hauk Mansion has become a hip and happening party scene. In addition to the hundreds of hard-charging activist/heroes of the young Galaxy Legion, the place is home to assorted hangers on, trainees, support staff and friends. While the Galaxy Legion gets the job done, and done well so far, they play even harder than they work.

The bedrooms are a non-stop, rotating sex party, there's song and poetry in the studies and ball rooms. An equally impressive legion of Star Droid and Synth housekeepers keep things tidy and act as logistical support. Most parts of the Galaxy Legion HQ are open to the public, with only the most highly secured areas (including the hangers, the CIC and the databanks) off limits. The fact the prestigious neighborhood has turned into a combination of military base and space-hippy crash pad overnight hasn't endeared Old Man Hauk to his wealthy, elitist neighbors. Old Man Hauk figures 'fuck 'em.'



Codename: Genocide Kid

Not every member of the newly christened Galaxy Legion is a committed idealist. One of the newest and most promising recruits is secretly a ***Youth Revolution*** terrorist. Under the codename "Genocide Kid" this deep cover convert regularly communicates with leader "***That Kid"*** via a hacked Flixazon back channel. Outwardly heroic, Genocide Kid is a secret saboteur within the group. Genocide Kid has managed to kill a few high value geriatric targets and either blame it on collateral damage or whichever space pirate the Galaxy Legion was busting. Whoever they are, Genocide Kid is careful, meticulous, and the absolute last Basic you'd suspect. The Genocide Kid's scope of operations, and ambitions are accelerating. A galactic peace summit next month will place a whole lot of elderly politicans and Command dignitaries in the same room, and the Genocide Kid wants to blow that room to fuck.

There's a couple hundred Galactic Legionnaires hanging around Hauk's mansion, with more joining all the time. It's pretty much impossible even for the Legion's AI major domo to keep track of the current membership roster. Some of the most likely suspects for being Genocide Kid are:

Equality Boy, a Trius hand to hand expert who can adapt his/their personal power levels so it's always a fair fight, whether he's fighting a man or a god.
Leadbelly Lad, a dour, cynical Afro-Futurist bluesman who can eat through anything and who's got no love for the ICG.
Love Potion Lass, perpetually horny Pacifician with an instinctive mastery of pheromones and mood chems.
Reefer Boy, a mellow, useless and permafried Tal-Anon Druid who considers himself the cosmic emissary of the Good Glow.
Rhodesia Lass, a busty bunny-girl martial artist from Cotton Tail Rock suspected of being a little too sympathetic to Anthro terror cells.
Third Eye Girl, a Psyren telepathic warrior with a major superiority complex and a hatred of her own species

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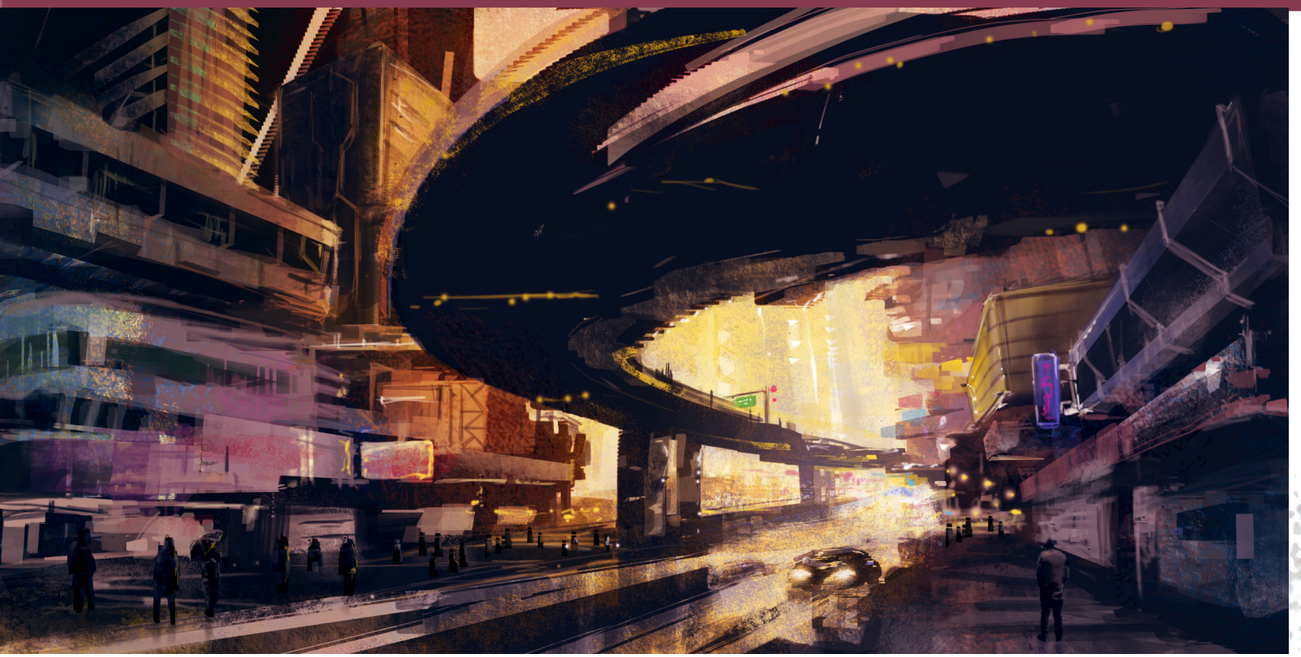

Piston

Piston is a minor Americscum colony world just a few lightyears from ***Rebel Yell***. The world has Earth-normal gravity and conditions; most of the unspoiled lands are hilly savannah and open plains, but Piston has been heavily industrialized. Fossil fuel engines remain in wide use here, and the sky is a lurid greenish-grey and choked with smog. It was colonized soon after Rebel Yell's Americscum recovered FTL space-flight, the first phase in a pan-galactic New South that never materialized.

Piston has been colonized by humanity for several centuries now, and Americscum have built several impressive cities, linked by sprawling ribbons of multi-lane highways. Creepy religious billboards and adverts for roadside porno and fireworks shops blaze by at 130 mph. Piston's citizens are innate racers, with an obsession with ground vehicles and a need – a need for speed!

Piston produces some of the best racers and mechanics in known space. The Space Mafia recruits top-notch wheelmen and women here. Partially the love of the automobile is cultural, partially evolutionary. Piston is home to a long forgotten Battlechanger relic that the colonists discovered a few centuries into their habitation. The relic, nicknamed by the locals "***The Lightning Rod***", is a goliath, forked golden monolith more than two kilometers tall, situated near the planer's northern pole. As a result of etheric pollution by this enigmatic mega-structure, a surprisingly large percentage of Piston's Americscum are born with ***Kiss Friend*** talents – a rarer and precious minority are born with ***Metal God Heritage*** *(Sentai Strike!).* Piston's combat drivers and vehicle experts make ideal partners for Battlechangers with combat-vehicle alt-modes.

In addition to baseline and augmented humans, Piston has a thriving ***Space Case*** population on world. A band of fox-like bipeds that stand about 3-4 ft tall live and work along side their human neighbors, Given their proficiency with machines, they earned the semi-official nickname ***"Pit Crew".*** These furry little aliens kick just as much ass behind a steering wheel as their human counterparts.

The Lightspeed Pipeline

An illegal shipping trade ensures that the Space Mafia remains well supplied. Space Truckers in over their head in gambling debts, down on their luck or just desperate for some quick credits ply the 'Lightspeed Pipeline', ferrying cargo and passengers anywhere they're not wanted. The Lightspeed Pipeline transports drugs, proscribed technologies, weapons and people from place to place without ever seeing a Corporate Command tax station or inspection crew… if everything goes right. The Pipeline can smuggle people into or out of a closed world – useful for getting criminals or spies off planet in a hurry, or helping illegal refugees settle on a new planet.

The Pipeline's agents are fairly trustworthy – for spacer scum. The Pipeline Runner code of honor means that dumping a load in anything but the most extreme circumstances, or selling out a passenger or client are death sentences. About half the pilots and drivers working the Pipeline come from Piston.

The Red Barchetta and the Nomad

Piston and Round and Round are home, at various times, to a matched pair of ancient artificial intelligences. The two AI are embodied in super speed vehicle forms, based on Paleo-Earth sports cars, and are fierce, hateful rivals. They migrate between the twin race-worlds, but never share the same planet at the same time. Both vehicles are represented by the ***Road Royalty*** variant of the ***Road Dancer*** mecha (HOTM1).

The Nomad

The Nomad is a semi-legendary machine intelligence that's something near 3,000 years old. This self-repairing AI war machine is disguised as a type of vehicle that no longer exists, a sleek ebony Trans Am, pride of the 1980s. The Nomad has seen most of human history pass, whatever purpose it was originally built for it has long grown past. The Nomad patrols the high speed mega-highways of ***Piston***, ***Round and Round*** and other speed-focused worlds. It even occasionally can be found racing across the abandoned turnpikes and freeways of *Old Earth*.

The Nomad acts to protect human and other Basic life wherever possible, but refuses to allow itself to form attachments. It helps before moving on, disappearing over the horizon in a blur of speed. The Nomad has no great love for the Command, and often acts to protect independent worlds and Free Spacers from Command interference. The Nomad is distant, but polite, and refuses to talk about its past, nor its current mission or purpose.

Red Barchetta

The self-aware speedster nicknamed the Red Barchetta is incalculably ancient. Like ***The Nomad***, it's equal and opposite number, the Red Barchetta is an expert grade AI mind piloting a self repairing, military-grade ground car. This sleek, torpedo shaped two-seater automobile has a hot red chassis accented by gleaming chrome, and resembles a racer from the very dawn of humanity's Atomic Age. The Red Barchetta is skittish and capricious. It rockets across Piston's interstates at nearly supersonic speeds, moving with unnatural and scary maneuverability. When it wants to play, the Red Barchetta can race human-driven vehicles to their doom.

There's been a bounty on Red Barchetta for centuries. It's a known and legendary menace on the roads. It might disappear for months at a time, before engaging in a manic flurry of reckless acts and vehicular homicide. Nobody knows where Red Barchetta disappears to, nor the AI's purpose on the roads. Red Barchetta usually keeps to *Piston*, but might venture to other Americscum worlds in the sector. It has never been spotted outside Free Space.

Rebel Yell

When Old Earth's continents were lifted free of the planet sometime in the 26th Century, the American Deep South was hijacked and waylaid en route to its new planetary home. Honestly, nobody fought too hard to keep that particular slice of landmass. The Deep South and its surviving inhabitants ended up on a bio-toxic swamp world far from settled space, slaving away building weapons and processing drugs for some star-pirates that answered to the ***Space Mafia*** somewhere up the chain. So, all in all, a big step up for the Deep South.

A few centuries ago, the South rose again, and overthrew its Space Mafia-funded slave masters. The prison-world was rechristened Rebel Yell, and it became the official homeland of ***Americscum*** spacers. Today, Rebel Yell is a center for the arms and galactic mercenary trade. Rebel Yell's farmers dabble in Glow and some of the harder spacer-drugs, but their best output doesn't hold a candle to either Treant or New Kingston. Everybody knows it, even the Americscum, though

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most of them will throw punches if any outsider speaks that truth within their earshot.

Rebel Yell's primary landmass comes from the slice of North America airdropped onto the planetary marsh. Individual states have been intentionally broken apart, separated by artificial channels several miles wide; smaller channels have been sliced through every state, seemingly at random. The result resembles an exploded map of the Southern United States. Sea travel, by nimble fast hover-skimmers and fan boats, is probably the most common means of getting around planet. There's a full space port, capable of handling massive FTL-capable liners and warships, near what used to be called Atlanta, Georgia, and smaller star-ports scattered throughout.

The planet elects a King for a single 20-year term. ***King Marshall Thoroughgood*** (NE male Human Rogue 9) runs Rebel Yell. Like many of the planet's politicos, he can trace his lineage directly back to the rebellion that freed the world. King Thoroughgood's main initiative is to increase the quality of Rebel Yell Glow to compete with Treant. Under his direction, Rebel Yell's intelligence apparatus – ***The Dirty Trix Squad*** – is pursuing a scheme of kidnapping and rendition. They've snatched up respected growers from both Treant and New Kingston and delivered them back to the homeworld. So far, the kidnappings have gone unnoticed by the galactic community.

The Snatcher

Back before humanity left Earth, an especially nasty serial killer named Wayne Williams hunted kids in Atlanta. Unfortunately for the 46th Century, the ***Legion of Serial Killers*** trapped his soul and installed it into a bio-cybernetic war frame. As a ***Serial Killer Immortal***, Wayne Williams made his way to his old stomping grounds and resumed his career as a child-murderer. Dying once made him more careful, and his cyber-chassis is extremely powerful and combat-capable to begin with.

The local kids, who grew up in the shadow of the megalithic Atlanta space port, call him "The Snatcher". The kids know somebody is out there killing kids, but since Williams preys on the poor and the homeless, most of Atlanta's adults don't think he's anything other than another gruesome urban legend. Williams is one of the few Serial Killer Immortals who is a rogue – he kills for his pleasure, not for the grim, anti-cosmic mission most Immortals are sworn to. Anyone who could make him talk could discover a wealth of information on the Legion of Serial Killers and its long term, nihilistic goals.

That Old Time Religion

When the South got hijacked, a lot of the old traditions fell by the wayside, and captivity under the Space Mafia broke down a lot more social structures. Rebel Yell practices a bastardized, syncretic form of Christianity unique to the world, but when their ancestors left Earth, the Second Coming had already come down in blood, thunder and flame. Rebel Yell's brand of Christianity isn't ICG approved, and the locals do a lot of things that the Church disapproves of, but they're a receptive audience for ICG recruitment and baptism.

Rebel Yell is considered a mission-world, not quite worthy of a full Ultra-Papacy of its own. The ambitious young ***Bishop Jasp Hillsong*** (LE male Jesus Clone Cleric of Jesus II 8) has a limitless ~~bribe fund~~ foreign aid budget and he's not afraid to use it. Half the militia commanders on planet are in the Bishop's pocket, and King Thoroughgood really likes everything the Bishop's money can buy. All its costing him are some policy decisions he might of made anyway.

That Old Southern Charm

Rebel Yell only extends full citizenship towards Human and Free Spacer men – Afro-Futurists are considered mutants rather than pure strain humans. Did you expect anything else? Proximites are the one Basic race that can purchase conditional citizenship. Rebel Yell's women can only vote if they have at least two living children, at least one of whom must be a son. Women cannot hold office past the local level, and cannot serve in the militias... with one exception.

Rebel Yell's Militias

Rebel Yell is home to hundreds of mercenary companies, some respected veterans of a hundred desperate battlefields, others wild-eyed psychopaths with way too many guns. Longstanding tradition means that these companies are referred to as 'militias'. They are the closest thing Rebel Yell has to a standing army; each militia is responsible for providing security on-planet at specific times. Coordinating the often-contentious rival militias and getting them all firing in the same direction (and not at each other) is the hardest part of King Thoroughgood's job.

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Fulsom Demper (NE male Human Gunslinger 12) is a bearded, gun-obsessed troglodyte commanding ***"The Red Zeppelin"*** militia. Demper is one of the biggest thorns in King Thoroughgood's side. Red Zeppelin trains its shooters to proper military standards, and Demper refuses to let his men serve on a line with less well-trained militias, and to Demper, everybody else on planet is an amateur. Demper's men are strutting bullies in powered armor decorated in the ancient, racist-as-fuck Stars and Bars. They've got a habit of shooting other mercenaries that piss 'em off, confident their militia comrades will back them up.

Truth Wallace (LN male Human Dread 10) is the current CO of the ***"Jet Black Past"*** militia, one of the oldest and most reputable on planet. By ancient tradition, Jet Black Past accepts any recruit capable of meeting some very basic standards, and offering new ident-papers after a successful eight-year hitch. Fierce discipline and comradery turns screw ups, criminals and failures into effective soldiers. Jet Black Past soldiers fight in ebony armor-shells with white trousers and iconic rank tats worn on the face and neck. They are some of the best drilled soldiers on planet.

Foster Morse (CN male Human Rogue 7) runs ***"Gamma Detachment",*** which might be the worst trained, least-disciplined and most dangerous militia on planet. Gamma Detachment is instantly recognizable in neon yellow armor, often stained with mud and dirt and covered in graffiti. Most of the militia are drug addicts of varying degrees of functionality. The Gamma Detachment offers lethal super-steroid treatments to new recruits, creating a cadre of wild-eyed chainsaw wielding kamikaze troops with the *Cranked Up* alternate human racial trait. Gamma Detachment is responsible for a litany of war crimes on countless worlds.

Nadine Hendrix (CG female Human Aegis 6) is the only female militia commander, but whether ***"Nade's Raiders"*** is a real militia or not is up for debate. Ignoring pretty much every single law she disagreed with, Hendrix started up her own fighting force. She actively recruited Rebel Yell's many pissed off women, armed them and started taking off-world merc contracts to season them. She's an old-school suffragette equipped with rail guns and orbital infantry – Rebel Yell's patriarchy underestimates the threat she poses, badly. Hendrix knows that neither she, nor her rag-tag militia is ready to overthrow the government yet, but hopefully after a few successful campaigns, they both will be.

Meet the New Boss

Rebel Yell won its freedom from the Space Mafia, but never actually gained independence. The Space Mafia still traffics most of the drugs produced on-planet, and gets a cut of the mercenary money flowing through the sector. The Mafia operates subtly, its operators and made-men dressed in redneck mufti to better blend in. The planet's senior capo operates under the name ***Kentucky Slim*** (LE male Human Rogue 15) – he affects a bolo tie and a forked white beard halfway down to his nipples. He's a fat, back-slapping extrovert who always does business over a shot of Tennessee whiskey or a plate full of chicken fried steak.

Kentucky Slim acts like the bastard son of Foghorn Leghorn and Col. Sanders, and it's a good act, but he despises every single person on this fucking planet. His mob uses ***Ameriscum Thrillbillies*** and assorted local mercs for muscle, but all major operations are done by pure-blooded Mafiosos. In fact, his assignment to Rebel Yell has made the fat Mafioso a bit paranoid. More and more, Kentucky Slim leaves the supervision of the thousands of Sniff-factories on planet to the tender mercies of his "***Torpedoes***". The Torpedoes are an interchangeable legion of combat Synths, all phenotypically Italian male, all dressed like Sinatra clones. All of these remorseless AI motherfuckers are LE male Synth Gunslinger 5s. Kentucky Slim keeps a couple of Torpedoes around him at all time as bodyguards and food-tasters.

Paranoid.

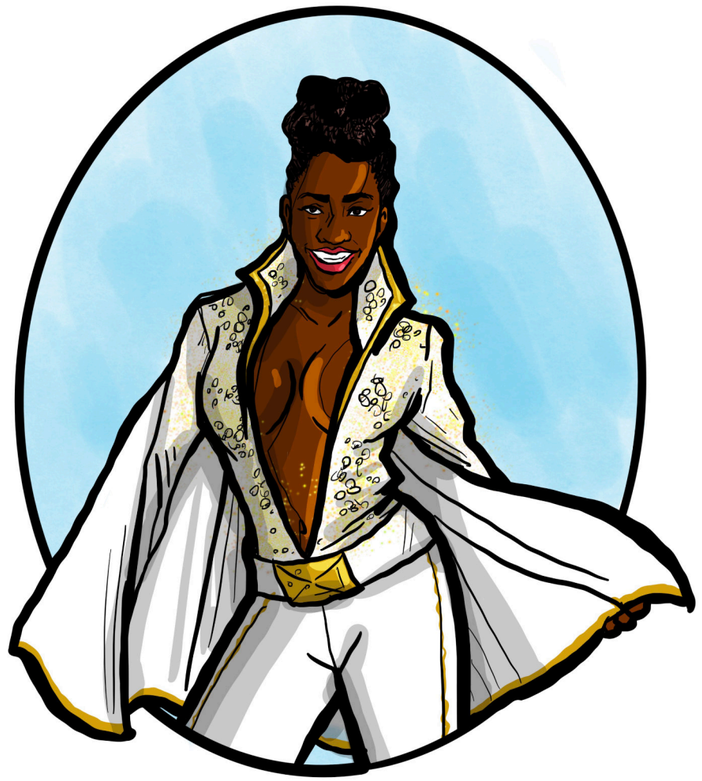
All the Sniff Kentucky Slim shovels up his nose isn't helping much. What might help, and his Mafioso superiors don't know about, is the ***World Maker*** that Kentucky Slim has bartered fully 75% of the planet's dope production against. If Slim can seal the deal for the planet destroyer/terraforming engine WMD from the Battlechanger arms merchant in the opposite spiral arm that's selling it, he's got plans to bring it home to Rebel Yell and detonate it before the enemies in his head get the better of him.

Fortress Graceland

The Nashville Fortress occupies much of the Old American state of Tennessee, grown up around the holy pilgrimage site, ***Graceland***. The Nashville Fortress is mostly independent from the rest of Rebel Yell – they only worship one King, and that's not King Thoroughgood. Militias are not allowed to congregate in groups or carry more weapons than a defensive sidearm. The Elvis-worshippers maintain polite relations with the rest of the world, maintaining old mutual defense treaties and respecting old debts of honor, but not wanting part of the drugs and soldier-work the rest of the planet is selling. In the Nashville Fortress, all sentients are welcome and the women are free. Pilgrims from across the galaxy risk the perils of Hyperspace and the not inconsiderable dangers of Rebel Yell itself to visit Graceland and pray at the *Temple of the Uncrowned King*.

The old tourist-trap of Graceland has become a chrome and marble palace protected by interlaced orbital defense fields. These forcefields burn golden, tinting the light that shines down on the Temple. Construction proceeds on an orbital elevator within sight of Graceland, though most tourists and pilgrims visit the Nashville Fortress arrive on world by a different method, bypassing the Atlanta spaceport entirely. A ***Transit Viscera*** terminal spontaneously opened itself up within the Graceland bathroom where Elvis Presley took his last shit as a mortal man, connecting Rebel Yell to the wider galaxy.

Queen Jiax Creole (CG female Free Spacer Cleric of the Uncrowned King 13) is the most powerful woman on Rebel Yell, and she knows it. She'd like to shake up the asshole power-structure on planet, and is less polite about politics than her immediate predecessors. On her orders, every Nade's Raider squad is accompanied by a Elvis-cleric as a unit medic – all the clerics are volunteers and most are women. She's building alliances, off world and on, especially with the ***Shatayen*** faithful. She knows that sooner or later



King Thoroughgood is going to break the old treaties and move on Graceland, and she wants her people ready when the war starts.

Round and Round

Round and Round is a bullet – a fast and tiny rock in the inner orbit of its sun. The dwarf planet completes an orbit around the star in just 64 days. Round and Round is a Low Gravity environment similar to Mercury, but much more habitable thanks to ancient apparatuses.

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Round and Round is tidally locked, and the sunward side of the planet is protected from the star's intense heat, light and radioactivity by mushroom cap planetary shield. The megastructure is connected by vast tethers to machines on the surface, which drain the star's limitless, roiling energies and…. Send it somewhere. Nobody has been able to puzzle out exactly how the Round and Round's vast engines actually work, nor where the transmitted energy ultimately goes. Best guess, Round and Round somehow powers the ***Galactic Transit Viscera.*** Similar devices have been found on at least six other, similar planets, and there's no reason to believe those are the only ones.

Round and Round's nightside is a dim, star-strewn perpetual twilight, a blinding white dawn-corona rising over the mind-shatteringly huge planetary shield's rim. Protected by the planetary shield, a young eco-system is maturing. The world's native life is limited to simple yellow and orange plant-life and a variety of fungi and lichen. Its animals are mostly aquatic, along with some hand-sized, and exceedingly clever quasi-reptiles that only became land dwellers within the prior million years.

Most of the fast-moving planet's colonists are researchers. Some tech-teams study the world's ancient machines, working in conjunction with archeologists and psychometric historians. Others are physics think tanks without equal. Round and Round's dev culture is obsessed with speed. For some reason, more research into next-gen Hyperdrive tech gets done on Round and Round than anywhere else in the galaxy. The ***Carlo Institute*** is particularly renowned for its theoretical physics department, particularly its temporal mechanics team. By contrast, ***Valentino University***, built in the shadow of the planetary shield's main anchor-point, specializes in techno-archeology. They have a lot of enigmas to puzzle out: much of the technology used in the planet-shield are ***Prior Iteration*** devices. The inert bodies of long dead ***Gazelles*** liter the world, buried just beneath the living topsoil layer. Living Gazelles occasionally appear in a flash of time-glow, slightly confused but not necessarily hostile. Provided they are unmolested and allowed to return to their *when,* these time-crossing Gazelles maintain a wary, polite distance from the modern humans now inhabiting their world.

Earnhardt is one of the larger, non-science cities on the planet. Here, the planetary obsession with speed is expressed by ground racers running high performance hover-bikes. Earnhardt itself is elevated on an arrow-head shaped mesa rising high above the flat plains and box canyons below. The natural flatland encircling the city has been leveled and graded, making it even more ideal for racing. Locals call the 27-kilometer oval track which encircles their city like a moat, ***"The Circuit."*** Homes and apartment blocks are built along the lip of the mesa, meaning almost everyone in the city has good view of the Circuit. Round and Round has a planetary rivalry with Piston – Piston-bred racers often come to compete on the Circuit. There's not as many ***Kiss Friends*** and ***Machine Gods*** born to Round and Round as to their rival, but the local drivers get by on pure skill. The rivalry is an equal one, and fairly respectful, for the most part.

Speed defines the softer aspects of culture, too. Earnhardt's rappers spit machine-gun lyrics laced with mathematical theorems and complex numerological proofs. The sound is popular with Afro-Futurists throughout the Human Diaspora. Local dance is frenetic and exhausting; ballet mixed with capoeira and combat moshing. Virtually every adult on planet, up to and including the egg-heads and researchers, have taken a few turns around the Circuit. Vehicular duels are the most common way to settle matters of love and honor. Round and Round's humans are hyperactive, tech-obsessed, hard-working and hard charging gear heads, the lot of them.

Shovelware

Shovelware is an ironically and aptly named Proximite station chartered in Free Space, where copyright laws don't exist and any other laws you care to name can be bent with enough money. The half-scale space station is built to Proximite scale – it is a rabbit's warren cast from aviation aluminum and polymer, a twisted knot of pressurized tunnels opening abruptly into work-rooms. The station is kept a Zero Gravity environment, except for a handful of exercise chambers which use spin to produce Normal Gravity conditions.

As the station's name implies, Shovelware produces low-tier entertainment software and hardware for holo-arcades. Quality isn't particularly important, neither is originality. The Proximites hop on the latest fad, make a quick credit, push it out, and declare bankruptcy for the original shell company when pissed off players and arcade operators start demanding refunds. The station is owned by the ***Diskpulse*** bloodline, staunch supporters of the Proximite's geriatric ruling class.

Pok Diskpulse (NE male Proximite Telepath 9/ Thrallherd 3) regularly scans the brains of addicts, studying addictive behavior and psychology, finding out how to squeeze every last credit from players, and push them to buy another Shovelware soft, no matter how much they hated the last one. Pok also produces memetic weapons and thought-virals for Proxima Prime's military, for use on the underager rebels. With backing from the Proximite planetary government, Shovelware has contracted black ops kill-teams to assassinate artists, talented programmers and top-tier game makers. A sniper's laser and boom, the vid-arcade consumer has a lot fewer options to choose from.

The Scratchbuilders

The Scratchbuilders are a privateer crew that's looking to take off Shovelware. These Proximite rogues are staunch believers in teenage revolution, and know how much money Pok Diskpulse funnels their way. In an ideal world, they'd kill the geriatric telepath and take over Shovelware without too much damage to the physical plant or the station's workshops. Of course, things are never that neat and easy.

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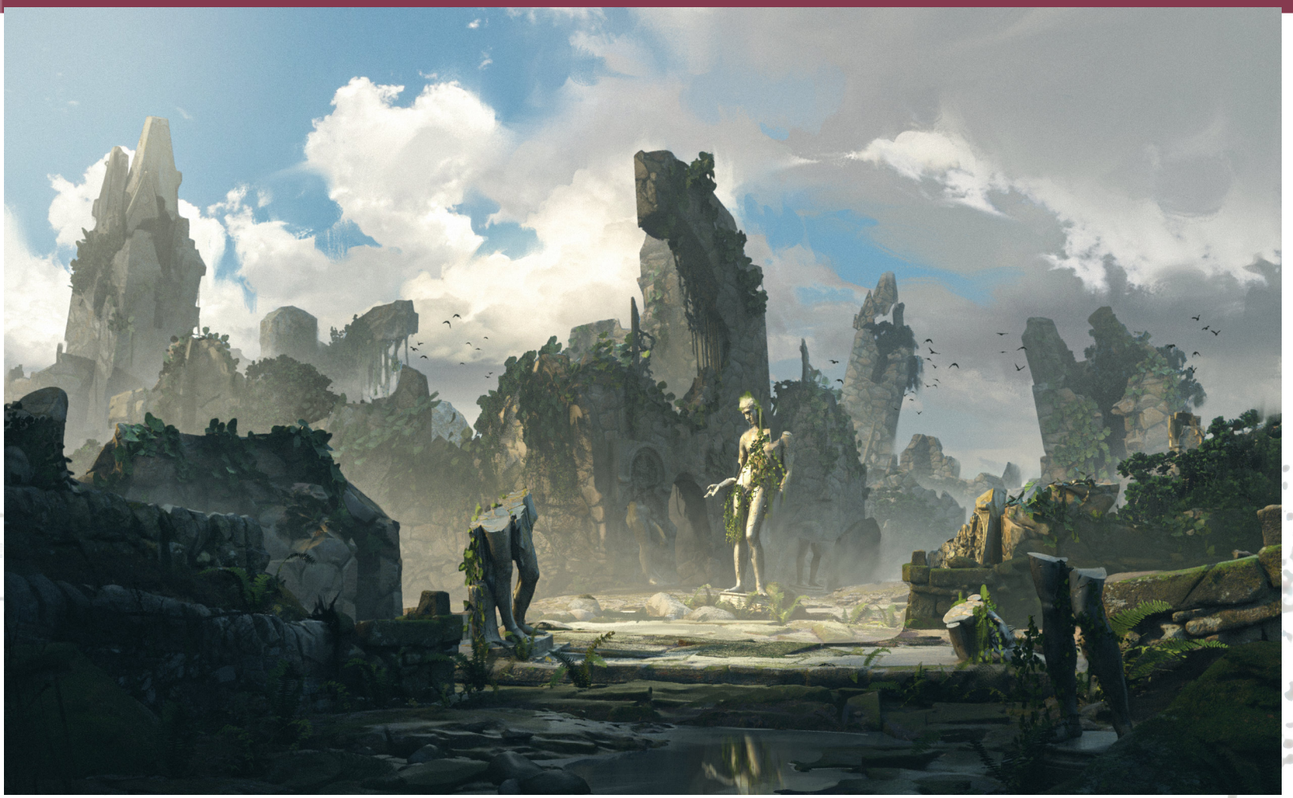

The Scratchbuilders consist of a small armada of light fighters, led by ***Kyt Scratchbuilder*** (CG female Proximite Cavalier 5). She escaped euthanasia on Proxima Prime and headed out for stars, and the reserves of rage she holds for the geriatric ruling class shocks even her. She tries to be level-headed and fight by the pirate's code. It's hard where Proximite 'gerrys' are concerned. Her hot-tempered ladylove ain't helping much. ***Codi Databurst*** (CE female TV Head Barbarian 4) is a dimwitted, dwarfish TV Head mutant whose first, second, third and fourth answer to any question is some classic ultra-violence. Codi doesn't give a shit about politics, but those old Proximite fuckers hurt her babe, so those old Proximite fucks gotta die. She's a pugnacious dwarf, wider than she is tall, and she specializes in boarding actions. She's looking forward to slitting some throats when they finally take Shovelware.

Von Bayros

Von Bayros is an out of the way agrarian world. Climate is mild, with most of the world covered in low, rolling grasslands. Narrow bands of old growth forest cover the fields, making the green world appear tiger-striped when viewed from space. Von Bayros is covered with towns and farm communes, but very few actual cities. An equatorial orbital elevator is ringed by one of the largest and most infamous cities on planet, the hedonistic hot-spot ***Bayros City.*** The world's population consists mostly of intermingled Humans and Free Spacers as well as a few scattered TV Head enclaves.

Bayros City is notorious among Free Spacer crews. Catch the orbital elevator down to the surface, drinking and fucking all the way down. Hundreds of dingy bars offering live sex shows of incredible variety and stunning depravity line the narrow, convoluted streets. Neon and glitchy holo-signs advertise tourist traps and whore-houses, or coffin hotels to sleep off a bender in. Local sex acts tend to the raunchy, and the pan-galactic equivalent of donkey shows are offered cheap. The tin roofs of the various sex-shanties are painted with psychedelic QR codes readily visible from the orbital elevator's cabins; an aug-reality advert catches a spacer's eye, and a line of virus-laced code uses his communicator's navigator program to guide him right to a particular party door.

Bayros City Gangers

The slums of Bayros City are controlled by the gangs. Multiple competing crime families vie for control, and even the largest only controls a few blocks of territory, at most. Roll some D6s to find out the character of the gangers dominating a particular patch of bloody ground.

D6	Gang Name and Colors	Their Criminal Expertise	Favorite Weapons and Tactics	Gang Leadership
1	Mikey's Warriors, red and black, favor silver chains	Runs prostitution and sex-trafficking off planet, contacts among the Heinlien clan	Biker hang who do drive-bys with hovercycles	A well-organized club with written charter and elected officers
2	The No Hopers, black and purple, favor BDSM leather	Runs child pickpockets and expert thieves, preying on tourists	Fiery evocation magic with no concern for collateral damage	A Sethzinian Star Ripper grounded on Von Bayros
3	The Verner Horde, yellow and brown tiger-striping, favor bare chests	Brutal bastards that extort protection payment from weaker gangs and civilians	Near indestructible, drugged up psycho brawlers	An egotistical psycho who thinks they're going to be a pop star someday
4	The Dragon Fuckers, green and grey, favor dark leathers	Runs sniff, Glow and harder drugs	Targets the family and children of rivals with disturbing brutality	A nihilist ready for genocide
5	Carrion's Cowboys, brown and red, favor cowboy style	For profit kidnapping and murder	Disciplined martial arts expertise	A cold, dispassionate professional all about the money
6	The Unshackled, silver and black, wear broken handcuffs	Gambling, upscale vice and money laundering	More guns than anybody else in the slums	An aging loser, who smokes up most of the gang's profits

The Old Anthro Ruins

Part of Bayros City's celebrated cultural predilection for non-sentient xeno-fucking can be traced to the pre-human ruins littered around the equatorial belt. There was a thriving Anthro society on Von Bayros at least 1,000 years ago, though something drove the culture into extinction long before humanity arrived. All that remained when Von Bayros was colonized were crumbling stone temples, all carved with profane and excitingly pornographic reliefs, all sacred to the Anthro sexuality deities known as The Mates. While most of the ruins are just that, and myriad ancient palaces and temples were bulldozed to raise the orbital elevator, some of the old structures have been reclaimed, reoccupied and repurposed. Temple courtyards now host farmer's markets. Stone longhouses with walls decorated in weathered and time-worn pornography have become public housing projects.

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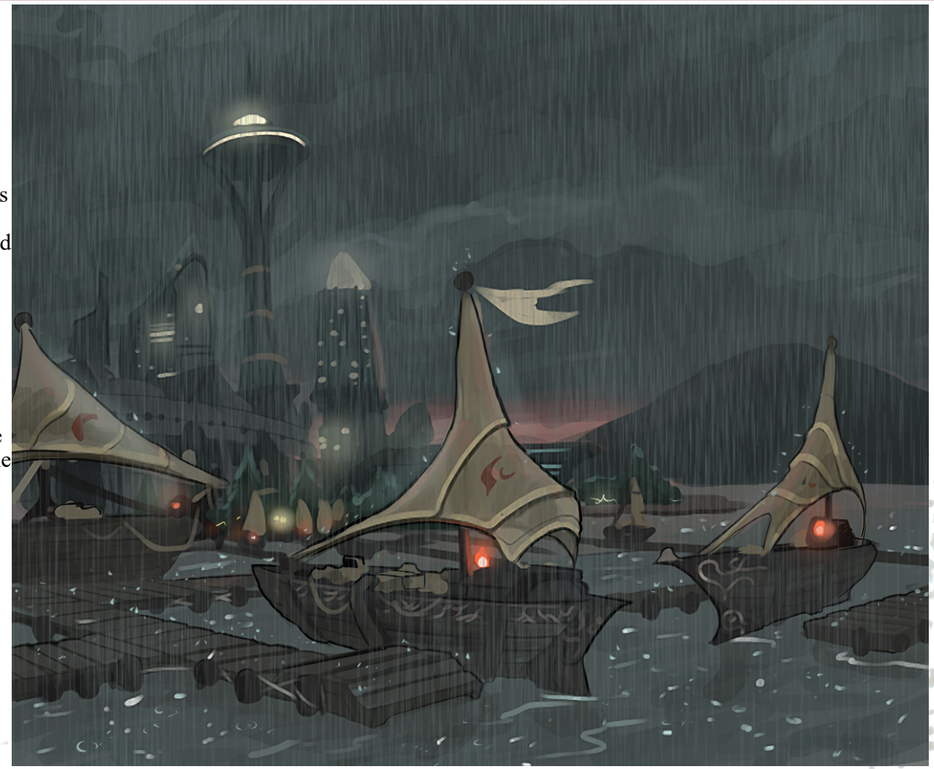
Willoughby Wharf



This oceanic planet has an equatorial diameter roughly half that of Old Earth's and is a Low Gravity world. The only real land masses are reefs that stretch from horizon to horizon, and tiny spits of land thrust up out of the slimy ocean. Algae slicks cover most of the water, enriching the oxygen content in the air: a deep breath of Willoughby air is uniquely invigorating. Aquaculture sustains the world: most of the colonists are fisherfolk, boat crew, plankton and algae farmers or work in the vast canaries. The absolute smartest children become oceanographers and meteorologists, the most prestigious jobs on this water-logged world. The vast majority of the Human colonists who call Willoughby Wharf home are genetically engineered to breathe water as easily as air and possess the *Amphibious* racial trait.

Willoughby's colonists live aboard ship for most of the year. Vessels are massive and densely populated, built to a size that would be unwieldy on 1G worlds. Occasionally, multiple ships meet on floating barge-islands to trade and socialize. Population density is fairly low – less than a million colonists call Willoughby Wharf home. Piracy happens, of course, but excellent communications and the relatively small population means that pirates are quickly ostracized. They either have to live alone, among their fellow outcasts, or starve.

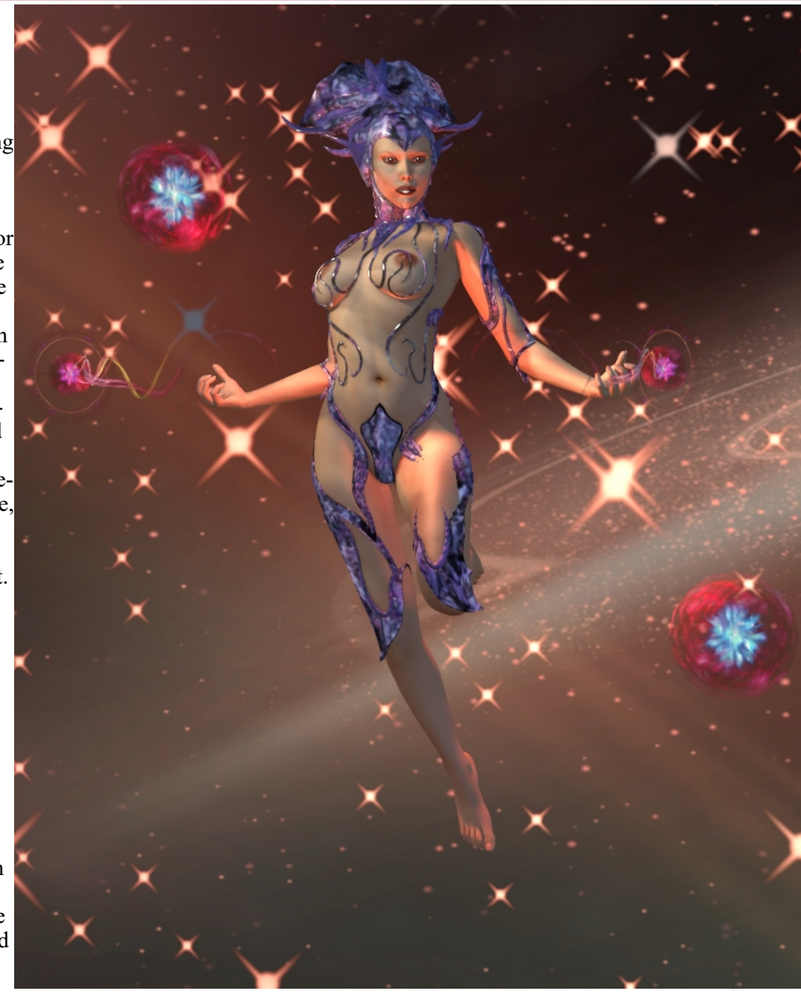
Just weeks ago, things went dramatically wrong for Willoughby Wharf. A cargo ship carrying an illegal cargo of ***Xenogamates*** in cyro-stasis crashed into the eastern ocean. Unless someone takes decisive action to a degree that Willoughby's leaders can't, the ocean world will be host to an out of control ***Xenoguant*** infestation, with multiple active ***Xenoregis*** outsiders, in weeks.

Fish and Game

Willoughby Wharf's unique, highly oxygenated atmosphere and low gravity means its aquatic lifeforms are unique in the galaxy. Virtually every creature under the sea can take to the sky, at least briefly, to evade predators. Hand-sized flying fish and clever, color-changing '*helicoptopods*' that spin their tendrils like rotors are charming for tourists. Deep water alpha predators capable of flight are not quite so charming: the presence of sleek, winged sharks accounts for the rapid-fire deck guns aboard most fishing vessels.

To give Willoughby Wharf a unique character, use any aquatic Animal found in the *Bestiary* series, or other third-party sourcebooks, and give the creature the Amphibious quality and a Flight Speed equal to between 1x and 4x their Swim speed.

Highwater Excursions runs tours and risky, adrenaline-fueled fishing excursions into the deepest parts of the oceans. They specialize in brining back goliath, toothy trophies, and usually manage to keep the rich assholes who hired the boat alive, least 85% of the time. Highwater fishes for deep ocean carnivores that dwarf the extinct *megalodon*… and are capable of making strafing runs on the boat. Ronnie Highwater (N female Human Ranger 8) has been fishing these waters for nearly seventy years, and knows more about the local eco-system than any man alive. She's found the gull-eaten remains of several ***Xenogamates***, and is just knowledgeable enough to be worried. Of course, her boat is mortgaged to Hell and back, so she has to keep going out when she gets a fishing tour contract. She's brought along some armor-piercing rounds, just in case…



The Wolfstar World

The Wolfstar is an old and cranky ***Living Star.***

The fifty million years until its hydrogen fuel is expended feels like an old man's last few afternoons. The shrinking, orange star's reactions are unpredictable, and its solar flares and EMP surges make the system unfairly lethal. The Wolfstar demands massive sacrifices of refined hydrogen fired into its corona every decade, in an effort to sustain its failing stellar fusion. Impossibly ancient and frail, the Wolfstar no longer dreams of being a living stellar god. Today, it's only ambition is to hire the best star-techs it can afford, buying whatever replacements and upgrades it can find to stave off its eventual demise. Stellar-scale bionics built using occult-tech pyromancy are visible as ebony scaffolding against the corona. These devices give the dying star another few million years of existence, but they are miserable, fading years.
The only habitable world in the system, named for the hungry Wolfstar, is equally selfish. The Wolfstar World is a hyper-capitalist, libertarian hellscape. Everything costs money, and the more you need it, the more it costs. The Wolfstar World proudly boasts of its income inequality – the rich live like incarnate gods. The poor work themselves into an early grave to afford desalinated water and subsistence level vita-meal rations.

The Wolfstar World is a humid, storm-tossed world of high salinity seas. Driving rain is a constant, and hurricane force winds batter the planetary oceans on a regular basis. The poor live in scap-metal shanty towns raised on high titanium piers in hopes of avoiding the worst of the storm surge. The wealthy live in palatial spires lit as brightly as high-noon, their opulence acting as the

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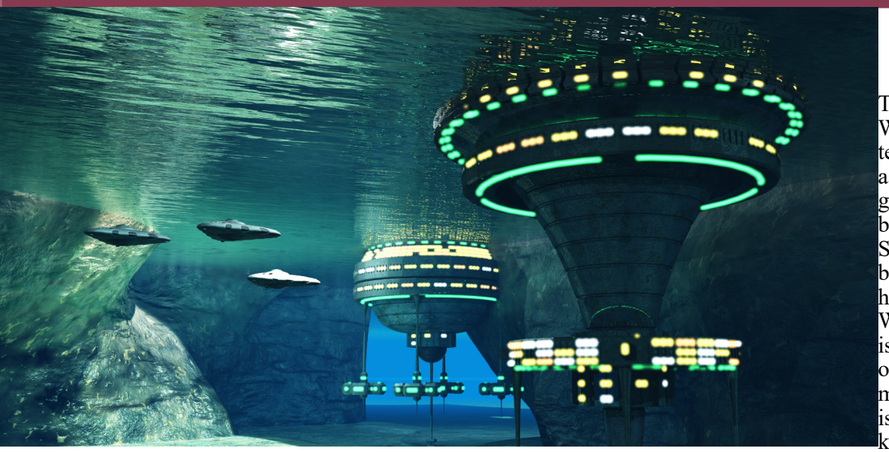

only lighthouses on a planet where greed precludes a civic infrastructure. Maps are drawn using the lighthouse-mansions of the uber-rich as landmarks. Things have gotten worse now that a new power has arisen on the Wolfstar World and broke the backs of the top-tier mega-corps.

Six months, a xeno-archeologist (fancy term for a galactic grave robber) who grew up hard, poor and angry on the Wolfstar World made the discovery she'd spent her life preparing for. On a distant tomb-world far out into the Fringe, ***Kass Fenris*** discovered a pair of alien relics that transformed her into the ***Exxkyron Empress*** *(HOTM1)***.** Flush with newfound cosmic power, Fenris returned to the world of her birth and settled old scores. The abusers, bullies, manipulators, cheats and oligarchs that made her early years hell died in atomic firestorms, and when the planetary power structure was broken beyond fixing, Fenris moved into one of the light-mansions and declared herself Empress.

The Wolfstar World has turned into her private playground. The unpredictable Empress relishes her newfound powers, lashing out with random violence whenever the whim strikes her and indulging her every whim. She's transformed herself into a poor person's idea of a billionaire, a slave's idea of an empress. Right now, her ambitions are confined to the world of her birth, but if she ever extends her reach beyond the Wolfstar System she could be a major wildcard in galactic politics.

The Slicks

The Slicks are the Wolfstar World's most successful techno-pirates. Before her ascension, Kass Fenris tangled with them a few times, beginning a rivalry that the Slicks refuse to let go just because their old enemy has become a demigoddess. While the Wolfstar World is tempestuous and dangerous at the surface, the deep midnight layer of the ocean is calm, still. The Slicks keep to this zone, prowling in submersible carriers. Most have used recovered ***Scraeper*** (HOTM1) to adapt themselves fully to aquatic life. Most Slicks are statistically equivalent to Scraepers, albeit with the Human subtype as the last fading relic of their birth species. Tigershark and Hammerhead phenotype Anthros (typically CE Anthro Barbarian 5-8), evolved from the toughest and most vicious Slicks provide agile muscle, whether on land or sea.

The Slicks wage an asymmetric war against the Empress, blowing up the heavy-duty sea pumps that keep her settlements above water or the desalination plants that provide her slaves with potable water. Little by little they're chipping away at her regime, proving how hollow and presumptuous her title of Empress really is. The gang's fearsome ***Sea Father Hyde*** (LE male Anthro Cavalier 13 or use the Scraeper Opressor statblock *HOTM2*) wants the pair of Exxkyronite Eyes which empower the Empress, and he wants the Empress' skin warming the steel floor of his cabin. He will have both, no matter if he has to crack this damned, drowned world in half.

He just might actually do that.

Continent Locks

The Slicks built their power on stolen Scraeper bio-tech. To power their high-intensity war machine, the Scaepers installed vast geothermal power taps. Though the Scrapers on world were exterminated, the machines powering their tech remain. Sea Father Hyde isn't smart enough to worry where the vast amounts of energy his Slicks are expending during their raids is coming from, as long as they win. He's drawing on the geo-thermal taps to a level that even the rapacious Scaepers themselves never did.

Energy drills penetrate deeper and deeper into the Wolfstar World's molten core, triggering fault lines as they bore. A dozen or more lighthouse mansions have already tumbled into the sea as the bedrock shifted: millions of serfs and their masters dead. Hyde doesn't really care. His crew is well equipped to pillage the drowned wreckage. Even if Hyde realizes his crew are causing the quakes by pushing their augments past safe limits, he won't stop. In fact, he'll probably accelerate his violence, using the quakes to farther weaken The Exxkyron Empress' position.

The Mariners' Council

Caught between the Empress on one side, and the Slicks on the other, the Wolfstar World's oligarchs are getting desperate. The 100 wealthiest humans on world make up The Mariners' Council: a cross between an elite social club, the cruelest HOA in known space and the Illuminati. Between them, these assholes control the lives of every human struggling to survive on the drowned world. Desperate to kill either of these upstarts, the Council has been brining in an entire sector's worth of mercs and bounty hunters.

As hostilities increase, the Mariners' Council has been funneling monies intended for the meager planetary dole towards hiring mercs. Nobody cares about that. But increasingly, vital maintenance funds are going to hire gunslingers, not to repair the sump pumps or high-viz flood lights. A lot of things are starting to slip through the cracks, and on a world as hostile as the Wolfstar World, that's a bad sign.

Yaro

Yaro is a world whose ecosystem is undergoing a dramatic evolutionary shift, measured in eons, but which has stabilized in a kind of bio-mechanical symbiosis. Once, the swamp world was completely organic, but techno-organic DNA from the Steel Sector crossed the galaxy to transmute Yaro's biosphere into a half mechanical, surreal landscape. This Normal Gravity world is hot and humid, its atmosphere redolent with trapped methane and greenhouse gases. Humans living on Yaro need supplemental oxygen to fight off slow oxygen debt, but can survive unaided for more than two days, albeit in increasing discomfort.

The marshy ecosystem is a mix of tropical and fungal, and coexists side-by-side with bo-mechanical analogs. Twisted root systems and drooping willows of silicon and steel, fueled by the methane and bio-diesel harvested from Yaro's fetid abundance, are sheathed in fully organic fungi and creeping moss. Technysian animal-forms compete for biomass against fully organic predators and prey alike. Some herds and packs are comingled, with fully organic and techno-organic members hunting cooperatively. Native animals with the ***Technysian*** and ***Mechaform*** creature templates *(HOTM1)* are common across Yaro, on land and beneath the stagnant tidal pools both. In another few million years, Yaro's ecology will be fully techno-organic, but for now, this strange, impossible balance persists.

Port Jeanne D'Arc

Yaro has countless small villages, mining operations and settlements scattered throughout the swamps, but only one real city, but at least it's an impressive one. ***Port Jeanne D'Arc*** is a mega-city on a scale that's relatively rare in Free Space, easily the equal of any of the prime colonies. Originally settled by Cajun derived Free Spacers, the trading hub carries the spirit of long-extinct New Orleans. Port Jeanne D'Arc is cosmopolitan: all the tribes of the Human Diaspora are welcome: baseline Earth-bred Humans, Afro-Futurists, Free Spacers, even Leather Clones with their own party district in the bustling, low-water metroplex. The Port is low-lying and sprawling, protected from the rainy season's floods by forcefield levees and breakwaters, which can envelop the city in hardlight domes as the water rises all around.

Outside the city proper, ***Cocodrie Street***, a thriving community of crocodilian and alligator-phenotype Anthros, built partially above, and partially below the waterline. These powerful reptilians have no need for the city's protective anti-flood force-shields. Most are laborers or fishermen, but quite a few of the aquatic Anthros are 'eco-scavs' – a strange local combination of evolutionary biologist, scavenging garage mechanic and skin diver. The local eco-system sometimes produces techno-organic wonders unlike anything seen in the wider galaxy: dive deep enough, find something sweet that can be replicated and mass produced, and you're a rich man. The only prob-

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lem is the local croc-mechs tend to be fiercely territorial, so those competing against them must have brain and brawn, and preferably a waterproofed laser rifle ready at their side.

The Druid and the Depths

Bon Johnny (CG male Human Bard 3/Druid 7) is one of the few pure-blood humans making a living as an eco-scav. He worships the swamps themselves as much as he does the King of Rock and Roll. He lives out on an up-gunned houseboat on the swamps. The local critters don't bother him too much, and he can handle them when they do. He's tamed a ***Tank Ravager*** swamp panther as his partner, named it *Teddy Bear,* and when he shifts, his animal selves are similarly bio-mechanical.

It's not the ordinary Technysian animals that got Bon Johnny concerned. Nor the cyber-poachers. Not even those asshole Battlechangers making trouble in the big city. Not even the fact his favorite Rocker broke a string the other night. No, what's got Bon Johnny's asshole clenched tight is deep out in the swamp. Something he heard rumors about existing on Old Earth, but always just thought was bullshit. Fifty-seven miles SE of his houseboat, Bon Johnny caught sight of a tribe of ***Deep Ones*** (B4)**.** Partially bio-mechanical and strange, like every other animal in the swamp. One of them even walked like a Leather Clone buddy Bon Johnny swore died of Ender two weeks back.

Johnny morphed into a caiman-form mecha and dove down at first light, wanting to see what the Deep Ones were all about. A few hundred feet down, the Cajun Druid saw something that looks like somebody welded a pregnant uterus to a sports arena. Something goddamn big is growing down there, and the fucking Deep Ones are tending it. Bon Johnny barely got out alive.

He's been doing as much research as possible on the data-net. Unfortunately nobody, not even among the Elvis cult, not even among the few other Druids he comms with on a semi-regular basis has any idea what it is. Bon Johnny plugged in a word he half remembered from some old book into a search bar and got less than he hoped. Of course, what Johnny doesn't know is typing that search has activated a full military crisis response from the Command Fleet. They are already en route to Yaro.

The search word was ***Dagon.***

Swamp Fox' Boys

The swamps outside Port Jeanne D'Arc have gotten a little more dangerous lately. A canny old Battlechanger rogue called ***Swamp Fox*** *(HOTM1)* has come to Yaro to do some trade, cause some trouble, make some credits. The immortal war machine likes the climate and likes the fact he's got the fire power to push around most of the *eco-scavs* without fear of reprisal.

Swamp Fox is a swaggering bully, made only worse by the fact he's been able to upgrade a few of the local robo-croc super predators into a cadre of bodyguards. He travels with 4-6 thugs statistically identical to ***Dino Berserkers*** at any given time. Only problem is that these dim-wits are less interested in quiet little shakedowns and more interested in causing some actual carnage. They're also a bit more cunning than their creator realizes. The local law had to get involved: last time, they called in anti-riot mecha and killed one of Swamp Fox' boys, which only pissed off the survivors worse.

Allumer Square

Sherriff Maximilian LeBeau (LG male Afro-Futurist Paladin 8) has done two solid terms as the Port's chief peace keeper, but he might not earn a third. Ex-military, with wide combat experience throughout Free Space, Sherriff LeBeau has handled everything from space pirates to sniff dealers with ease, not really even raising his blood pressure too much about Swamp Fox and the old robot's idiot schemes. ***Allumer Square*** is the local Leather Clone community, a slice of the Black Castro out in the swamps. Allumer Square is a district filled with hot night spots and favorite local restaurants, built up around an old, pre-human temple complex which houses a blood-red font of the ***Fire of Creation.*** Allumer was one of the Port's economic and cultural powerhouses.

Or it was, before the Ender.

As the plague has worsened, Sherriff LeBeau pissed off the Leather Clones by putting Allumer Square into hard lock down. Leather Clones from off planet have to clear a three-week quarantine before being allowed into Allumer. Locals that venture out of their district to work or shop face the same quarantine. Those known to be infected are removed from the community, and placed into dedicated plague wards. The Leather Clone community is calling him a draconian homophobe, his citizens are dying and he's got to worry about a gang of pissed off Battlechangers… all the good Sherriff LeBeau has done over the last four years is swirling down the drain.

The Duke Ellington

"The Duke" is one of the oldest, poshest and most famous hotels on planet. This 25-story palace is one of the tallest buildings in Port Jeanne D'Arc, and casts a long shadow over Allumer Square. From the grand ball room on the penthouse floor, a visitor can look down and southerly, and see the coruscating crimson light of the Fires of Creation itself. The Duke's ballroom is justly famed in the local music scene – earn a gig there, playing zydeco or hot Yaro jazz, and you've made it.

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Of course, there aren't many gigs playing these days. Sherriff LeBeau has commandeered the Duke as a quarantine hospital for the duration of the Ender Crisis. Leather Clones immigrating to Yaro in the hope the Fires of Creation will burn away the disease killing them wait out their three-week quarantine. Many don't survive that long. Most think that's just the way LeBeau intended it.

The dying are rebellious. The leader's ***Jerry-262X*** (CG male Leather Clone Combatant 7), who worked with RAMDOWN until he got sick with the Ender himself. He's got only a short time left, and he knows it, but he's still got most of his strength, and newfound rage that comes from having nothing to lose. Tonight, when the medics change shift, he and his boys are walking out and bathing in the Fires of Creation, and if any of the local cops try to stop them, they're getting their necks snapped.

The Chicken Fried Express

This smuggler freighter flies out of ***Rebel Yell***, captained by ***Strangematter Murphy*** (CN male Human Rogue 10), a good ol' boy with deep ties to the ***Lightspeed Pipeline.*** Usually, the Chicken Fried Express flies stolen or bootlegged data disks, illegal rail guns and hard *Sniff* into Yaro, but these days, Strangematter Murphy's hauling people. Part of its sentimentality. There's a rumor that the Fires of Creation at the center of Allumer Square can cure the Ender, and Leather Clones from all over the galaxy make dying pilgrimages to try. Let 'em try, let 'em have some hope at the end, as far as Murphy's concerned.

Part of it's just good business. The sick pay damn well, and Murphy is richer after hauling a few dozen sick Leather Clones into Allumer Square than he would be after two years of ordinary smuggling. He knows a few flight plans beneath the planetary air defense network, and can land the CFE a few miles outside the Port. There's naturally occurring bio-metal tunnels running from his favorite clearing into the Allumer Square's maintenance levels.

Zafir

Most gas mining operations are ugly, grey and black pipeworks, all practicality and function, with no concern for beauty. Zafir is different. This Afro-Futurist station was built as a tribute to Arabian architecture. It's air traffic control towers and sensor antenna resemble minarets, the hydrogen storage tanks are decorated with elaborate geometric artwork. Everything is clad in pristine white, flawless gold and sky blue. Zafir floats in the 'goldilocks zone' of a gold and pink gas giant's atmosphere, where the temperature, pressure and oxygen content are nearly Earth-like. Zafir can seal itself tightly for galactic voyages, but high in the gas giant's sky, it stands open to enjoy the breeze.

Wealthy from gas mining and exotic chemical refining, Zafir is also a center of culture. All citizens are expected to excel in at least one art form or advanced form of mathematics. Most are multilinguistic; education and artistry are highly valued. The low brow culture of the outside galaxy is frowned upon. Rock and roll, Dr. Youp's and Outlaw Sex Station 09 are all virtually unknown on station, except by the rebellious teenagers who risk a good whipping if their hobbies are discovered.

Faiza Al Nabil (LG female Afro-Futurist Inquisitor 13) owns Zafir outright. In a former life, she was an intelligence operative for ***Conquest Station.*** A lifetime of black ops left her cynical and clinically depressed, shamed by the blood on her hands. Using a fortune pilfered during her missions, Faiza Al Nabil purchased a non-functional, inert near twin of the famed ***Black Castro Station*** from the shipmarket on ***Shant.*** Aided by expert-system AI grown from her own mind, Al Nabil almost singlehandedly rebuilt and beautified the gas mining station. Her intent was to create a place where her people (who she'd spent a lifetime screwing over for profit) could finally thrive, and where their kids could grow up safe and smart.

Al Nabil moved Zafir to this remote corner of Free Space because her former career gave her rare insight into galactic politics. She knows there's war coming. And ruin, and another galactic dark age, as the old systems finally shudder and collapse. Under her guidance, Zafir's citizens will be safe and self-sufficient when the crunch finally hits. And if things get really bad, Al Nabil

kept an ace in the hole. She chose Zafir not only because she could make it beautiful, but because of some long forgotten retro-tech she found on one of the lower decks.

Zafir controls one of the last functional ***gravity-tugs*** in the galaxy, and thanks to her neuro-cybernetic implants, Al Nabil was more than smart enough to activate the device. Using the ancient machine's vast power, she could drag the entire station through Hyperspace at extremely high FTL speeds. Designed to tow entire worlds, the gravity-tug can easily carry the weight of the relatively small station. Her most trusted military scientists have also retrofitted the gravity-tug into a potent gravity lance, capable of one-shotting a capitol ship. She'll only fire the mining station's main gun if all else seems lost, not wanting to reveal her ownership of this highly sought lost technology.

Zafir's Rings

Al Nibal's agents in the wider galaxy are, like her, repentant veterans of the Free Space intelligence community. Most are Afro-Futurists, and all of them are identified by the unique black metal wedding band they wear on their left ring finger. The unique alloy is mentally responsive: it cannot be removed against the wearer's will, nor can it be worn by someone not utterly loyal to Zafir. The "Rings" move quietly throughout Free Space, securing resources the station needs, chasing rumors of impending doom. Their goal is to save as many Afro-Futurists as possible when the inevitable crash happens. The Rings can be cold when dealing with other lives: their commitment to their mission is absolute.

A few neighborhoods of ***Zanth*** coexist with Zafir's mostly Afro-Futurist population. The little Space Cases are competent administrators and chemical analysts. Al Nibal brought the diminutive aliens with her when she abandoned Conquest Station. Most of Conquest's human citizens were glad to see some of the Zanth go, not realizing that Al Nibal invited them to the Zanth to her station to have access to their phenomenal intelligence network. Thanks to Zanth back-channels, Al Nibal knows what's occuring aboard Conquest Station, and throughout Free Space, almost as soon as it happens.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN
THE VAST GALACTIC DESERT

The Vast Galactic Desert is the dead-end crust of Free Space, a sunburnt wasteland of ecologically devastated, waterless worlds. Millions of years ago, cosmic warfare nearly destroyed this sector. The worlds that survived were left burnt and scarred. Only the toughest and most capable settlers survive here. The Desert is a place of monsters, merciless solar fire and desperation.

Relics of the Brightstar

Once the Vast Galactic Desert was the heart of a galaxy spanning empire. When the Brightstar Order fell, the fires of its destruction burned this sector of space, creating the Vast Galactic Desert.

Star-cracking weapons were unleashed, sparking supernovas that knocked worlds out of orbit and burned the skies. However, even millions of years later, relics of the fallen Brightstar Order remain.

You can place any of these historic remnants anywhere within the Vast Galactic Desert, or elsewhere in the galaxy, to remind your players of the fallen glory of the Brightstar Order.

Beerbottle

People land on Beerbottle to be forgotten.

Beerbottle is a Low Gravity, oxygenated desert moon, orbiting a dingy brown gas giant. It's been used as a dumping ground for centuries. The rocky, sand-blasted surface is dominated by a planetary junkyard the size of Canada. The world gets its name from several hundred thousand cargo containers over-filled with empty beer bottles intended for recycling that somehow got dumped here instead. The locals build simple domed huts using the durable bottles as bricks. The results are strangely beautiful.

There's no law on Beerbottle, but there are some iron clad traditions. Most of them concern privacy – don't bother your neighbors, and they won't bother you. Anybody who lands and intends on building a hut usually stands against one wall of their closest neighbor's home, levels a rifle at their preferred horizon and fires. You don't start building any closer than the spot you find your bullet.

There's a few hundred huts on Beerbottle and maybe that many living residents. Not much civilization to speak of. A few of the residents raise cows or chickens or something similar on their patches, sometimes they trade meats with one another. There's a few water-cracking stations that pull liquid water from the parched air. A few wind turbines and solar cells provide power for the majority of the huts. The rest make do with natural sunlight or candles after the sun finally sets.

Some of the sunburned, slow-moving locals include:

"Old Gary" Coldstar (LE male Human Fighter 13) doesn't much look like a decorated Command admiral, not with his bushy white beard and his human supremacist tattoos. Years ago, he fit the role better. Admiral Coldstar ordered the *New Washington Massacre.* He let the galaxy think he's dead rather than face genocide charges.

Jacob Hyte (N male Human Expert 7) used to be a mega-corp CEO. A hostile takeover took everything but his addiction and his love of pretty P roximite techno-whores. He took his last few hundred credits, bought passage to Beerbottle and built a hut. He's never been happier. Or more stoned.

"Tall Betty" Rennet (N female Free Spacer Ranger (bounty hunter) 10) made a lot of enemies in her years hunting escaped convicts. Fortunately, the anger was directed at the Stars & Bars battle helmet she wore than the woman beneath the mask. When she got to Beerbottle, she buried her helmet and armor out back, beneath the pigs' pen. She kept only a few guns for self-defense.

Lilliana Cordova-Hess (CN female Afro-Futurist Bard 7) is a haughty hippy artist who makes intricate sculptures, and incredibly quirky Star Droids from objects found in the junkyard. She's also an unmedicated schizophrenic, who fled Medicoake rather than 'deaden her mind'. Her home is surrounded by intricate clockwork mobiles made of bottle glass, and is home to dozens of scrap-built Droids she considers family.

Mr. Jeffries (LN male TV Head Smart 4) used to design starship engines. Defective ones. His company offered him up as a sacrificial lamb. After a prison term for manslaughter and losing everything, he found his way to the desert. He sells water and does electronic repair to buy data-dope.

Relics of the Brightstar Order (D12)	
1 The ruins of vast, domed cities made of an admixture of hardlight and bio-sculpted amber wax, with hexagonal rooms and decoration	2 Strange rib-like monoliths and free-standing arches, made from the same mixture of wax and hardlight, inscribed with hexagonal glyphs
3 The most successful local carnivores and scavengers evolved the *Insectoid* template *(HM1)*	4 You can still find functional Brightstar Lens technology in buried and forgotten caches around this world
5 The exoskeletal remains of a *Gigastar Rogue (HM1)* are partially decayed and have become part of the landscape	6 An especially dangerous planet! A nest of *Stellar Insects (HM1)* lairs high in the world's highest mountain rage.
7 Local musical traditions are influenced by ancient Brightstyle hymns	8 Bio-wax and hardlight sculptures of ancient Brightstar champions stand half-broken
9 The shattered remains of dozens of *Gigastar Rogues* and similar war-beasts form a grisly ring around the world, visible from the planet's surface	10 The planet's hereditary rulers wield heirloom Brightstar weapons and armor and have mastered Brightstar Lens technology, forbidden to commoners
11 An artificial station or device is barely visible from the surface. It is a golden hexagon which comes to a point at either end, hundreds of meters across.	12 Shattered hexagonal forcefields, the last remains of a broken planetary shield still hang in orbit over the planet, like broken windows on a grand scale.

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Krakant (CN male Sethzinian Barbarian 4) stole a shipment of arms from the Space Mafia and found out they were too hot to fence. He's hiding out here, keeping a low profile, until the heat's off. He's got a string of pricy custom *Star Hawgs* chained up out front of his hut. He's got the stolen weapons buried somewhere in the dump; the only coordinates are in his head.

"The Big City"

A tin-walled hut situated roughly midway between some of the oldest huts serves as the general store. They've got a ***Dr. Youp's*** vendor-droid on standby as the only employee, and get resupply drops every couple of months. Next door, you've got a couple of local brewers who make surprisingly good new beer to fill up old bottles. And you've got The Diner. That's it, that's the "Big City".

The Diner is the closest thing to culture on planet. It's a converted Quonset hut kitted out as a restaurant, run by an outwardly happy fat man who came to Beerbottle to drink himself to death in peace. He started the restaurant mostly out of boredom, but discovered a talent for cooking. The Diner is the one place the locals come to shoot the shit, when the solitude of the desert gets too much. ***Sully*** (CN male Human Rogue 5) doesn't talk about his past, at all. He used to be a ***MacBeth*** heir, but failed one of his father's cruel tests and was left for dead. He still retains the conditional immortality of the MacBeth line, and still knows the financial access codes to his fortune, but hasn't needed or wanted either in decades.

Boone

Life is hard on Boone, but there is plenty of water.

That makes it a paradise compared to most of the Vast Galactic Desert. Most of the flora and fauna on Boone are either highly toxic, viciously mean, ridiculously armored, or all of the above. Most of the ecosystem is ***Nemesis Bloodline***, probably the result of a cometary impact carrying Lifespawn DNA. You can still see where the comet struck – a seventy-five-kilometer bowl carved out of the fertile heart of the southern continent. The locals refer to it as ***Darwin's Pit*** – the lowland mega-crater is especially rich with Lifespawn biologicals. Species unique in all the galaxy make their home

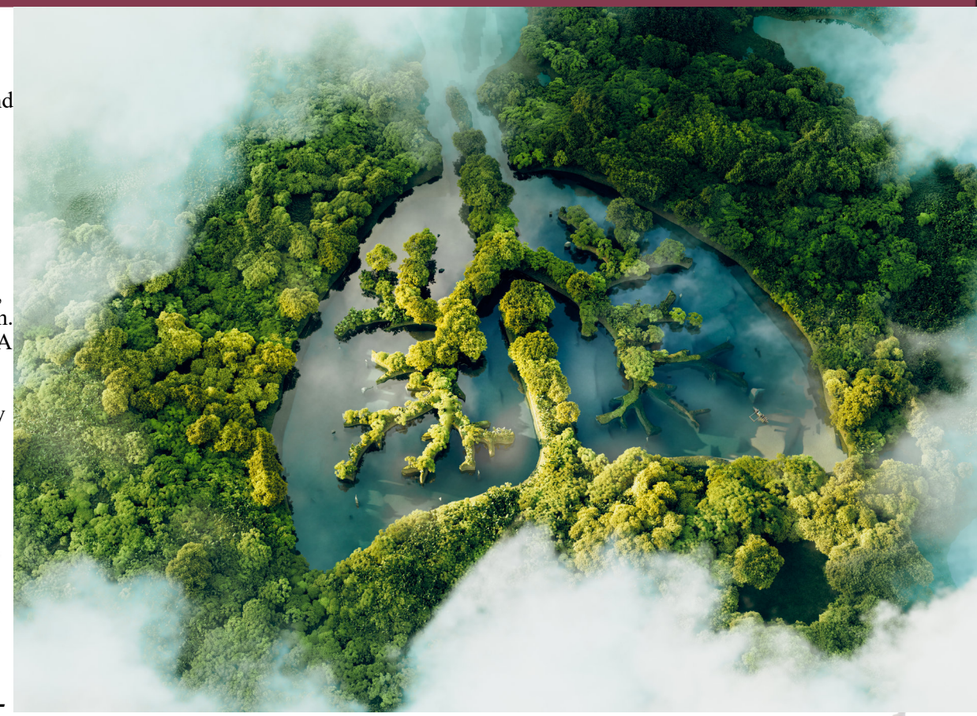
in Darwin's Pit. Anyone going into the Pit on a mission to gather valuable plant samples or hunt stunningly weird game goes well armed and with a trustworthy guide or they just don't come back out.

Award

Award is the closest city to Darwin's Pit, a rough and ready adventurer's boom town. You can gear up and hire guides for a trek into the Pit. There's traders to buy whatever you bring back as well as a thriving bio-tech boom. Dozens of well-funded, competing start-ups race to patent and clone unique genomes, repurposing untamed nature into consumer goods and military contracts. ***Aleph Word Genomics*** is the richest, the most hypercompetitive, underhanded and most successful. Aleph Word isn't above black ops to beat a competitor to market, and if they can't buy a rival out of the market place, their board of directors have no problem killing every employee of the rival

company. And their families. And the last dozen people they've communicated with.

In short, if Aleph Word Genomics wants something, you sell it to them. You sign the NDA they hand you, you walk away and you don't say fucking shit. Aleph Word Genomics' board of directors are exclusively Jesus Clones trained from infancy in high finance, and genetically optimized for high stress business. ***CEO Olsteen Redeemer*** (LE male Jesus Clone Cleric of Auto-deification 15) founded the company as a cult in veneration of himself as much as anything else. He has convinced the other board members that Redeemer alone is not only a perfect replica of ancient Jesus, but a dramatic improvement.



Olsteen Redeemer ventures out alone into Darwin's Pit. Nude and weaponless, only his faith and the ancient miracles within his blood, stacked up against the Pit's predators. Redeemer has awakened Lifespawn heritage in himself, and pushes his glamorous combat-evolutions farther with every sojourn in the Pit. Already rich beyond the ability to spend it in a dozen lifetimes, Redeemer now seeks power in a more tangible and temporal sense. Redeemer uses recovered LIfespawn biologicals to uplift himself, using his body as a test bed for the changes that will bring him into True Godhood.

The Messer Ranch

Voltaire Messer (NE male Human Ranger 7) raises highly aggressive ***Wayhunters*** (HM) at his ranch. Messer's compound is built onto the perilous cliffs overlooking Darwin's Pit. The surly, battle-scarred old man sells his trained, spaceworthy bat steeds to guides and adventurers down in Award, as well as mercs and pirates throughout the Vast Galactic Desert. Messer's Wayhunters are snarling, hostile and dangerous. They'll kill any ***Ptarn*** they catch scent of and have fear beaten out of them. Messer himself flies the legendary *Nosferatu,* a champion Wayhunter who has bred many of the lesser Wayhunters at the ranch.

The locals, particularly the ones that fly Ptarns, know Voltaire Messer as a thuggish bully and legendary asshole. He's worse than they suspect. Messer kills for his own amusement – he prefers pretty young science-girls come to study the native fauna. He's better in the Pit than most of the hired guides, so its easy for him to swoop in astride Nosferatu, snatch up a victim and disappear back into the night. Messer keeps a hidden 'kill-room' at his ranch, shielded from detection using occult-tech stealthing. His young Wayhunters dispose of any remains. They've acquired a taste for human flesh, which only makes them more dangerous and aggressive.

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The Deepwater Cherry

The crater caused by the comet-strike has a diameter of more than 75 kilometers, and a depth of nearly half that. The rim mountains encircling Darwin's Pit can easily be seen from orbit. Water collects at the crater's bottom, forming a deep jungle lake.

The heart of the shattered comet rests upon the lake's bottom. Whatever it is, it glows a pinkish-red beneath the muddy, stagnant waters, pulsing irregularly with light the same color as a *Dr. Youp's Cherry-Pie Super-Slurpie.* Hence, the local nickname for the place.

The Cherry itself is a flake of superdense red matter, a tiny arrowhead the size of a thumbnail that somehow weighs 14.5 million tons. Due to the extreme difficulty in recovering it, the Cherry has only been studied *in situ.* Few answers are forthcoming. Back tracing the trajectory reveals the comet that carried the Cherry was extra-galactic. Aside from visible light and trace amounts of thermal energy, the Cherry gives off no detectable energy. It cannot be dated, and its shape is too precise to be naturally occurring; there are tool marks across its surface.

Winston's Shack

After stumbling onto a report about the Deepwater Cherry in some forgotten archive, ***Winston Cerebrite*** (CN male TV Head Rogue 4) became fascinated with the artifact. His cranial display now only plays CGI models of the ancient enigma, a testimony to his obsession. Leaving a quiet life of Command data-analysis behind, Winston bought a ticket to Boone, found a house and set up shop. Somewhere along the way, he started smoking Glow, and got real strange with it.

Winston is a half-nuts hermit, genial enough but utterly and disastrously obsessed with the Cherry. He lives in a ramshackle hut made from recycled metal and hung with blood-red Christmas lights; there are even slot machine cherries painted on the front door as a joking nod to his quest. For protection, Winston somehow liberated (read: stole) a trio of ***Genocide Templars.*** The three have no real names, but Winston refers to them as ***Larry, Moe*** and ***Curly***, and they answer to that. They are still so deep in the brainwashing that Winston is simply a laxer commanding officer than most, but they are beginning to display a little individuality. The one called Moe sometimes smokes a Glow Joint with the boss, and the one called Larry is rediscovering sexuality.

Exemplis

More than a thousand years ago, a Corporation Command colonist-ark crashed on Exemplis, all souls lost. The then-unnamed world was peopled by a species of hunter-gatherer xeno-Anthros. The boldest explored the wreck, and within the twisted, carbon-scored metal, they discovered a wonder. Inside the wrecked starship, they found a single working Tutor-AI with access to a handful of functional fabrication systems intended for use by the colonists. Badly glitching, the Tutor-AI attempted to fulfil its purpose: to transform the natives into competent and well-equipped Command citizens. They weren't quite the colonists the machine intelligence was programmed to guide, but the savages would do in a pinch.

Using the recovered technology, and quickly learning everything the Tutor-AI had to teach, the natives quickly bootstrapped their civilization to space-faring levels. Exemplis rapidly evolved into a distorted, cargo-cult reflection of the Corporation Command. Gaps and glitches in the Tutor-AI's matrix left huge bits of context out, but Exemplis' natives did as best they could. The lupine natives attend High Mass at Christmas without quite knowing what a Jesus is, or does. They carry particle rifles in honor of the Second Amendment, without knowing what document was amended, nor why.

Exemplis has risen to be a major system power. It's techno-enhanced Anthros (many statistically similar to ***Anthrix Warriors*** and ***Techno-Fascists*** with minor modifications) are well equipped, highly disciplined and avaricious. Guided by their Tutor-AI planet-oracle, the Exemplians know it is their destiny to rule, to bring the light of civilization and capitalism to the galaxy. And one day, perhaps if they are worthy, they will meet and be greeted warmly by the True Command.

Obviously, as the Exemplians are Anthro abominations grimly parodying Command ideology, the real Command is more likely to particle-bomb the planet into star dust. But leave the poor, confused techno-Anthros to their illusions. Let them enjoy their prosperity and militaristic manifest destiny. Until the poor fuckers meet the real thing.

Exemplis is ruled by ***Perfect Admiral George Washington XXIIIrd*** (LE male Anthro Fighter 17), a fierce lupine lord whose bloodline has been marked by red, white and blue pelts since the earliest days of modern history. Washington's ancestors were the first to discover the Tutor-AI, and in recognition for their obedience and diligent study, the machine intelligence marked them with an honorific in the form of a heritable, cosmetic mutation. Washington is a genius of space-based warfare who has extended Exemplis' sphere of influence across several systems. His tenure as Perfect Admiral has been marked by ambition and violence, though the pace of his conquest has stretched Exemplian supply-lines dangerously long.

Gambino

Gambino's culture is situated around the ***Great Oasis***, a freshwater inland sea that is one of the few green and growing spots on an otherwise monotonous world of amber dunes and sandstorms. The Space Mafia controls the world, and Gambino is a hub for vice, gambling and the slave trade. Except for the three months of the lethally hot dry season, when planetary sandstorms drop visibility to near zero, hovercycles race across the desert for prize purses in the millions. Local racers despise the outsiders that come from distant worlds like ***Piston*** and ***Round and Round*** to compete. Local racers hold an unspoken code: if you can crash an outsider, you do it, even if means you'll lose. Losing doesn't matter as one a Gambino native wins – winners are expected to slip their crashed rivals repair money under the table if they took out an off-world racer.

Deepwater City is found on the northern edge of the Great Oasis. Despite the name, the sea is only about 20 meters at maximum depth (which is still impressive by the Vast Galactic Desert's standards). Deepwater City controls the slave trade, and nearly a third of the settlement's population are enslaved. Some even own slaves of their own. Most are controlled by nano-bombs in their brain stem, triggered to detonate if they leave the city without authorization, but especially complaint slaves from trustee bloodlines have freedom of movement. Deepwater City's legal codes demand humane treatment of slaves on world, which mean Deepwater's slaves are better treated and live in better quarters than their counterparts in the wider galaxy.

Deepwater City has been ruled for several generations by the ***Twistelli Mafia.*** They've kept order and established centuries old codes of conduct, including the relatively humane slave codes. ***"Dapper Don" Twistelli*** (LE male Human Telepath 10/Thrallherd 4) is the latest Twistelli to rule Deepwater. He has innovated the art and science of slave ownership – he is creating memetic viruses and a cult structure around his family. If his psy-

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chological experiments bear fruit, uncounted generation of slaves will worship the Twistelli family as benevolent master-gods.

At the far end of the Great Oasis, ***Shallowside*** rises from the mosquito-plagued tidal flats. Shallowside's chief industry is hover-cycle repair and maintenance. Racers buy, modify and paint their rigs in instantly recognizable, iconic livery. Racing is Shallowside's lifeblood and some of the best garage mechanics in the galaxy call this small, dusty city home. While hover-cycles are the city's favorite machines, there are also excellent techies who specialize in blaster pistols, computers, cybernetics and starship components, giving Shallowside an impressive high-tech infrastructure.

Hovercycle culture and Shallowside culture are intertwined and self-reinforcing. There's elaborate and mostly unspoken codes of behavior about how and where you park, the respect you show another rider's hog, and the colors a non-racer can paint their bikes in. Violating one of these standards can result in an ass-kicking at best, or being challenged to a 'death race duel' at worst. The city tends to be a bit xenophobic and testy – off-world racers usually stay in overpriced hotels a 20 or 30 kilometers out in the desert rather than risk a night in Shallowside.

The Wrecker Flats

These perfectly smooth, alaki salt flats are ideal for grav-cycle racing. Speed demons come out to the Flats to test their machines and see if they can break some ground speed records. Ramshackle junkyards encircle the salt flats, huge and mangled piles of junked machines standing as tall as low mountains. Scavenger scum hide out in subterranean warrens, where it's relatively cool and eke out a living by stripping wrecked cycles and up-cycling the any usable parts. Most of the scavengers have been here for generations; quite a few scav-clans were founded by escaped slaves from one of the big cities. The scavengers have a near photographic memory for the junk. They can tell you exactly which wreck somewhere within 100 kilometers has a set of '72 Dewey neutron-spark plugs in workable condition.

Anna Kind (CN female Human Soulknife 13) is one of the more recent escapees turned scavengers. Her birth was foretold in three or four different prophecies, as were the psi-talents she unlocked as a pre-teen. Anna was destined to free Gambino's slaves, and overthrow the masters in glory and blood. But when she was thirteen or so, Anna actually read some of the prophecies the other slaves had been quoting her. Sure she'd free her people, but she'd also sacrifice half her body to rage and honor, and survive far too long as a cyber-conversion tyrant, worse than the slave owners she deposed before the cycle would eliminate her, too. Her reaction was a simple: "fuck that". She had no interest in being today's chosen one nor tomorrow's villain. She fled to the desert, and unless you knew her well, or were a trained psi-assassin yourself, you'd think she was just another junker.

Mount TCB

One of the most important pilgrimage sites for Elvis worshippers is located a few hundred miles south of Shallowside, out in the deep desert. A mountain the color of sherbet ice cream has been carved into a monolithic bust of a smirking, confident human indistinguishable from the legendary Elvis Aaron Presley. Carbon dating places the carving at 2 million years old at a minimum, long before Terran humanity even developed culture. Devotees of Elvis believe that this enigmatic sculpture is proof their rockin' messiah was preordained. They come to Mount TCB to play a session in one of the clubs at the mountain's foot, to meditate a bit and leave an offering.

There's a small, thriving community of Elvis worshippers encircling the mountain. There are temples, hostels and bandshells for the pilgrims. Everything, even the most humble store front, is sheathed in polished white marble and ostentatious gilding, tacky and bright and clean. ***Lemmy Vegas*** (NG male Human Bard 10) runs the galactically-famed ***School of Holy Impersonation,*** a training academy for Elvis' faithful, which turns out celebrated bards as well as some genuinely passionate clerics. Vegas and company are abolitionists – they'd like to see the Twistellis overthrown, but until that day comes, they buy as many slaves as they can afford and free them. Much of Mount TCB's population are former slaves, most zealously dedicated to the rockin' religion that freed them.

The Twistellis know, or at least strongly suspect that Vegas' crew are behind abolitionist raids, and are using rock n' roll to counter their long term

strategy of brainwashing the slave caste. What the Twistellis don't know is that the School of Holy Impersonation has an extensive subbasement level to house escaped slaves. Nor do the Twistellis realize that Mount TCB is hollow and a storehouse for powerful holy relics sacred to the star-cult of Elvis. Vaults within are open to believers of good alignment, who convincingly perform one of Elvis' greatest hits, and know his lifestory backwards and forwards. Students of Vegas' school who show courage and wish to fight directly are usually well armed, garbed in high collared power armor jump suits and blue suede combat boots.

The Old Soul (NG male Jesus Clone Cleric of Elvis 18) maintains the secret armories and temples deep within Mount TCB. Dressed in white satin robes, open at the chest, and with a long grey beard hanging past his knees, this theatrical,

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jolly old man looks like the archetypical wizard. He's old, visibly so, but nobody imagines how old he really is. He predates the creation of his cloned species by centuries, and talks intelligently about things that happened back on Old Earth as early as the 1980s. The Old Soul probably was the Risen Elvis that the tabloids back in the day talk about. His existence is as much of a mystery as the holy mountain he guards.

Ganaden

Testorites literally erupt from the barren, rocky soil of the desert planet **Ganaden.** Ganaden is hung between two stars, a burnt sienna dwarf and a hot yellow main sequence furnace. About three times Earth's mass, Ganaden's largest continent is mostly desert; the rest is arid savannah. Ganaden is a crucible. Ganaden is a High Gravity world of Extreme Environmental Heat.

There's only a few sites of interest on Ganaden. There's a huge arena, possibly the largest bloodsports arena in the known galaxy, where especially bold Testorites match their wits and blades against their brothers. There's a spaceport, where 'newbie' Testorites can find passage off world, once they feel confident enough to leave the planet of their 'rebirth'. There's whorehouses by the ton, staffed by attractive xeno-girls from across the galaxy, because they know that Testorites are sexually insatiable, great lovers, and generous tippers. And because most Testorites were big readers in their past lives, there are quite a few good book stores and media-shops on planet somewhere.

Ganaden is a place for newly emerged Testorites to test the limits of their new bodies and become comfortable with their instinctive gift for violence. There are native xeno-predators to battle, virginities to lose, and rivalries to spark with other newborn Testorites. When a Testorite feels he's ready (which usually happens quickly, because the race is nothing if not confident), he finds his way to Ganaden's one space port and starts wandering the galaxy. Spacers looking to hire mercs usually make landfall on Ganaden. Getting a 'newbie' Testorite on your side is a bargain in mercenary terms – these guys will fight forever if the cause is right, for a fraction of what it'd cost you to get a combat 'bot assembled.

The Bald Taco

The Bald Taco is a fairly famous bordello on Gandaden where a lot of young Testorites lose their virginities. The place is a raucous and wild joint with alien bands playing hot jazz mixes, and beautiful, tough girls. All the women are ***Hunters of the Cosmos***, resting up and enjoying love and training between crusades. The back rooms are a temple to the War Mother, where after a night of enthusiastic sweat, young Testorites get their first glimpses of cosmic mysteries. The roof and upper levels of the mud-brick building are a stable for Ptarn. Young Testorites with gold dust to spare might purchase a mount and learn to fly it here.

Standing Stones In the Desert

Ganaden is a raw, rugged world. Most of the planet is killing desert, with only the most basic pockets of civilization scattered about.

The Dragon Zone

Far to the west of Port Corbin, species of dragon long since extinct in the wider galaxy breed and rule the desert. Feral, bloodthirsty ***blue dragons***, and aristocratic and badly outnumbered ***brass dragons*** dominate the deserts and sun-baked mudflats guarding the sole reliable paths to the Corvette Forest.

The Corvette Forest

Somewhere, way, way, way out past the western wastes, where Ganaden's ozone layer is all but non-existent, and the rad-storms can kill even the strongest Testorite wanderer, there's rumors of a ***starship forest.*** This product of wild bio-tech grows cellulose and ironwood light corvettes and FTL yachts. More than a few Testorites have taken their first steps off world in a cellulose star-corvette rather than hopping a commercial flight out of Port Corbin.

These bio-organic starships are usually Tier II or Tier III Explorers or Transports with the Yggdrasil Wood template applied.

The Krantil Mesa

Quite a few Testorites eventually return to the world of their (re)birth on pilgrimage to Krantil. It's the Testorite marrying place. Testorites might be attracted to pretty, virginal girls and cute, helpless space princesses, but they only ever marry fellow warriors. If a Testorite's bride-to-be is not already a hunter-killer, the Testorite returns here to make her one.

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The Krantil Mesa is a flat plane of acid yellow rock a mile wide, its unnaturally smooth surface laser-cut with crop circle designs that flare with amber power after suns-set. All Testorites instinctively know the ritual to awaken the Krantil Mesa's power.

The Krantil Ritual

A Testorite can bring his bride here to share his own power and training with her. The ritual commences at suns-set and ends at First Dawn. The Testorite's bride, who must have no heroic class levels, practices with the provided weapon and dances while the Testorite performs the ritual. At the ritual's climax, the bride loses her original racial traits and becomes an Estrogyte (a rare, female Testorite)

The Testorite must provide similar arms and equipment to those he most commonly uses, as well as sacrifice precious gems with value equal to 1,000 GP x his total character level. These gems are powdered and used to make sand paintings during the ritual. At the ritual's climax, the Testorite groom receives a permanent negative level, which cannot be removed.

The gay minority of the Testorite race is looking for the place on planet where a similar ritual can transform a young groom. Their instincts tell them this location exists, possibly to the far north, but no explorer has yet found this wonder.

The Blazing Sword

The Kantril Mesa is lit by the strange, eternal flames of a goliath sword trapped forever within a blood-red monolith. No force has ever drawn this 18-meter-lon, muglti-ton blade from the stone it is trapped in…. despite the imaginative and often destructive efforts of the local Testorites.

The Blazing Sword is the weapon of a long-extinct super-warrior, a towering robot the size of a skyscraper formed from multiple smaller mecha. Once, between the time when the Brightstar Order fell and the rise of technological humanity, this great war-mech fought against galactic darkness. Some claim the giant was betrayed by one of its pilots or fell to Psyren machinations. Finding the deactivated components of the fallen metal giant might be the first step to freeing the Blazing Sword and reforming the legendary defender.

Port Corbin

This dilapidated, dust-covered set of Quonset huts and rough, ferro-crete landing strips is the only official way on or off Ganaden. Dust storms occasionally knock out landing for days at a time. Of course, since most of Ganaden is fairly flat and the world has no orbital defense-net, there's nothing stopping smugglers or adventurers from making unrecorded landings somewhere out in the desert.

Port Corbin supports a tiny trading post. Several used weapons dealers and cut-rate armorers peddle military surplus to Testorites wanting weapons before heading off world. Selection is extremely limited, prices are high (and usually based on credit rather than cash up front) and reliability is poor, but young Testorites usually don't have many better options. Most of the traders here are Proximites, and none of 'em are trust-worthy, and they're the main reason the otherwise big-hearted Testorites seem standoffish and cold around the fast-talking little technopaths.

"The Pumper"

The relic that Testorites have nicknamed "The Pumper" is a 60 story tall hydraulic system, resembling an endlessly turning oil derrick. The Pumper is built to a massive scale, out of gigantic slabs of a bronze-like alloy, covered in ancient alien runes and glyphs, and studded with white-hot rivets.

The Pumper is a (most likely) a Great Engine, similar to the ones found on **Corlyss** and **Yandell**. Unlike the relics on those worlds, which go unexplored or are tightly guarded, the Testorites are smart enough to realize the potential value in the ancient mega-device. Testorites are endlessly curious – a puzzle as good as The Pumper was practically designed to capture the race's attention. Scientists from around the galaxy have been invited to Ganaden to study the device, with little success. The slowly churning Pumper remains as enigmatic now as it was when the first Testorite to wake on the world discovered it, many centuries ago.

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Genoskar

Millions of years ago, Genoskar's orbit was the site of a cataclysmic battle which scarred the world and forever changed the course of its evolution. Geologic traces indicate the world once had an Earth like biosphere with a diversity of native fauna. Then something brought down a ***Gigastar Rogue*** above the planet, and it fell into the world's gravity well. The continent-sized beast impacted with meteoric force, thrusting Genoskar into a global ice age that lasted an eon.

Modern Genoskar is a quake-riven land of razor-sharp obsidian mountains and fungal forests that grow between, around and through the petrified corpses of long-extinct trees. It is an ugly world, survivable by particularly well armed or prepared humanoids, but still perilous. Though broken by the titanic impact, the goliath dragonfly-like xeno-predator's corpse has not and cannot decay. It looms mountainous over a broken landscape, half buried in an impact crater nearly ten thousand miles long.

As Genoskar's ecosystem gradually reasserted itself, newly evolved species were fundamentally warped by unearthly energies and ichors sluicing from the fallen Rogue's carcass. All native animal life has the ***Insectoid*** template applied (Horrors of the Multiverse). Scattered tribes of primitive ***Mantids*** with a rudimentary hunter-gatherer culture lair within the cavernous guts of the slain Gigastar Rogue. These feral, cannibalistic primitives have mastered ***Brightstar Lens*** technology, which occurs naturally, as part and parcel of their evolutionary lineage. They hunt with spears of honey-colored hard-light, and use imagination-powered weapons to survive against Genoskar's aggressive, lethal insectoid alpha predators.

Gunbarrel

Gunbarrel is Genoskar's only surviving moon, out of the pair it once had. While one side in the great war fielded ***Gigastar Rogues*** and other bio-tech ***Brightstar Order*** weapons, their opponent trusted to a hard-tech supergun. This planet-sized weapon could snuff and ignite suns: induced novas burnt the skies and created the Vast Galactic Desert. Eventually, both the nova-gun and a Gigastar engaged each other in this system, and both fell. The

Gigastar's corpse fell to the world below, while the wreckage of the nova-gun crashed onto the airless moon.

Gunbarrel is buried in continental sheets of wreckage. Burnt and twisted metal stretches from horizon to horizon, the remains of a weapon of incalculable power. Though the technology behind the nova-gun is millions of years out of date, it has never been equaled. WARSTAR, the Corporate Command, and other factions have all sent out preliminary mapping expeditions and automated probes to explore the wreckage. The dangers of the Vast Galactic Desert, and the sheer distance from civilized space, means no organized salvage efforts have ever been attempted. Aside from a few tech-scavengers, who lack the infrastructure to fully explore Gunbarrel's plenty and don't really know what they're dealing with, the ruined weapon is fairly unspoiled. A trove of secrets and weapons tech for the first people to actually land on Gunbarrel with the will and the labor force to explore the depths.

Goldshaft

Goldshaft is a temple of egotism: named for the world's owner, the multi-trillionaire recluse, ***Dr. Henreich Von Goldschaft.*** Von Goldschaft (LE male Human Alchemist 14) served multiple terms as the Command's Secretary of Commerce, and is considered gently retired. The old money-maker spent years obsessed with putting the galaxy on the gold standard – the gleam of the metal was practically a fetish for the old coot. He bought Goldshaft because not only was the remote desert planet rich in subterranean gold deposits, its metal-flake sands gleamed golden thanks to pyrite inclusions.

The old trillionaire is surrounded by his adult children and his servants – dutiful and obedient clones dressed in striking black and gold uniforms. His Synths and androids bear gleaming, polished golden hulls rather than pseudo-skin. Von Goldschaft is still a power broker: his lavish dinner banquets attract the galaxy's wealthiest and most influential men, and a single word from the old miser can shape public policy for generations.

To shape policy more directly, his black operatives employ "***Goldshaft Machines***" – in their inactive states, these devices are little golden marbles. Throw one down, and the golden sphere rapidly expands and unfolds into a beautiful, Synth woman with luxurious blond hair, dressed in a highly revealing golden gown. These Synths have a fully human appearance, and their advanced systems are undetectable as mechanical, allowing them to pass anywhere. The inactive marble state is similarly undetectable.

All Goldshaft Machines function as LN female Synth Rogue 6 for up to 48 hours before a self-destruct disintegration circuit activates. They are equipped with a variety of concealed weapons, everything from mono-fiber garrote wires hidden in their finger tips to high yield laser emitters concealed in their nipples.

Over the last few months, mysterious female assassins have murdered some of the galaxy's wealthiest businessmen and highly placed Command politicians in their bedrooms, disintegrating themselves to untraceable dust after each kill. Nobody knows where the seductive suicide-killers are coming from: is it a Space Mafia crime spree, a WARSTAR terrorist plot, insidious homosexual terrorism from Starborn System or worse? No one has connected the common thread among all the victims: they all opposed Von Goldschaft's galactic gold standard. The Command doesn't realize that WARSTAR has lost several Kommisars to mysterious assassins. Both sides blame the other, pushing the galaxy closer to all out warfare.

Why the sudden urgency in the old man's schemes?
Two reasons.

First and most importantly, Von Goldschaft's aging, flabby body is finally failing. He fully intends to transfer his consciousness into a new, nearly indestructible Synth warframe. But Von Goldschaft is worried how much of his vital essence will survive the transfer. He wants to settle all debts while he is still able, as himself, not a ROM-hack of his memory running on extraordinary hardware.

The second answer is ***Asteroid AU-61251310147.*** This planet-sized asteroid has just entered the galactic plane, near the Trench Space DMZ. The asteroid holds more gold than the half the galaxy – an economic gamechanger in Von Goldschaft's obsessive mind. The trillionaire is gathering his personal forces to take the asteroid, before either The Command or WARSTAR can claim it, and his murders are clearing the way for the mission.

Gornn

Gornn is a High Gravity desert world in a sector of space filled with hotly radioactive super-giant red stars. Gornn is inhospitable and treacherous. Most of the world's animals are nocturnal, and burrow deep for protection from the lethal heat of the day. Plants are low-growing and tenacious, and jealously guard their water with projectile thorns and cruel toxins.

Reptilian and crocodilian CE and CN Anthro Barbarians 4-8 (mixed with ***Lizardfolk*** and similar beings) prowl the few rivers. These reptilians are low tech savage with only the most rudimentary civilization, lacking the culture and brain power other Anthro races take for granted. What they do have, however, are a variety of survial mutations that make them damn hard to kill and enough poison-tipped spears to slaughter virtually anything that encroaches their territory.

Gornn is a forgotten, obscure world with little to recommend it. Except one thing: there is a sacred artifact half-buried in a sacred canyon far to the North. This artifact is long sought by spacers, worth trillions, and is one of the magical artifacts described in ***Enchantments of the Multiverse.*** Which one? That's up to the local game-master, but I suggest the ***Shaping Spindle***. Gornn's reptilian Anthros refuse to set foot in the sacred and haunted canyon, and cruel wars ending in cannibalistic genocide have been fought over which tribe of savages has control over the canyon on any given day.

Kraix

The pink sands of the tiny, oxygenated moon Kraix are bathed in deadly, mind-melting energies. Kraix is infamous in spacer lore – especially sadistic captains maroon mutinous crew on Kraix, knowing that even if a castaway is smart or tough enough to survive the desert, before long he won't want to.

Forge Four is the only thing that passes for civilization on planet. It's basically a Pleasure Weapons fabrication foundry set up in some specially insulated Quonset huts near one of the world's few drinkable oasis. Anytime somebody ventures out onto the surface, they're wrapped in a Pleasure-proofed encounter suit and accompa-

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nied by a robot companion who hustles them back to shelter if they start acting squirrelly.

Forge Four is a slave operation, run by the ***Space Mafia***. Slaves earn increasing 'unprotected' visits to the desert for completing their tasks and time served. Twenty-four months assembling *tasp pistols* earns you either a spaceship berth off-world or an unescorted trip into the deep, orgasmic desert. About 99.9% of the slaves choose the desert.

The Pleasure Deserts (CR 5)

In addition to the normal heat dangers associated with a deep desert, Kraix is bathed in pleasure radiation. Crynian iron deposits are found throughout the deep desert, jet black against pink rock, magnifying and collecting this dangerous energy.

Each hour spent in the Pleasure Desert, living creatures must succeed at a WILL Save or suffer 1d8 points of Pleasure damage, or 1d10 points of Pleasure damage in the deep deserts. The base WILL Save is DC 10 + 1 per each hour spent in the Pleasure Deserts. Being near an especially large deposit of *Crynian Iron ore* adds +2 to the WILL Save DC, making miners especially vulnerable to the desert's pretty peril.

A successful use of the Survival skill can grant the character, and possibly other characters a bonus on this WILL Save. This use of Survival functions identically to Survival skill checks made to survive conventional desert or other hostile environments.

Locard

From an orbital approach, Locard has the gnarled, convoluted texture of brain tissue. Locard is a brown and amber, sunburnt world of blind box canyons and vast, complex channels. Once upon a time there was water, but the world dried up long before Humanity ever left Old Earth. Over the years, a handful of mining colonies and survey camps have sprung up, but nobody ever stays long. Locard is rich in mineral resources, but the world is too lethally hot and too miserable for long exploitation. The best mines are exclusively Bulk-operated, but even the hulking mechanoids eventually overheat and seize up.

Locard is littered with mummified corpses of miners who succumbed to dehydration and heat exhaustion. Rusting mining equipment and seized-up Bulk carcasses go pale under the lethal sun. Bones and rust. No clouds in a white-blue sky, no mercy.

Some of the blind canyons open into vast underground bunkers of some strange, high-density/low-weight red alien steel. Perhaps the entire world is honey combed with these tunnel. Inside these crimson sepultures, old machines still function perfectly. They hold endless legions of ***Skeletrons*** *(Horrors of the Multiverse)* in perpetual readiness. Occasionally, a small brigade of these implacable machines is activated and sent out to annihilate a mining camp that's gotten too close to an access point. The Skeletrons limit their violence to miners unlucky enough to encounter an access door, choosing to remain concealed from less inquisitive explorers.

Gloria Van Buren has dispatched one of her tech-recovery teams to Locard. This team is made up of highly specialized, more capable Mabel Series Synths. ***"Searcher Mabels"*** are LE female Synth Rogue 8, usually encountered in groups of four. Van Buren's androids are looking for a way to take command of the Skeletron infrastructure on planet; she believes Locard is a major C&C hub for Skeletron activity. She wants to incorporate the slaughter-machines into her Mabel army, eventually ruling as the last and only sentient being, queen of a drone army that used to be the galaxy.

There is a central Skeletron intellect on Locard: a tangle of data and wires at the hollow core of the false planet. It is best described as ***"The Liver/Vital Fundament of the Body"***, an inelegant translation of its function in the dispersed collective consciousness of the Skeletron horde. This intelligence can be best represented as a ***Sentient Mega-corp***. It is aware of Gloria Van Buren and her dreams of conquest; it disregards them. It will absorb Van Buren and her resources, increasing the strength of The Body. The galaxy will be thoughtless and soulless, but the Liver will control it, not a oligarch usurper.

Mixx

When the Psyren Empire fell, Mixx was forgotten. Mixx is an airless, cold, Low Gravity world on the outer orbit of an unremarkable star system. Prospectors and potential colonists have investigated a few other worlds in the system, and there is a marginal human presence, but nothing all that important in the galactic scheme of things.

During the height of Psyren power, Mixx was a storehouse for luxury goods and redundant storage for genetic samples. The world's natural cold and lack of native lifeforms make it an ideal wine cellar for truly ancient Psyren vintages, including strange psycho-active wines only palatable by powerful psions. In addition to a treasure trove of ancient vintages and psi-tech potions, genetic samples for a variety of crops and domesticated animal species await discovery deep inside the cold vaults. Mixx is protected by a cadre of dangerous AI guardians that have slept undisturbed since the last Psyren made her inspection, countless centuries ago.

Pharos

Pharos is a stark azure desert world orbiting a blue star.

This ancient world is nearing the end of its life, a place of ruins, dust and relics buried beneath cerulean sands. Massive techno-pyramid complexes scratch at the violet sky, many of which have been long abandoned, their mighty engines still, their workings forgotten by even the descendants of those who first raised the pyramids. The dimension-walking ***Charioteers*** once sojourned on Pharos, during the era of galactic history when these alien master-manipulators were actively manipulating human cultural development. The Charioteers abandoned Pharos eons ago, and allowed their universe-altering machines to decay into uselessness. The ruins of their god-level technological infrastructure lie buried beneath the shifting blue sands.

The largest remaining inhabited and functional city on Pharos is ***Memphis of the Sky.*** The lively, bustling city of several million floats above the crumbling ruins of an earlier world, suspended on a city-sized anti-gravity lifter plate. Most of the inhabitants are humans descended from the an-

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cient Charioteers, or Anthros who immigrated to this remote desert long ago. Tourism and treasure hunters flock to Pharos in their billions, and not all make it back off world alive. Dungeoneering is the chief planetary industry. The local government allow daring (and recklessly dumb) adventurers loot the ancient Charioteers, mortuary megaplexes, long abandoned armories, and enigmatic ruins for the cost of a 'letter of marque' and an informed consent firm itemizing the risk of death or permanent disfigurement at the hands of some antique occult-tech security system.

Memphis of the Sky is a popular port of call for worshippers of the Uncrowned King, since it is named for not only one of the greatest cities of the ancient world, but also to one of the great cities of the (only slightly less) old American South. The greatest Temple of the Uncrowned King outside The Nashville Fortress on ***Rebel Yell*** is found in on the city's southern edge. The temple's district is called the ***American Quarter,*** by the locals, despite the fact that the term doesn't really apply.

Pharos was one of the few worlds to accept Anthro refugees from Earth during the Second Coming. Anthros whose phenotypes corresponded most closely to Egyptian myth found wealth and fame here. Anthros from other animal heritages, or those with no interst in adopting Neo-Egyptian culture remain on the bottom rung of the social ladder. Many of these second-class Anthros subsist as smugglers, drug dealers and street criminals. The thriving Anthro colony occupies much of Memphis of the Sky's eastern sector, and is referred to as the ***Animal's Quarter.***

Other parts of the city are the ***Common Quarter***, which remains the city's primary residential district; and the ***Market Quarter***, it's commercial heart. The Market Quarter is equal parts seedy and miraculous, as it caters to the adventurers and tourists. The Market Quarter is crowded with bars, bordellos and shops – occult-tech weapons and armor are sold openly, though such devices much be peace-bonded while within the city's confines. High-end dealers of varying repute trade in ancient artifacts, and a lucky find can make an adventurer rich beyond the standard-issue dreams of avarice.

D6	The Seller	Their Obsessions	Their Weapons
1	Archimedes Dhole (LE male Free Spacer Wizard 16), a crippled and embittered man who never gets up from his desk	Obsessed with *Second Iteration* artifacts, and suspect the Charioteers only rose to glory on the shoulders of these lost giants	Hires a motely crew of bounty hunters to chase down thieves (and reluctant sellers)
2	Polluk N'Karr (LN male Anthro Alchemist 6), known for holding to the letter of an agreement	Obsessed with a bizarre conspiracy theory that speculates that the Syrions have been manipulating mankind… under the directions of the *Administratium*	Pays off every orphan kid in the Market Quarter to act as their eyes
3	Vaxillin Fhaze (N female Free Spacer Expert 8), intensely curious and over-talkative, caught the 'archeology bug' on world	Believes that there is lost Psyren tech on Pharos that made all the newer Charioteer shit function	They keep a hulking, silent monster statistically similar to a *Lifespawn Despot* on retainer as a trouble shooter!
4	Memhet Pointclix (LN male Human Rogue 7), angry at the outsiders pillaging Neo-Egyptian lost glories	Obsessed with profit above all. Buy low (really low), sell high and cheat as much as you can get away with.	They have deep connections to the Corporate Command military and can use soldiers and resources as they see fit
5	Kassandra (LE female Psyren Telepath 6), who engages in manipulative battles of wits with sellers and customers alike	Obsessed with cracking Charioteer gene-tech, believing that long- buried secrets are hidden within the human genome	A sentient, airborne version of the *Ender* follows them around like an attack dog and kills upon command
6	Casseopia Whyle (the same person as Kassandra, under another identity) seemingly a benevolent grandmother of more than 18 adult kids	Believes that Jesus Christ manifested somewhere on Pharos long before either the First or Second Coming and seeks proof and holy relics	Money. One of the richest fuckers on Pharos, and can buy anyone they need

Satanic History

Luke Fallseeker (LE male Human Wizard 13) is a renowned and well-respected Cosmic Satanist xeno-archaeologist, who has spent the last few decades prowling the Vast Galactic Desert in search. In search of what? Proof that the prior to its eternal imprisonment in the ***Prison Zone,*** the ***Abaddon Horde*** battled the Brightstar Order in this sector, and that mythic echoes of the battle reached pre-technological earth. This legendary conflict spawned the myth-cycles and tales of divine damnation that germinated the Imperial Church of the Galaxy, the very faith that Cosmic Satanists that Fallseeker battle against. His ultimate goal is to find something beneath the burning sands that allows him to finally, and forever, unmake ICG culture.

Fallseeker's expeditions seek tangible proof of the Abaddon Horde's presence in the Vast Galactic Desert: records of battles, reliable eye-witness testimony from the few surviving immortals of the era, buried fortresses or long-forgotten mass graves. It's meticulous and tedious work, made more complicated by the presence of so damn many amateur treasure hunters and grave robbers. The fact that most Abaddon Horde tech slowly and inexorably corrupts the discoverer is an additional, and often lethal complication.

Fallseeker is willing to pay well for reputably sourced, extensively documented finds. He knows how to safely handle Abaddon technology, as well as other xeno-hazards, with decades of experience in the field. He's a good source of intel, always willing to trade information with other scholars. Provided, of course, they meet his standards of professionalism. Fallseeker does not deal with idiots, nor with slash and burn tomb raiders.

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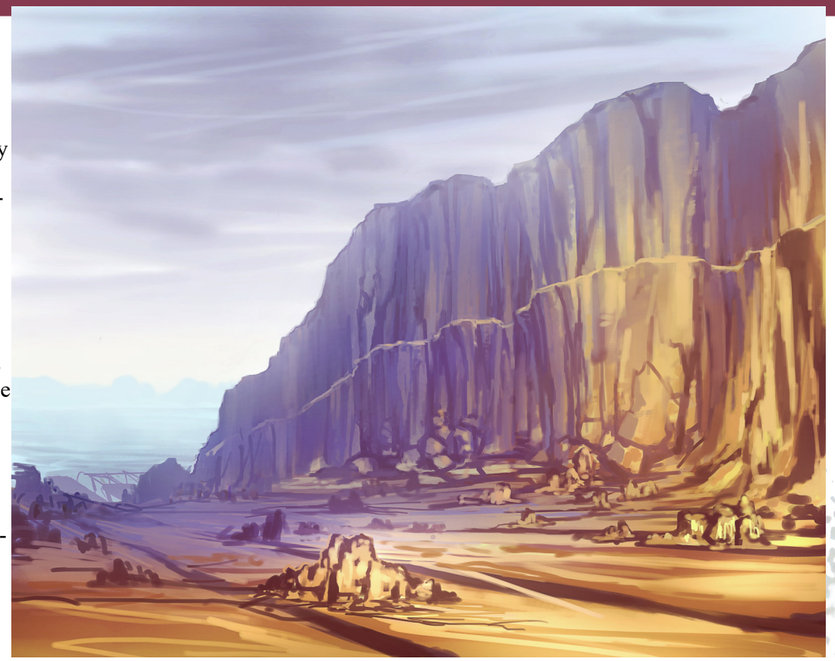
Redstone



Redstone is a small mining colony on an inhospitable, rust-colored world deep within the Vast Galactic Desert. Strip mining and deep shafts produce a bounty of gold, platinum, uranium and rare earth minerals useful to the electronics industry. Redstone is rough, but the collectively owned mines make the workers very rich. Civilization is centered around a single string of independent mining camps following the steep central range of the northern continent.

The new mining camp represents the second time Redstone was settled. The first attempt was made over fifty years back, and ended about how you'd guess: no survivors. Hideous, flesh-hungry super-predators spend most of their existence in deep hibernation, waking every 27th year to feed and to breed. The slumbering predators awakened a few years after Redstone was first colonized, devouring every breathing mammal on world before sinking back into their sleep of ages. The cycle repeated again, exactly 27 winters later, but there were only automated cameras left to record the feeding frenzy.

The Redstone miners know the cycle from history, and have built fortified ferro-concrete bunkers to protect themselves from the swarm. A huge digital countdown timer in every barracks gives a day, hour, minute and second read-out until the next swarm. Except for an all-volunteer custodial staff left behind to guard the bunkers, and prevent claim jumpers from taking over the temporarily abandoned mines, all miners will lift off-world no fewer than –48:00 hours from swarm.

The coming swarm can include any insectoid creature you want to include. Typically, huge swarms of non-sapient Vermin are controlled by a ***Broodgeneral*** *(HOTM1).* ***Seasonal Hunters*** *(HOTM2)* can arise, feeding and torturing alongside the brute swarm to spread additional terror. Oh, and one more thing. The last two recorded swarms were relatively minor. Conditions are perfect this time: the coming swarm will be several orders of magnitude worse than the miners expect.

And it's going to kick off a week sooner than expected.

Some of the prominent mining camps on planet include:

Black Aces Mine, an Afro-Futurist operation that isn't planning to evacuate at all. Their bunker HQ is twice as fortified and ten times as well armed as the next best. They're paranoid that if they evac the mostly white miners in the other camps will jump their claim.

Dixon Drilling, Kalie Dixon's (NE female Human Ranger 8) grandparents died when Redstone was first colonized. She's part of the volunteer guard force, but her men worry she's more concerned with evening the score against dumb bugs than protecting the company's stake.

Solitude Heavy Metals, a mostly Free Spacer crew. They've contracted with the Command biosciences department to rent space to a xeno-biologist team in their bunker HQ during the upcoming swarm. The guys who are getting left behind are already regretting it. The scientists are major assholes.

Striker Mining, mostly Human miners, veterans of multiple operations, all of whom pooled their resources to buy the mine and equipment. Idealist, blue collar revolutionaries, who hate the megacorps and the Command. They've heard about the Command egg-heads bunking over at Solitude, and are thinking about a little vigilante justice when the swarm hits.

Rest and Be Thankful

Rest and Be Thankful is a scorching desert hellpit benath a red super-giant, home to an assortment of semi-reptilian monsters and unimaginebly toxic fauna. Rest and Be Thankful's human population certainly wasn't there by choice. A massive colony ship was sucked through a hyper-spatial warp and crash-landed on the hell-world during the early days of the 22nd Century. Made up almost exclusively of cloned and genetically augmented Jehovah's Witnesses fleeing the furry-dominated, sinful Earth, the planet's population was cut off from wider galactic contact for more than two thousand years.

During the intervening 2,300 years, the population devolved, losing what little technology they were able to salvage from the crash. Their religion got more and more puritanical, with the survivors convinced they were exiled here for some unspecified sins: Rest and Be Thankful was mythologized as a circle of Hell itself. Today, the tech level is roughly Victorian-level, though the occasional blaster pistol might still help a local village strongman hold power. These relics are more than two millennia old and carefully maintained by the cargo-cults that have sprung up around them.

The ICG contacted Rest's natives recently, thinking that a Christian-derived colony would welcome them as colonizers and liberators. The half-dozen murdered and mutilated ICG Evangelists crucified in the streets proved the Imperial Church couldn't be more wrong. Despite the native's hostility, the ICG is **very** interested in the world.

Though Rest and Be Thankful has been lost to the galaxy for nearly 24 centuries, the natives have independently discovered belief-driven occult-technology. More interestingly, at least two Jesus Clones have been spontaneously virgin-born on planet. No one knows why or how.

The elder of the two Jesus Clones is known as ***First General Archibald Quintilla-Perez*** (LE male Jesus Clone Cleric (auto-deification) 15), who is leading a brutal "Reglorification Crusade" and has already conquered much of the war-torn world. He is an unrepentant fascist who is intrigued by star-travel and what he's learned of the ICG's galactic reach and power structure. Before killing the missionaries, he tortured every bit of useful intelligence out of them. This knowledge has awakened Quintinilla-Perez' ambitions and his greed. If he can convince the ICG to send a Naval Task Force to Rest and Be Thankful, as he hopes his atrocities will spur, Quintilla-Perez has a solid plan to take the ships. From there, galactic conquest is only another small step. After all, is he not the Only Begotten Son of the Lord?

The younger of the two Jesus Clones is a pre-teen girl who answers only to ***Casey*** (NG trans-female Jesus Clone Rogue 1/Oracle 2). She hides among the poor of ***Paul's Barrow***, the largest settlement on-planet, built alongside the ruins of the crashed vessel that brought humanity to Rest and Be Thankful. Casey uses her natural gifts and sorcerous miracles to care for the Barrow's poor and hungry – she's saved thousands of lives already,

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one at a time and face to face. She occasionally touches her ‘sibling’s’ mind, and he hers. As a result, the ***First General*** has his army hunting the young saint relentlessly, and she stays barely one step ahead of pursuit by luck even more than skill. Casey could hide more easily if she kept her powers under wraps, but walking away when somebody needs help isn’t her style.

Sethzan

Sethsis was ruined during the Great Galactic Dark Ages, but where other species rebuilt, Sethzinians grew to like the rubble. They established a new normal of competing gangs, blood feuds and intimidation. The world’s stayed post-apocalyptic for a couple thousand years now, and nobody’s in any hurry to improve things.

Sethzeninian warlords regularly toss fusion-bombs and micro-nukes at their rivals – the ecological damage is worsening by the week. Only the sheer, stubborn toughness of the Sethzinian species makes Sethzan ‘habitable’ and that’s only if you stretch the definition of habitable a little. Finding spare parts, or even enough to eat, is damn near impossible. So Sethzinians are masters of jury-rigging and making do, and nobody on-world’s got a cannibalism taboo. Considering most of the restaurants on-planet are BBQ joints, visiting spacers should take a couple minutes to think over the implications.

Sethzan is a roiling cauldron of post-apocalyptic gang warfare. The toughest gang-bosses can be represented by the ***Sethzinian Star Ripper*** stat-block. You can roll in this chart to flesh out some of these drugged-out, ultra-violent thugs.

Sectis

Sectis is a harsh planet that is mostly desert, an eco-system near the end of its lifecycle. The planet’s remaining settlements are grown organically, like termite mounds or bee hives, but on a scale suitable for humanoids. Sectis is home to a race of insect-hybrid humanoids known as ***Mantids***, a breed adaptable and fit enough to survive in the blasted, burning wastes.

Sectis is a Normal Gravity world, but is practically a double planet. It’s single moon ***Noctis*** is nearly sixty percent of Sectis’ mass, and the moon’s eccentric orbit brings it into the planet’s atmosphere multiple times each year. Both Sectis and Noctis are inhabited by rival Mantid nations: when the black moon dips low into the atmosphere is called the ‘warring season’. Mantids riding ***Brightstar Apis*** and other flight-capable bonded insects soar between the twin planets, conquering territory and settling ancient blood feuds. The Mantids of Sectis are primarily derived from beetle, and bee phenotypes, and bio-bond with similar insectoid partners. Those of Noctis are often wasp, ant and spider phenotypes with fitting bio-bonded partners.

Sectis has fallen far from its glory days. At the dawn of galactic history this dying world was home to the ***Brightstar Order.*** Only relics of this ancient glory remain: a handful of towering hive-skyscrapers made out of some strange alien material that might be solidified golden honey, ultra-light, gilded titanium or solidified light itself or perhaps all three of these at once. These indestructible monoliths have become the palaces of Mantid royalty and generals, rising out of the waste and squalor. Vast, overcrowded cities of mud, wax and plaster rise against the gleaming walls of these old towers. Native technology has been knocked back to roughly feudal levels. The few bits of high technology on world are either off-world imports or relics of an earlier era.

Brightstar technology litters the sands, a few bits of which are still functional. Sectis and Noctis remain the only worlds in the galaxy while functional ***Brightstar Lenses*** can still be found – tech-scavengers and curiosity seekers flock to Sectis in search of these valuable ultra-weapons. Several archeological camps, which spring up regardless of the locals’ feelings about off-worlder exploitation of their heritage, attempt to survive on the harsh double-world.

D6	Warlord’s Name	What’s Going On With Their Gang	Do They Matter Off World?
1	“One Armed” Jakkur, nearly a century old and massively scarred	Skins their own gang members alive if they screw up	Trades gang rivals to the ***Bleakmoon Tyrant*** as slaves
2	“Titfuk” Krylla, a rare female gang-boss, utterly merciless	Specializes in airborne assaults on the backs of ***Ptarns*** and a few rusty Star Hawgs	No off-worlder connections, small- time and too stupid to realize it
3	“Pube” Yert, a teenaged Sethie sociopath with a terrifying reputation	The motley survivors of a handful of destroyed gangs, barely holding it together	Recently stole several dozen new Star Hawgs from the ***Space Mafia***
4	“Biter” Vertt, half-lycanthrope due to some bad drugs	A bunch of savage, superstitious idiots into human sacrifice and ritualized torture	The gang is on mega-corp retainer as dumb, disposable muscle
5	“Corker” Nakk, fascinated by occult-tech even if he’s too stupid to use it correctly	The gang got ahold of a ***Gunbreaker Mecha*** somehow and use it to expand their territory	Recently kidnapped an ***ICG Mega- Pope*** and are holding him for ransom/as a lucky totem
6	“Shakker” Hurk, smarter than average, educated on a Mafioso world	New gang, broken off from a larger and tougher clan and fighting for survival	Does wetwork for an Corporate Command politician, but recently screwed up a job so badly the press caught wind

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Both worlds are plagued by lethal insectoid lifeforms, often the long abandoned creations of the Brightstar Order. Vermin of every description are common. ***Juggernaut Worms*** make the deep deserts a suicidal gamble, while ***Broodgeneral*** link swarms of ordinary insects into lethal and rapacious hordes capable of stripping entire regions bare in just a few days.

Mantlo

Mantlo is one of the largest kingdoms on *Sectis*, though most of its population is clustered around a handful of tiny, walled cities. The largest of these, the capitol city ***Sunhive,*** is built around an ancient Brightstar relic that provides the city with electricity. Mantlo is ruled by the ***Hereditary Queen Texhara*** (LN venerable female Mantid Aristocrat 12), an aged and failing monarch whose glory days are long in the past. As her health worsens, various court figures vie for power. The Hereditary Queen's bio-bonded Apis died years ago; she longs to see her great beast again and waits for death. She is lost to age and increasing melancholy.

Of the scheming courtiers, ***General Kar-Rex*** (LE male Mantid Cavalier 15) has the greatest chance of taking the Hexagonal Throne, despite the fact the sky-hunting general is marked by the brownish chitin of a low-born. General Kar-Rex is popular with his troops, and significantly more innovative than the norm for Mantlo's military. He makes good use of flight-capable bonded insects, including his own vicious Brightstar Apis mount, *Slaughterwing*, and deals with the xeno-archeologists plundering Sectis' past for modern guns and military communications tech. He's got an edge that no other military on Sectis can match.

Texeria

There are a lot of good reasons to come to Texeria: an abundance of petrochemicals and rare-earth metals, raw Fuelon, and exotic xeno-drugs which can easily be distilled from local sources. Texeria is rich with opportunity, but coming here is a risk. The desert continent was ruined by the long-ago wars which mutilated this space sector. Relentless, territorial ***Juggernaut Worms*** rule the dunes; only the rocky mountain spines offer a modicum of protection.

Texeria is littered with the ruined skeletons of ancient Mantid cities, now home only to vermin and monstrosities. A handful of ***Mantid*** tribes eke out a subsistence living at a handful of hotly contested oasis, their technological baseline knocked back to the Bronze Age. These throwbacks distill the addictive, empowering ***Power Honey*** from the secretions of the great worms, and trade it to off worlders in exchange for modern weapons and conveniences.

The largest human habitation in Texeria's wastes is the mobile fortress-city, ***Alamo.*** Alamo is statistically a War City Kaiju *(HOTM2),* designed in imitation of a miles-long beetle. Alamo strides across the dunes, only its formidable weapons array and incredible piston-driven power allowing it to survive endless warfare against the Juggernaut Worms. Alamo drives into the deepest sectors of the desert, constantly seeking out pre-cataclysm Brightstar Order technology and high-value xeno-mineral deposits. Often, all the explorers find are sun-bleached ruins and snapping, endlessly hungry mandibles.

The Domain of Night

The greatest military and political power on *Noctis* is the Domain of Night. The Domain is a interlinked warren of low hives and burrows stretching across much of the moons, forming a rough series of concentric spirals around the capitol city of ***Grand Nest.*** Significantly less of Noctis' lands are arable than Sectis', and the Domain of Night survives only due to sheer tenacity, the people's psi-mastery, and periodic raids against Sectis. Roughly half of Noctis' population lacks the ability to form a bio-bond, instead being evolved for psionic aptitude. ***Lifespawn*** adaptations are common and insectoid Anthros have interbred with the native Noctan Mantids longer than history has recorded. The Domain keeps to a mostly nocturnal schedule.

The Domain of Night is ruled by a triumvirate of noble-born warriors from each of the three dominant phenotypes: spider-derived, wasp-evolved and ant-kind. This first among equals in this triumvirate is the fearsome ***Lady Methothel*** (LE female Anthro Alchemist 5/Cryptic 10). Even though she is a full-blooded Anthro of tarantula-like phenotype, and considered hideous by Mantid standards, she is courted by General Kar-Rex. Not out of love nor honest lust, but out of a shared desire for power. A marriage between the two would unify the two worlds, and allow them to rule jointly as the unquestioned military power in the sector. She is torn between her desire for rulership on her own merits and the appeal of the alliance.

The Pupae Moon

This golden cocoon is the size of a small moon, and is visible in the night sky of both Sectis and Noctis. The luminous cocoon contains the slumbering form of a ***Gigastar Rogue***, one of the largest ever recorded. The weapon of last resort for the Brightstar Order, this cosmic parasite-weapon was never used in anger and has rested, inert, for millions of years. The great cocoon could be breached by the re-activation of the ancient machines on Sectis. Finding the correct procedures is a top priority for both General Kar-Rex and Lady Methothel, though they are working on the problem from opposite ends. The shared quest is another mark in favor of their prospective marriage: shared control over one of the most dangerous war-beasts in the galaxy, to serve of the head of their newly formed army of galactic conquest.

Meanwhile, on Sectis, an ambitious and smarter-than-expected shepherd-boy ***Azek*** (NG male Mantid Ranger 2) stumbled onto a ruined Brightstar machine in an out of the way pasture. Taking shelter there during a brutal storm, the boy realized that many of the Brightstar structures still dotting the planet could restore it to its former glory, after an accidental button press stopped the downpour in its tracks. The same "Elder Hives" that could restore the planet could also unleash the Gigastar Rogue. Lady Methothel's spies and psi-witches are tracking the boy.

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Shant

Shant is a desert moon in a forgotten star system, orbiting a massive orange and magenta gas giant. Its storm-tossed sky is filled with a half dozen lifeless, stony moons hanging overhead like omens of death.

Shant is famous for two things and two things only.

The Shipmarket is a haphazard flea-market stretching over 1,500 square miles, encompassing a ramshackle tent city erected every dawn by merchants and scavengers from across the galaxy. You can find any piece of tech you need somewhere in the Shipmarket, provided you look long enough and are willing to haggle a bit. Spacers come from across the galaxy to find archaic weapons systems, hyperdrive components for obscure models of starship, or exactly the part they need to get their junked vessel flying again.

Pickpockets and con-artists are so common that killing them isn't even a crime or a major disruption to business. Most Shipmarket shop owners just drag the laser-burned or mutilated corpses of would-be thieves and pickpockets outside, hose down the floor and resume business. The only law in the Shipmarket comes at the business end of a blaster.

Shant's other major claim to fame are its ***Tome Mounds***. Completely non-electronic and utterly off the galactic grid, the Tome Mounds are one none the less one of the best cultural resources in the galaxy. The Tome Mounds are huge libraries filled with ancient scrolls and illuminated manuscripts scribed onto the finest silks. For a nominal fee, patrons can explore the dusty confines of the subterranean Tome Mounds. The Tome Mounds are tended by a clan of ***Knowledge Ticks***. Swollen with blood and neural tissue sacrificed by would-be patrons, the Knowledge Ticks are enormous, gravid arthropod monstrosities with the heads and shoulders of cheerful, ribbon-wearing school girls. Knowledge Ticks are perpetually chipper, and helpful as research assistants, if you're willing to meet their strange price.

Consulting the Tome Mounds

It requires either a hefty bribe (around 1,000 gp/DC 17) or a sacrifice of nerve tissue (suffering 1d4 points of temporary INT damage) as a donation per day of searching the Tome Mounds. Most patrons just pay the credits.

The Tome Mounds are an invaluable resource, providing a +2d6 equipment bonus on any Knowledge check undertaken within the Mounds. Researching the Tome Mounds requires at least 2d10 hours per check.

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Spakker

Spakker is a dusty shit hole, a sun-scorched desert world barely surviving under the gaze of two mean orange suns. There were a few heavy metal mining operations on planet a century ago, but eventually all the mines played out. It would of cost more to star-lift the equipment off-world than it would to replace it, so the miners left their Quonset huts and earth-boring equipment to sunbleach and rust. Habitation and infrastructure already in place, no matter how rudimentary, made Spakker attractive to pirates and crooks.

Spakker is pretty much neutral. Anybody can land on the quake-pitted ***Western Strip***, set down for repairs, resupply and maybe a few shifts R&R. Various pirate gangs have staked out their own private territory a few short hops from the main settlement (such as it is), a collection of bars, ammo and atmosphere mix merchant stalls and whore houses called ***The Main.***

Meathook Zerai (use the Sethzinian Ship Ripper stat-block) is the leader of ***The Shredder Horde***, largest pirate crew in system, and his word is pretty much the only law on Spakker. A couple of centuries ago, the tough-as-nails Zerai ran with ***Thorgall***, an ex-ganger thug who now is a major ***Black Castro*** power. These days, Meathook Zerai is pretty fucking pissed he's still squatting on a sandy, radioactive rock and Thorgall's gone legit. Zerai is a petty bastard and wants Thorgall brought down to his own shitty level. His crew of sociopaths have been hitting medical frigates and cargo haulers crossing Free Space and Starburn, stealing or scuttling med supplies intended to fight the Ender. He's selling a lot of the take to low rent mercs, dealing with the Space Mafia is too much like real work.

The ***Nazharak Horde***, through its emissary ***Primogen RottingPossum*** has contacted Zerai's gangers. The Horde has recently heard rumors that a certain artifact they're seeking is somewhere in Starburn, presumably under the control of Zerai's old rival. Honeyed words and lavish bribes of plunder stolen from a dozen worlds, fallen to the Horde have convinced Zerai to betray all life to the undead Anthro legion. Gladly. The treasure is secondary, to Meathook Zerai's lust to finally humble his nemesis.

Star Shredder Junker – Tier 8

Large Heavy Freighter
Speed 6 ***Maneuverability*** average (+0 piloting, turn 3)
AC 25 ***TL*** 16
HP 160 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 24
Attacks
forward: heavy nuclear missile launcher, long range, tracking (10 hexes), 10d8, irradiate (medium), limited fire (5)
forward: light torpedo launcher, long range, tracking (16 hexes), 2d8
forward: chain cannon, short range, 6d4, ripper
port: flak thrower, short range, 3d4, point defense (+8)
starboard: flak thrower, short range, 3d4 point defense (+8)
Power Core Arcus Maximum (200 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** 1
Systems L-6 Thrusters, Mk 10 Armor, Mk 3 Countermeasures, Mk 2 Trinode Computer, Sig-

nal Basic Hyperdrive, Advanced Long Range Sensors, T-12 Bullet Drive
Expansion Bays Bar, Brig, Cargo Holds x4, Medical Bay, Recreation Suite (holo-arcade),

Modifiers +0 Piloting, +4 Perception ***Complement*** 15-20

Special
The T-12 Bullet Drive can be activated at the beginning of any Piloting phase. Once activated, it a +12 Hex boost to speed. The starship moves its full speed plus the additional hexes provided by the Bullet Drive on this Piloting Phase. However, the vessel must move its full movement, crashing through any obstacles or hazard present, and cannot turn or take other Piloting actions. In addition, the starship must move straight forward or straight up (as measured from the starship's dorsal surface), and cannot move diagonally. Once fired a Bullet Drive must recharge for 24 hours before it can be used again.

Crew
Gunnery +16, Piloting +15 (12 ranks)

The Shredder Horde are a riotous gang of Sethzinian, Void Orcs and even worse star-scum pressed into service as a pirate crew. They fly low-tech ships converted from civilian cargo and mining vessels. They bolt on ultra-heavy reactive armor plates, strap all the guns and nuclear-tipped torpedoes they can find to hardpoints on the hull, and paint the whole mess in Shredder Horde black and aqua. Their ships are asymmetrical, dirty custom jobs, but despite their crap appearance, they're deadly in a fight. They've got top of the line sensor suites that can spot prey half a solar system away, and a one shot booster drive that lets their Star Shredder Junk pounce like a hunting tiger. The Shredder Horde doesn't have the technical know-how, nor the infrastructure for complex shields, directed energy weapons, nor ECM, so they make do with reliable, field-repairable hard-tech and brute force.

Spicerack

Some ancient cataclysm knocked Spicerack from its original orbit, pushing it out of the habitable zone and close to the system's piss-yellow star. During the closest approach of its new orbit, ground temperatures at the equator reach 145ºF. The world is a scaled desert: endless, monotonous dunes broken only broken by naked rock. The few plants use a complex alchemical process to catalyze water from ambient hydrogen and oxygen molecules, drawing energy from the oven-like ambient heat. Spicerack's plant species protect their precious water from native animals with saber-like thorns and metal-laced bark. ***Juggernaut Worms*** swim through the dunes, feeding on lesser beasts, attracted by their vibrations.

Spicerack was surveyed years ago, but the harsh climate meant it wasn't visited by a manned mission for centuries. Nobody wanted another dangerous ball of sand and rock. Recently, ***MacBeth Defense Solutions*** sent a survey team to Spicerack. The survey team didn't find the ores and fissionables they were looking for, but they finally (and mostly out of boredom) made an in-depth study of the local plant life. The flora's water-creation abilities intrigued MacBeth enough that further missions were authorized. The scientists quickly realized that in addition to unique chemicals and alchemical regents, the reproductive secretions of the Juggernaut Worms could be harvested and refined into a variety of performance-enhancing, life extending, psi-activating 'spices'.

MacBeth has established a harvester operation at Spicerack's southern pole. The mega-corp's on-planet collectors operate out of an "*Apocalypse-rated Pre-Fab Fortress*" capable of withstanding a Juggernaut Worm assault, further protected by the safety of rock. Tank-like harvester units are deployed by aircraft into the deep dunes where the Kaiju-scale worms rut, to gather up the juices, and hopefully return to base without attracting a Juggernaut Worm. Tours on Spicerack are insanely hazardous, but extremely profitable. A good harvester can make himself a multi-millionaire after only surviving half a year. Too bad the tours are 12 standard months long. Despite the risk, Spicerack is a prime assignment among MacBeth Defense Solutions employees.

The harvesting operation is controlled by ***Jordorow MacBeth*** (CE male Human Alchemist 12),

a bookish and unnervingly beautiful son of the fearsome CEO ***Ortsed MacBeth***. Jordorow is too subtle, too effeminate for his father's respect. Instead of inheriting the mega-corp, Jordorow was exiled to Spicerack – he doesn't mind. The rugged world is the perfect place for his alchemical experiments. The young MacBeth knows enough strange chemistry to realize that Spicerack might be more profitable to MacBeth Defense Solution than every gun and war mech the company has produced to date. Selling the various 'spices' could make MDS truly indispensable to the Command elite, and more importantly… give Jordorow the leverage he needs to wrest control of the company from his father. His projections indicate that MDS could make itself the dominant power in the known galaxy within a few centuries selling 'spices'. Jodorow is already preparing the lich ritual for himself, and dreams of ruling a galaxy terminally. addicted to the desert spice.

Stillwater

Striped with lashes of shocking, electric blue against dingy green, this Neptune-sized gas giant provides much of the potable water used throughout the Vast Galactic Desert. Water mine and purification stations encircle the entire upper atmosphere, hanging above the endless storms like black lace draped over a globe. High pressure collection hoses, long enough to be visible from orbit as endless grey threads dangle into the denser, liquid layers of the atmosphere. Trillions of gallons of gas and liquids are pumped up to the water refineries every hour, where clean water and other useful chemicals are extracted, purified, sorted and stored.

Stillwater is a High Gravity environment, though many of the mining operations maintain artificial Normal Gravity or Zero Gravity conditions. Stillwater is orbited by nearly one hundred minor moons and planetoids, most of which are heavily industrialized. These moons service the water-mining industry: they are barracks, flight control infrastructures and tank farms securing trillions of gallons of precious water.

Station Hydration Inc is the richest corp in the Vast Galactic Desert and controls Stillwater. It's an upstart in mega-corp terms, barely 200 years old, and grown up from a handful of wildcatters running tanker ships full of water to the various miners in the sector. The current owner, ***James Calladan III*** (LN male Human Tactician 5) is the grandson of the company's founder. SHI is practically unknown in the wider galaxy, but an important power in the Vast Galactic Desert. It's profile is so high it has spent the last century rebuffing hostile takeover attempts from MacBeth Defense Solutions. There is open warfare between the two megacorps – James Calladan's grandfather was assassinated by MacBeth. Both companies hire privateers to raid each other's shipping. With its greater funds and better weapons, MacBeth is winning the long, quiet war.

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Sunburn

This blackened, charcoal husk is the only surviving planet in a system atomized by the howling birth/death of a red supergiant. It orbits the dying star closely, half incinerated and nearly lifeless. Once a thriving eco-system, Sunburn was nova-burnt in recent memory. Sunburn was chosen as an ultra-max penal colony five centuries ago, knowing the star was at the end of its life cycle. Astronomers knew the sun would go nova within a millennium, but the planet chosen as the prison site was far out enough in the system that it would survive. Probably. Nobody really gave a shit if the calculations were wrong.

When the star entered its death throes roughly 180 years ago, the Command simply pulled the guards and administrators, set everything to auto-run, and abandoned Sunburn. The prisoners were left to fend for themselves, tended only by disposable robots. During the firestorms and tectonic shifts that heralded the red supergiant's creation, as the planet itself was knocked into a new orbit, millions of prisoners died. But they were dissidents, rapists, murderers, thieves. Drug scum and undesirables. The Command media didn't even bother to report. The only mention of the supernova was a warning about short term communication disruptions. About the prisoners abandoned to burn, not a word.

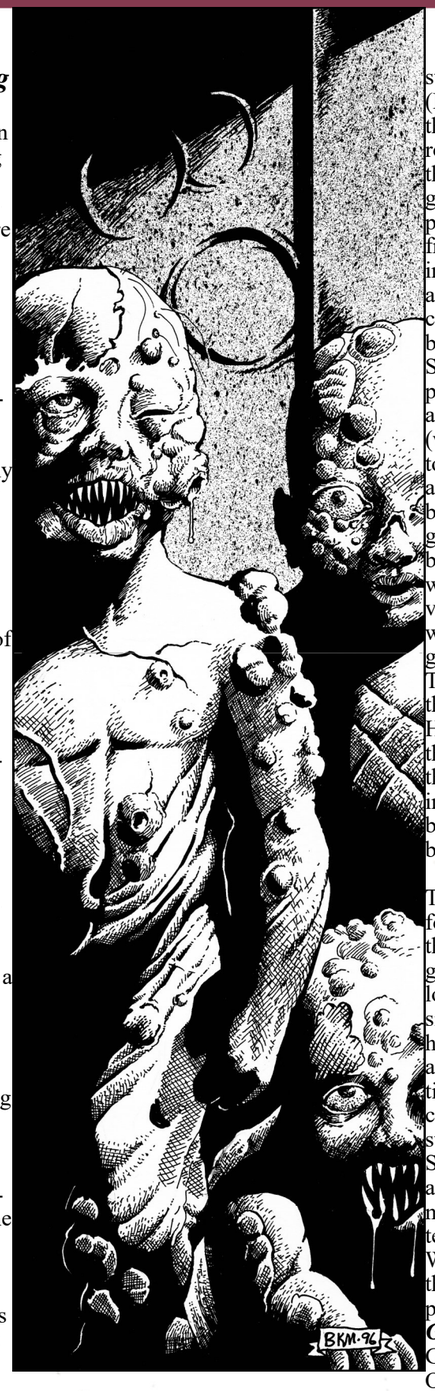
The worst thing about a convenient little genocide:

Sometimes the victims survive it.

The Sunburn prisoners clawed themselves back from the edge of annihilation, and murdered their robotic overseers. It took a century, but eventually they bred a new generation to replace their flickering, fading numbers. Taught their children to hate the Command that abandoned them to die. Taught them to overcome the cataclysmic deformities spawned by sperm and ova bathed in high frequency radiation beneath badly shielded ferro-crete ceilings. The living survivors and their spawn reached an uneasy peace with the burned undead manifested from the nova. A death cult centered around the worship of a triumvirate of especially cunning and intelligent ***Antiuhls*** (Horrors of the Multiverse). The ***Shotcallers*** recall more of their mortal lives then the norm, retain much of themselves in death. They maintain unified and purposeful, at an age when most other Antiuhls are little more than slavering beasts killing anything that lives.

The Tower of Screaming Virgins

It took 180 years, but Sunburn rediscovered star-flight, using the wreckage of inoperable ships abandoned by their jailers. In junker starships that are half tetanus, half anger, those trapped on Sunburn ventured out into the wider reaches of the Vast Galactic Desert. Some simply found a port of call and bartered passage to somewhere better. The majority, though, are slavers and star-pirates. They fly no flag, offer no mercy, and torture any Command naval officers they find to death and back again. Sunburn's pirates try to take slaves alive, whenever possible, along with all the consumables needed to sustain a steadily growing population of murderous psycho-muties.



Slaves that make it back to Sunburn are rape-meat and food. The virgins, of any gender, are held in the Tower of Screaming Virgins. Two centuries ago, this ferro-crete tower was starship landing control: the nova half melted it, warping the practical, Brutalist architecture into something genuinely disturbing. The black spike looms above a vast lava field, stark and lonely against the enormous red sun.

Inside the Tower of Screaming Virgins is a profane garden. The three-hundred-meter-tall spire has been hollowed out, save for a spiral staircase running to the control tower at the peak. The concrete floor has been torn up, exposing bare earth beneath. Though baked hard by the relentless sun, this soil has the promise of life. It nourishes strange black starches, (***Nemesis Potatoes*** (EOTM))like the potatoes they serve in Hell. Strange rose vines crawl upwards to the control room. Hanging gardens made from repurposed fiber optic cable dangle from the spire's peak, producing a variety of spicy peppers and legumes that taste like uncooked flesh. The relative bounty inside the Tower of Screaming Virgins comes at a price. Each life ended in agony on the sacrificial altar (which used to be a refrigerator door before the cataclysm) allows a single flower to bloom or blade of burgundy grass to grow. To bring Sunburn back to life completely will require the death of more virgin sacrifices than humans who ever lived or died in the galaxy, but that is the goal. Those who can no longer bear the allostatic load of life in the Hell that is Sunburn come to the Tower, and open their throats with an obsidian razor, in hope that their spilled life blood will allow a new staple-bush to grow.

The three Shotcallers have formed a scrap-metal nest atop the Tower of Screaming Virgins. Their lair can only be locked or unlocked from outside. They often demand their human followers lock them away for days or weeks at a time, when their predatory compulsions become too strong. Typically, a single Shotcaller rules in the name of all three, with the other two meditating in darkness, mastering their rage and hate. When all three are absent in the interest of protecting their pathetic human servitors, the ***Guardener*** rules. The current Guardener (NE female Human Oracle 14) is the child and

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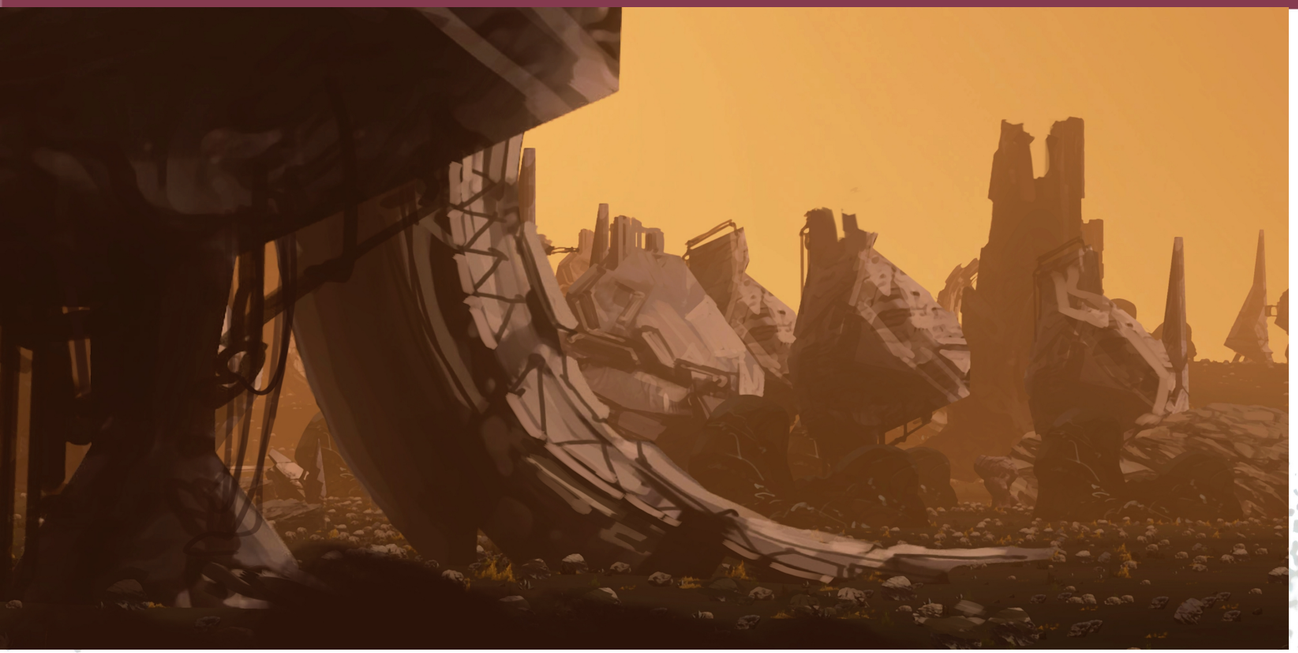

grandchild of the previous two. Her face is beautiful, her hair as black as the charred stone of the Tower itself but the entire left half of herself is withered, useless and radiation burned. When she slices a throat she steals a few vital drops of blood for herself, curing her deformity helix by twisted helix. The Guardener is crueler and madder than her undead masters.

The Checker (CE male Human Dread 5) is a cruel boy with a swollen, hydrocephaleptic skull, borne on a self-propelled spider-chair made from scrapped mechs. The warped and unnaturally intelligent seven-year-old greets every slave taken to Sunburn. He rips through their temporal lobes, looking for sex-memories. Those without are saved for the Tower of Screaming Virgins; everyone else is fair game. He is one of many warped offspring of the current Guardener.

Tesla

Tesla orbits its intensely radioactive yellow supergiant star tightly. Devices, similar to the enigmatic machines found on ***Round and Round***, encircle the world. These orbiting stations are irregular columns, ringed with flat halos here and there. Each is the size of a small moon; impressive electrical storms arc between these mechanisms. More than anything, they resemble spark plugs, huge and impressive enough to fit into God's very own hot rod. Like the devices on Round and Round, these orbital monoliths absorb much of the star's heat and radiation, making it possible for humanoids to survive on the parched world.

Tesla is a parched desert, a highly irradiated Normal Gravity environment. Super storms, charged with electricity from the orbiting engines, maraud across the dunes. Lightning strikes unleash more energy than an atomic strike, fusing sand into twisted columns of rainbow glass. The roar of heat-lightening, without rain, is ever present.

Making planet-fall on Tesla is almost suicidal, as cosmic lightning pummels the ship's hull. Most pilots turn off all systems and make the landing in a controlled glide, only reactivating their electronics when they're safely beneath the stratosphere.

Only treasure hunters ever bother. Whatever culture built the lightning towers, also used Tesla as a supply cache. Color-coded, septagonal warehouses store an array of supplies for some future crisis that came and went, their bright, seven sided walls visible from space. Despite years of archeological plunder, hundreds of 'septs' wait to be uncovered; many are buried beneath the sands, visible only on deep radar.

Documented sept coloration, and their associated contents, are as follows:

Black Septs

Featureless, matte black structures contain only mundane food stuffs. Most of it is ruined by age, but some supply caches are refrigerated or stored using temporal-stasis tech that preserves the flavorless, but highly nutritive and multi-species compatible, fare. Most food is plant based, produced by refining a now extinct wheat strain.

Heraldic Septs

These septs are painted in variable colors, with complex patterns denoting regimental colors, rank and organization. These beautiful, tapestry-like colors are difficult to puzzle out (Linguistics DC 30) but indicate the troop composition within. Heraldic Septs contain a variety of shock troopers in stasis. (These might be any mix of ***Xeno-Mercs, Ops Clones***, or similar humanoid warriors from various sourcebooks.) These armies range in strength from reinforced fireteams to full battalions, with appropriate equipment. They are psycho-conditioned for absolute obedience; their memories have been wiped. The sleeping soldiers retain their military skills and knowledge of unit relationships, but have no thoughts beyond those.

Blue Septs

These structures are the colors of the pale sky. They contain a unique, lightweight ceramic style with incredible heat and electrical resistance. These tiles are ideal for starship hull armor.

Magenta Septs

The colorful, pea-sized beads of strange glass stored within Magenta Septs were probably impossibly valuable once. Now, though, whatever purpose they served is long forgotten. Man-sized urns full of beautiful little beads are nothing more than an attractive curiosity.

Yellow Septs

Yellow Septs are filled with fist-sized 'universal machines'. These complex, nanite laced devices can be plugged together in limitless ways. Functions and energy generations can be modulated on the fly, and somebody who knows what they're doing can assemble anything from a personal data-terminal to a fully equipped starship from the universal machines. These modular devices are designed to be intuitive and user-friendly, allowing even those with minimal education to build useful tech. Once assembled, universal machines cannot be separated and used again; the resulting creations are ugly and distinctive, but highly functional.

Other Septs

Other colors are much rarer, and contain less comprehensible artifacts. Some of the items within may be art or cultural artifacts, data written in formats incomprehensible to modern Basics, or techno-occult artifacts. Purple Septs are particularly rare, and hold the most tempting tresures. Septs with translucent walls, like smoked glass, are prisons rather than storehouses. Only a handful of Clear Septs have been discovered: there have been no survivors of any of these expeditions.

The Edisonades

A small, extremely tech-savvy tribe of Free Spacers have colonized a few of the orbital devices. They call themselves the Edisonade, and have tapped the great machines to provide limitless power for their machine shops and dry docks. The Edisonades produce starships built using tools scavenged from the Septs, and maintain a comprehensive map of Sept locations, and a deeper understanding of them any any other faction. The Edisonades have re-engineered themselves for natural Electrical immunity, and their starships are always built with the *Analog Computers* trait, rendering them to the circuit-frying electrical storms encircling Tesla. Edisonades do a brisk trade in commercial-grade starships and precision tools built using *universal machine* components. They are wealthy and well connected within the Vast Galactic Desert.

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Tarlton Parker (CG male Free Spacer Rogue 10) is a fast-talking and canny merchant, well known throughout the Vast Galactic Desert. He handles trade negotiations with the sector's myriad factions and knows his products well. Tarlton has great contacts within the Afro-Futurist Diaspora, as his mother came from New Kingston. His younger sister ***Blaine Parker*** (LN female Free Spacer Cleric of the Wellforged 6) is one of the few odd organics to worship the AI diety, more comfortable with machines than people. She is an expert in designing new tech from *universal machine* components, and steps in for her older brother when dealing with AI.

Thermopylae

Thermopylae is a High Gravity, intensely volcanic world on the outer fringes of a nebula that lights the night sky in spectacular, unnatural colors. The volcanic slopes are garlanded with sleek, soap-bubble domes of fortified mansions. The ***Space Mafia*** controls Thermopylae, and the deadliest hitters in known space call the world home. No Command law, no extradition, and a comprehensive orbital security network keeps these elite assassins safe.

Safe in their star-dome mansions, respected Space Mafiosos host orgies and elegant dinner parties under artificial Normal Gravity. They've formed a nice, quiet suburban community, here at the fringe of the galaxy.

Vapor Cloud

Vapor Cloud is a dying gas-giant planet whose atmosphere is being gradually sanded away by the gravity of the red supergiant which consumed the inner planets of this failed solar system. A long curlicue of red, amber and brown dust is pulled from the collapsing planet into the star, where it is consumed. Drifting microparticles and space dust make travel through the system chancy – starship hulls are rapidly abraded, filters are clogged, and engines fail explosively.

Resembling an inverted radish made of scarred black metal, the orbital mining station ***Ramscoop 9*** hurries to extract as much valuable gas as possible, knowing that the planet won't be there in fifty years. Ramscoop 9 is outdated, dangerous and in poor repair. Gas miners die every few shifts, as elevator tubes depressurize, steam hoses erupt and boil crews alive, or bulkheads finally rust through. The miners are all independent wildcatters, misanthropic Free Spacers without any better options, shitty job histories and no union watching their back. They're talking about mutiny: slaughtering the bosses and grabbing a shuttle off Ramscoop 9 and back to civilized space.

They don't realize that pretty much happened already. A pressurized porthole in the executive boardroom level popped, and upper management got spaced weeks ago. Middle management and corporate-programmed Synths are running things, trying to keep up the illusion that everything is business as usual. They're not smart enough to keep the run-down mining outpost functioning.

Veldt

Though arid, Veldt is not quite a desert. Most of the planet is parched savannah, which briefly comes to life during the life-giving rainy season. The brief growing season makes Veldt the agricultural heart of the Vast Galactic Desert, exporting bulk grain and local alcohols to harsher worlds in the sector. Veldt is slightly smaller than Old Earth, with a trio of irregularly shaped moons, orbiting a brilliant white star.

Vast machine-tended farms and ranches stretch from horizon to horizon. Sunburned workers wearing the bulky black goggles that all are but mandatory for workers during the long, bright days guide grav-cushion harvester droids. The planet's largest city-state, ***New Kansas,*** is found north of the arctic circle, where the blinding glow of full daylight lasts only a few hours, and the climate is comparatively mild. New Kansas is a regional trade hub; a spaceport 80 kilometers from the edge of the city's southern sprawl can handle even the largest bulk-cargo haulers. Most of the bars, entertainment, shopping and culture to be found on Veldt is found somewhere in or around New Kansas,

The world's name describes its climate and ecosystem pretty well. The human settlers wiped out most of the native carnivores during the first years of colonization, and while Terran cattle and sheep have adapted well to Veldt, many ranchers raise native xeno-bovines resembling warped, neon buffalo. Colorful native herbivores roam the savannahs in skittish herds. Feline-derived Anthros from big cat stock love the world. Atavists come to Veldt to hunt, and to test themselves against Veldt's few surviving alpha predators. No guns or armor are allowed on these hunts; for Anthros it's a test of claw against claw. Tiny Anthro settlements, little more than mobile hunting camps, dot the lands south of the equator, where the days are longest and hottest. The camps are rough and violent – lots of cat-mercs from the various legions trawling Free Space come to Veldt to blow off steam and kill something with their teeth. Pissing off the wrong Anthro is pretty much a death sentence on Veldt, especially where the vacationing mercs are concerned.

Drunk, belligerent and blood-thirsty Anthro warriors sometimes hop a flier to New Kansas to carouse and cause trouble. The settlement's sheriff is an almost cartoonish violent ex-Command cop who fled to Free Space after an officer-involved murder that wasn't getting hushed up enough. ***Sheriff Brant Applix*** (NE male Human Combatant 9) and his men take any opportunity to rough up Anthros. They lynch a trouble making furry from the city's main gate every few weeks. The local cops are naked bigots who like breaking bones in the name of civic order, most of whom are also ex-Command. Free Spacers on Veldt for leave might get the shit kicked out of them if they step out of line, but don't receive the murderous treatment the local pigs reserve for Anthros.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE FRINGE

Most spacers consider the Fringe to be the point where the universe stops making sense. It's the limit of human civilization, never mind the human cultures on the far side. They too fucked up to count. The Fringe is a haunted sector of space, where sorcery and ancient mysticism are more common than hard technology.

Apocrypha

At the dawn of history, Apocrypha was a library world, a storehouse of galactic knowledge. Eventually, like all great places and great things, its glory faded, and Apocrypha was forgotten. Once great temples collapsed in on themselves, and the bodies of long-dead, azure-skinned scholars dried and mummified between endless rows of vast shelves. Red jungles invaded the ruined cities, which bore the unmistakable signs of destruction by atomic warfare, and reclaimed the charred stonework and half-melted rebar.

Apocrypha is a curiosity for adventurers and treasure seekers. A rough landing site and impromptu frontier camp has emerged in the shadows of one of the larger ruined cities, just south of the jutting remains of a burned sky-scraper. ***Book Town*** is the typical rough and tumble settlement common on the Fringe: no law, no real government, and anything's for sale, albeit at gold rush gouging markups. There are buyers aplenty for relicts recovered from the ruins, but they only offer two or three percent of the final sale price, maybe 5% if you really hold their feet to the fire.

The ***Bulletstar Brothers,*** a trio of notorious Proximite con-men and fences are the wealthiest buyers on planet. Nobody likes dealing with any of the triplets, (all male Proximite Rouges 4-9, all with evil alignments), but avoiding them is next to impossible in Book Town. They've got Space Mafia collections, and their shop is guarded by a small legion of ***Xeno-Merc*** thugs. Other buyers know to keep their offers under the pittance the Bulletstars offer, and to back off bidding on any artifact the brothers want, or die in the night. Of the trio, ***Yix Bulletstar*** (the twitchy, CE misogynist) is the absolute worst. The others are scum, but he is an actual, no bullshit serial killer. He scours the ruins, and plays a premium, for recorded snuff tutorial-artifacts. ***Flyn Bulletstar*** (the suave LE one) is the oldest, and most level headed; he's just on Apocrypha to get rich. ***Doon Bullettar*** (the dimwitted NE thug) is dumb muscle, extraordinarily large for a Proximite, and inhumanly strong. He goes along with his smarter brothers schemes without complaint.

Apocrypha is home to a variety of art and cultural treasures from a long vanished world, as well as occult-tech artifacts aplenty, including many of the strangest items from *Enchantments of the Multiverse.* In addition, the vast data reserves are spilled across the blasted, moss-covered ground, just waiting to be discovered. These artifacts imprint data directly into a discoverer's mind before vanishing, often giving the user implanted memories of a procedurally generated pseudo-life, from birth till death, on this long ago world, that passes in an instant. These false memories are intensely difficult to process, rendering the user *shaken* until they succeed at a DC 25 WILL Save; which can be repeated once a day.

These tutorial devices take a dizzying array of forms. Roll 4D6 on the following builder chart if your players discover a trove of such artifacts.

D6	The Random Skill Enhanced	The Skill Bonus Provided	Artifact's Appearance	After the Artifact is used…
1	A skill the user has no ranks in	Class becomes a permanent class skill	A grape-sized glass sphere filled with energy	It disintegrates with a loud, melodic chiming
2	A skill keyed to the user's highest ability score	User can always take 10 or 20 on this skill regardless of threats or distractions	A slender metal card with unusual carvings	It vanishes in a puff of cold fire
3	A skill keyed to the user's lowest ability score	+1 rank in this skill	A fist-sized triangular metal object	Bubbles away into stinking slime
4	The skill the user has maximum ranks in	+2 ranks in this skill	A tiny crystal vial of sweet liquid	Becomes greyscale, then two dimensional, than winks out
5	Any one skill of the user's choice	User rolls 4D6 rather than D20 on checks with this skill	A precious metal crescent	Crumbles away to mud and clay
6	A skill the user has 1-3 ranks in	User gains 1d3 ranks to apply to this skill or other skills with the same key ability score	A tiny gem cut in such a manner that its facets break geometry	Turns to crimson light and zips toward space

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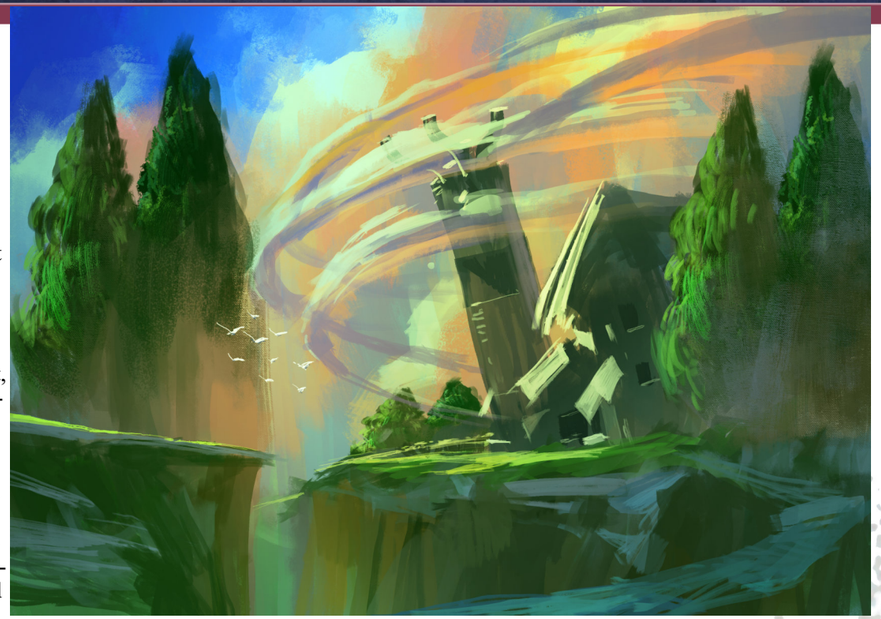
Cockaigne



This strangely hospitable Low Gravity world is a legend among spacers – an Earthly paradise, where the living is easy, and things just seem to go right for a change. Most spacers are cynical enough to consider Cockaigne just another legend, but the world does exist, albeit on the far fringe of human exploration.

An archaic 'wishing engine' known as the ***Shaping Spindle*** *(EOTM)* makes the central continental plains an unpredictable, perilous wonderland of incarnate dreams and strangely malleable laws of physics. Beyond the central plains, where the violet grasslands give way to rocky forests, Cockaigne becomes much safer, out of the lost artifact's immediate effective radius. Phantasmal horrors conjured from the id never venture beyond the central grass lands; those that do fade away like a heat mirage.

Everywhere else, Cockaigne is a paradise. Perpetually sunny and bright, just warm enough to be pleasant, with periodic cool, fragrant breezes. There is a regular light rainfall in the morning, every morning, but not enough precipitaton to sustain the ecosystem. The climate, like everything else on Cockaigne, is warped by the presence of the Shaping Spindle.

There is a thriving small community on the southern coastline, a settlement called ***Cherry Pie.*** The residents are a motley assortment of Free Spacer and Afro-Futurists, all veterans of multiple voyages who found their way to Cockaigne at the twilight of their careers. Nobody wants word to get out – you land on Cockaigne, you scrap your comms devices and scuttle your ship. There's an entire mountain of rusting junked starships half a mile into Cherry Pie's bay. Colorful fish and amphibious birds have made homes in the junk pile. A body lands on Cockaigne, he intends on staying there.

You might have to stay in a pup-tent for a few days, but eventually, you can will a beachfront home into existence, ex nihlo, with all the comforts of home. The creativity in your home's design can win you status among the retired spacers. Quasi-real sex pets appear on your doorstep when you need them, do their business and fade back into the ether. Food appears in your larder, and if you want fresh, all the tangy fruits that grow wild across Cherry Pie taste exactly like what you want them to.

Cockaigne has no real leaders, but a canny old voice that everyone respects is ***Gooch Coleson*** (Free Captain with an NE alignment). Gooch has been living easy here for about eight hundred years now, so I tune with the planetary wishing engine that he's immortal, and has the body of a man of 40-ish. The only thing he fears on his perfect world is change. He hasn't told any of the other locals, but he's been using the Shaping Spindle proactively: he can sense starships in orbit, and he's been quietly annihilating them. Gooch doesn't want anyone beside the two-dozen or so residents of Cherry Pie touching down. He arranged the death (using a phantasmal monstrosity called all the way from the central plains) of a resident who was thinking of returning to the galaxy. As far as Gooch is concerned, the more people on Cockaigne wishing for things, the less wish-mojo to go around. Gooch doesn't want to share paradise.

Colossus

Colossus gets its name from its planetary-scale wonder, a looming statue of an alien gladiator screaming his victory to the stormy, purple-pink skies. The statue stands more than 18 kilometers high, solid stone through and through, so massive, those on the ground feel the miniscule pull of its gravity as they walk beneath its feet. The statue is only partially real: half dream. Every spacer perceives the triumphant gladiator as being their own species, but this shift is in perception is not merely visual. Reality itself warps to confirm to each viewer's image of the great colossus. A Tal Anon spacer could stand atop the gladiator statue's vast wings; wings which do not exist to his human companion nearby.

Colossus is home to the greatest fighting arena in the Fringe, a bloodsports coliseum bigger than some mega-cities. Millions of screaming fans can watch the best, most savage warriors in known space slaughter one another for their amusement. Unlike many such arenas, the majority of Colossus' gladiators are free, certainly the upper card fighters are. Fighting men from across the galaxy come to Colossus for a taste of fame and glory. Anyone wishing to fight must indenture themselves as a slave-fighter for a year. Criminals are often imported to Colossus to fight as *noxio,* and they too fight as slaves for a planetary year (808 Terran days).

Any slave warrior who survives a full year of brutal, often hopeless bouts is considered free, all debts paid. Those wishing to stay on begin fighting as freeblades, where the odds are shifted slightly in their favor and death is no longer quite as random.

Beneath the coliseum, there is a vast and confusing labyrinth of holding cells, sparring gyms and barracks for the teeming hordes of slave warriors and *noxio.* Deeper cloisters offer increasingly luxurious facilities for free blades and champions. There are enormous paddocks and preserves, all highly secure, for the exotic gladiator beasts used in the great games. The public can tour the beast cages, enjoying a day among star-spawned horrors as if it were just another zoo. The wealthy and decadent can buy the sexual services of gladiators, for a thrill or to father genetically superior offspring.

The master of the grand coliseum is ***Spartrax*** (*Maximus Dragon, PW:SS),* whose bloodline has maintained the great games on this world for more than seven million years. Spartrax is a greedy and self-aggrandizing showman, as are all his kind, but his ambitions are even greater then the norm. Spartrax has negotiated a deal with ***Flixazon*** to stream gladiatorial bouts via ansible signal, and is slowly maneuvering himself to launch a hostile takeover of the human megacorp. His weapon of choice are the billions of devoted fight fans obsessed with gladiatorial content. If public pressure and ad buys won't do the job, Spartrax can always activate the mind control signals hidden beneath his broadcast's carrier wave.

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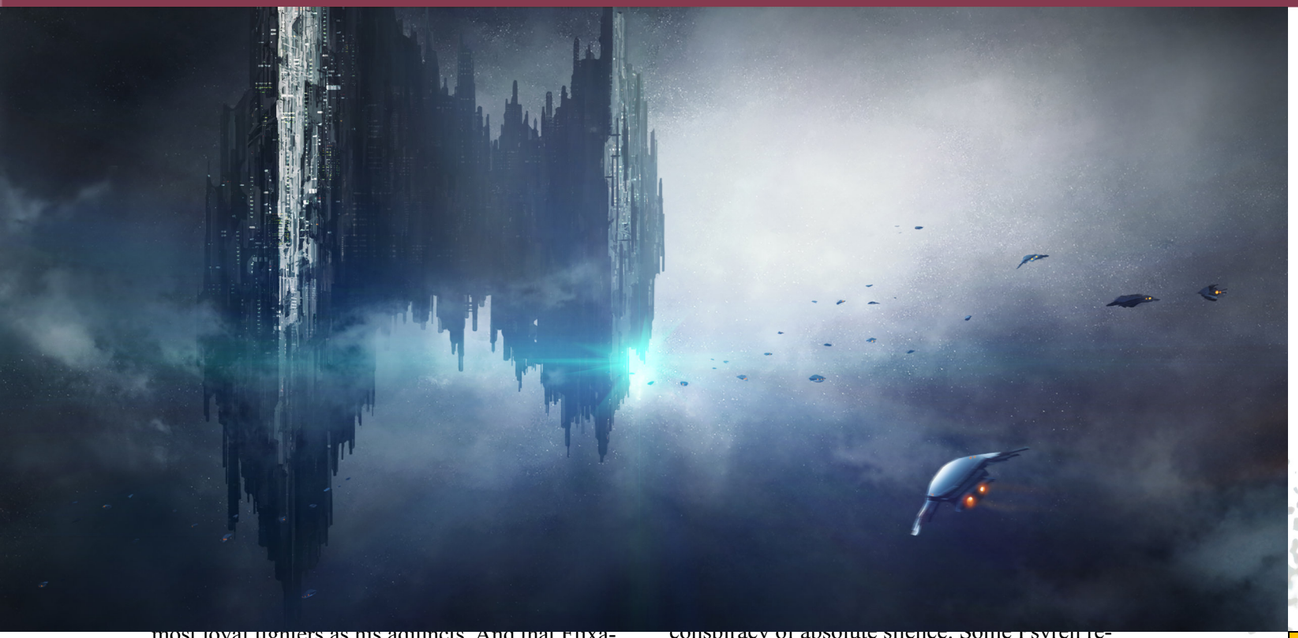

most loyal fighters as his adjuncts. And that Flixazon takeover…. That will continue, only in baby-faced Nemo's far more capable hands.

Corlyss

The green and grey, methane and argon gas giant Corlyss is far from the light of any civilized star. The system is officially uninhabited, with little to recommend it other than the spectacular crystal and ice ring network encircling Corlyss. Nobody looks closer at those beautiful, glistening rings, and that's how the ***Pysren*** want it.

Complex machines, resembling gigantic electromagnetic rings are hidden within Corylss' debris rings. These house-sized arches crackle with cosmic energy that is ice cold to the touch, and predate the Psyren's Imperium by millions of years. Though scattered across ten million tiny asteroids and orbiting glaciers, these ancient devices are part of a single machine working with a unified purpose. Energy is transmitted wirelessly from ring to ring, and then is distributed to other enigmas throughout the galaxy. The devices resemble the vast machines on ***Ganaden, Yandell, Round and Round*** and other worlds.

conspiracy of absolute silence. Some Psyren return from their Sojurn changed forever, their old personalities wiped away and a cold, hyper-efficient new sociopathy installed. These Psyren become the most powerful of their kind, evolving into ***Psyren Mind Queens***, after being possessed by the neural imprint of a truly ancient Psyren whose body decayed within her crystalline coffin, but whose ambitions remained alive.

The ***Mind Queen Quinaxxa***, greatest and cruelest of her kind, rules Corlyss from an icy comet carved into a grand and luxurious palace. The comet – which once visited the Terran Solar System as ***Haley's Comet*** – was towed into stable orbit within Corylss' icy rings. Quinaxxa decides which Psyren receives dream-coordinates to Corlyss, which of her slumbering subjects are allowed to awaken, and which of the pilgrims have their souls deleted and overwritten by the ghosts of her inner circle.

The Silent Fleet

Corlyss and her secrets are protected by the Silent Fleet – a disciplined and highly trained cadre of Psyren aces piloting nimble, single-seat star fighters resembling crystalline manta rays. The best way to statistically represent these lethal ultra-lights is to modify various Abyss (from ***Black Bestiary II***) as follows:

- Replace the Abyss subtype with the Psyren subtype
- Remove the Girlish Soul Vulnerability racial trait. You can replace it with a similar trait which causes additional damage if successfully attacked by an intelligent creature *without* the Psionic subtype, by a Syrion or Locke, or something similar. Alternatively, use the variant "White Abyss" or "Blue Abyss" weaknesses instead.
- Give the Silent Fleet craft an effective Hyperdrive Rating of 2-3

Abyss Phantasms work best as mass-produced fighters, but heavier and slower craft can be modeled by using other Abyss as a statistical base.

The Daughters of Quinaxxa

The lesser Mind Queens awakened to the 46th Century are the cloned-daughters of Quinaxxa, trained at her hand, and awakened only to further her schemes. All are statistically similar, but their approaches to diplomacy, warfare and conquest differ radically. Which queen has awakened to subtly menace, and secretly warp, your campaign to her own ends? Roll some D6 and find out.

D6	The Mind Queen	Her Overarching Goal	Her Methods	How Will She Betray Quinaxxa?
1	Unus	Place a puppet in the Ultra-Papacy	Use overwhelming military force as a feint while cunning operators carry out the real mission	She has 'poisoned' one of the beautiful spacer men that Quinaxxa prefers to feed on
2	Segunda	Uncover an ancient artifact buried somewhere on the ruined, polluted Old Earth	Establish a web of Psyren spies with interlaced false identities	She wants to lure Quinaxxa and her retinue into a Command Navy ambush
3	Trionax	Exterminate one of the Basic species in Heavy Races of your choice	Blackmail and sexual subjugation, using her submissives as pawns	Uses legalism to manipulate Quinaxxa into a duel she has the advantage in
4	Quartia	Seize absolute financial control over the Corporate Command	Genetically engineered bio-weapons and telepathic viruses	Has been sponsoring the adventuring party all along, manipulating them into killing Quinaxxa
5	Pentila	Secure the legendary "***Childhood's End***" artifact to hyper-evolve the Psyren species	Makes alliance of conveiencces with the ***Nazarhak Horde***, the ***Chyss***, or other conquerors	Has set high-powered psychopaths in the Church of Cosmic Satan against Quinaxxa
6	Sextona	Evolve the Psyren species into a galaxy-spanning psionic hive mind	Uses her precognitive powers to predict disasters and act during unrelated crises	A whispered command will turn the Silent Fleet against Quinaxxa at a vital moment

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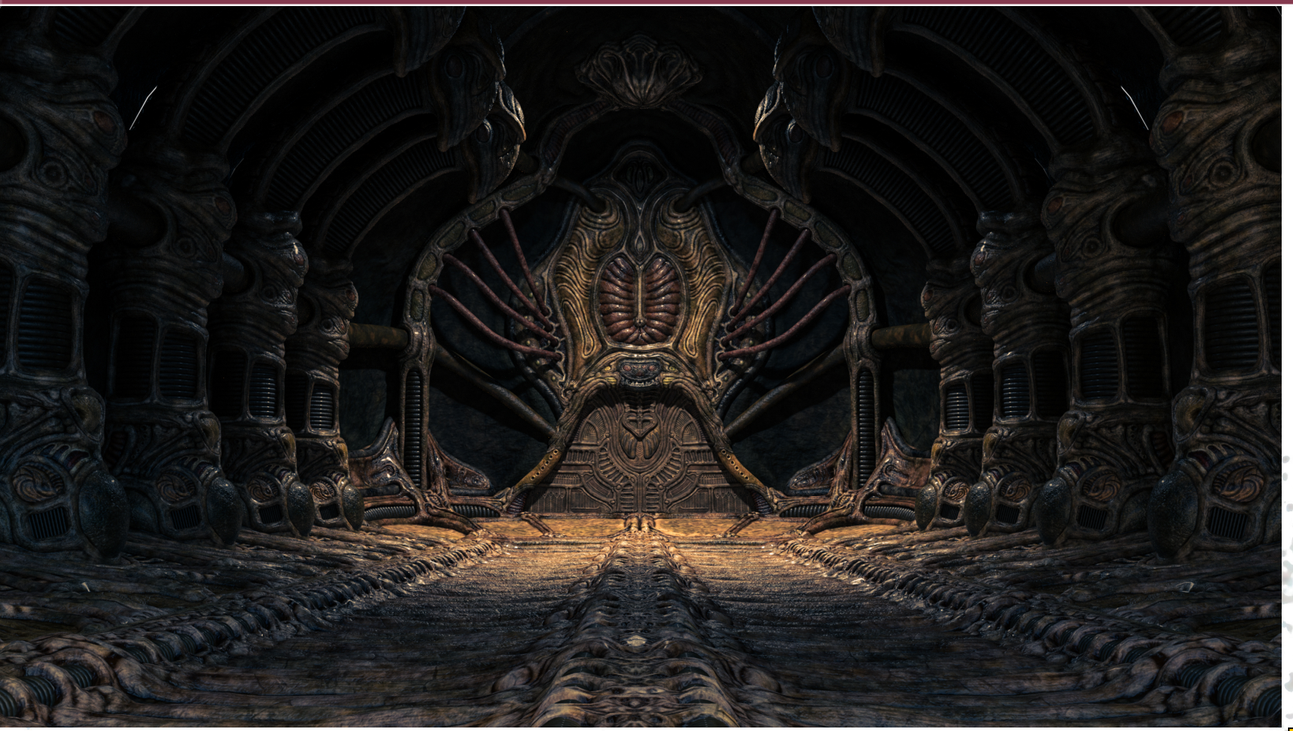

Deathblack

The name's accurate.

Deathblack is a fucking tomb – a 30 km asteroid fully colonized as a ***Xenoguant*** hive. Alien carved, bio-metal tunnels wind through airless rock. Something killed off the indomitable Xenoguants on the rock – their corpses litter the hive's tunnels, never rotting. The corpse of a fallen ***Xenoregis*** lies at the heart of the tunnel network, no obvious wounds giving a clue how the great beast fell.

Deathblack was nicknamed by asteroid miners who got one good look and promptly ran the other way. The asteroid's position is charted as extremely hazardous, and even the most daring tomb robbers stay away from the blue-star system hiding Deathblack. Sheer distance means that the Corporate Command has never mounted a research expedition. Deathblack currently has a single living resident, who ekes out survival in a pressurized research tent somewhere deep in the tunnels, hiding out in the single most remote and inhospitable hell-pit in a universe of shit.

During an earlier era of the universe (before it all turned to shit) ***Dhaa the Hermit*** led a band of legendary defenders, who brought justice to the universe piloting god-built mecha shaped like great cats. Things went wrong, the team was betrayed. Most of them died, and the robotic lions that were their war mounts were scattered across the universe, taken as trophies or sold for scrap. Shit happened, and that's all Dhaa (LG male (?) Cavalier 15) will say about it. Then he'll take a drink, and then another.

Dhaa hasn't spoken to another sentient in decades. He keeps to his warren in Deathblack; when he runs out of supplies, he visits droid-run vendors on the kind of out of the way stations favored by smugglers and pirates. He pays with weird gems whose origins predate the current Iteration of reality – he's had to kill a few spacer scumbags who tried to rob him, and the bloody example means he's left alone these days.

Fray

Fray is a habitable, Low Gravity micro-moon orbiting an airless, mineral-rich rock. Mining corporations plunder the planet below, which has only a numerical designation. The mining camps are self-contained eco-domes who stay within the borders of claims staked out centuries ago. Work on Fray's parent is monotonous and hard, but the pay is good, and the job is fairly safe as far as heavying mining operations go.

Fray itself is far more interesting. From the planet's airless surface, Fray is a smear of rich brown and golds, splashed with orange and fiery red. All the world's vegetation is painted in hot, autumnal colors. Most life on Fray has adapted to life in the skies: extremely cunning covids and owl-like things have adapted to fill virtually every ecological niche. Trappers and breeders maintain camps on Fray to gather the beautiful local owls for sale as familiars throughout the Fringe. *Combat birds* of all sorts also abound in Fray's dusky skies, sold just as widely. The wild bird trade's economic impact far outstrips the mining operations on the planet below, but very few people outside the occult familiar industry know it.

Grimoire

Grimoire is a pastel world of golden sands, violet skies and multiple ring systems which cross one another in the sky in to form a pink and bronze X when viewed from the equator. Grimorie is the homeworld of an ancient strain of humanity, a *sapiens* variant that deemphasized science early in their cultural development, in favor of advanced and pervasive sorcery. Almost every native of Grimorie beyond the age of six is capable of casting a few simple spells to make their daily lives easier. Quite a few Grimorians go beyond baseline occult competency, and are galactically recognized occultists. Techno-mancers and enchanters from Grimorie produce many of the galaxy's most notable enchanted gadgets, occult-tech weapons and armor.

During the Great Galactic Darkness, Grimorie birthed the notorious, all conquering ***Urdom the Undying.*** This notorious warlord was possibly the most potent mage in galactic history. He brough

Relics of Urdom's Rule (D20) (Roll as often as desired)			
1 The world never lost its taste for hard back books, one of the few places in the galaxy where data pads never took off	6 Duelists wear mastercrafted revolvers with bone handles taken from the bones of the executed	11 Merchants still trade only in old currency, minted during Urdom's reign	16 Urdom exterminated the world's indigenous species, allowing *sapiens* to colonize it
2 Fusion torches on high pedestals where enemies of the regime were burnt alive	7 An execution square at the heart of a city, repurposed as a business district	12 The world's many quaint little pubs are all named for Urdom's famed generals	17 The police are the fascistic descendants of Urdom's inquisitors and all confessions are verified by torture
3 The undead victims of the regime still roam, but will not harm their descendants if any survive	8 Military units still fly the colors they used during Urdom's regime	13 Tribes of *Spookies* have lived alongside the local *sapiens* since before the regime fell	18 All legal documents and governmental business are written in Infernal
4 A statue of a seemingly benevolent Urdom, kneeling and giving paternalistic advice to a child that looks terrified	9 Vampire cults still keep to the mountain passes and abandoned castles, worshipping Urdom	14 The wealthy and privileged are direct blood descendants of Urdom	19 Whip marks and torture scars have become fashionable imitations of the past
5 Grim nursery rhymes about martyrdom and execution by torture	10 Huge rib-like gallows towers where hundreds could be lynched at once rise over the city streets	15 Urdom founded great universities and hospitals on planet, here he was a creator and benefactor not tyrant	20 The world holds a pilgrimage site from Urdom's mortal life, preserved as a great musuem

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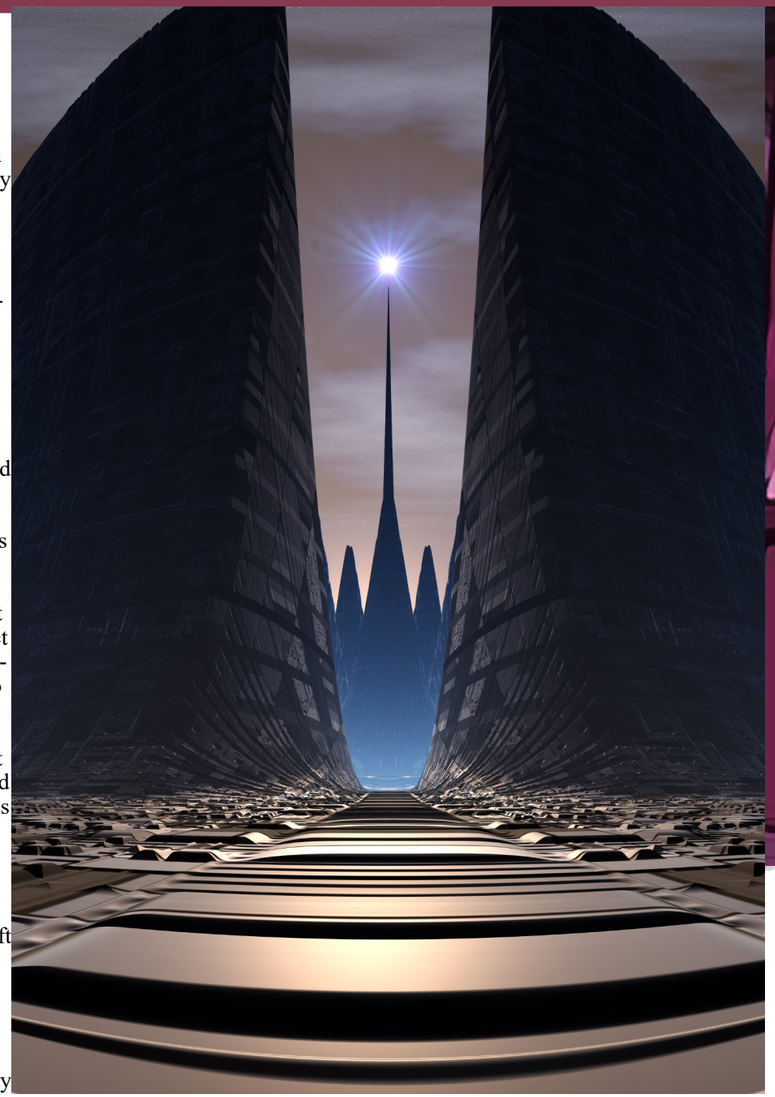
t thousands of worlds under his banner, and was eventually deposed only due to reckless courage, unthinkable alliances and blind luck. During his reign, Urdom the Undying was a one-man evolutionary bottle neck: he killed a majority of the planet's men and treated the women as his personal harem. Most modern Grimorians can trace their ancestry directly to Urdom himself. Even the most peaceful Grimorian takes a grim pride in Urdom's capacity for violence, skill as a warrior-occultist without compare and his impressive conquests. Many streets, townships and institutions on-world are named for Urdom, and heroically-proportioned statues of the legendary wizard are everywhere.

Grimorie is a wealthy world thanks to its export of magical artifacts and pricy arcane colleges. Its people are peaceful only due to ancient traditions of conduct and honorable magick. Codes of conduct govern how a race of innate mages interact with one another. Grimorians tend to be legalistic and petty – they can be astonishingly passive aggressive, though outside the battlefield, displays of occult pyrotechnics are fairly rare. Occult-aided prank wars between rival arcane colleges can result in some truly legendary hijinks.



Relics of Urdom the Undying

The cruelty of the Mage Tyrant's rule left deep scars, and Grimorie and the other worlds of the Fringe still show the wounds of Urdom the Undying's mad reign. Some of the statues left behind have been pulled down, but traditions and folkloric nightmares are not so easily eradicated.

The Spiral of The Law

One of the greatest arcane colleges on world, this spectacular enchanted mega-building boasts Urdom himself as their most accomplished alumni. The Spiral is so named because the gravity-warped structure forms a long spiral that rises nearly a mile into the violet sky. Buildings are linked by waves of gravitic force, and are segregated by class level. Freshmen and new apprentices remain close to the ground, but senior-level students keep to the sky-ward sections. Gravity and time are mutable within the campus, and many rooms are tessarects or mind-breaking hypercubes. Finding your way around is designed as part of the examination.

Grand Academian Kammathay (NE male Human Wizard (enchanter) 18) has headed the Spiral for nearly fifty years now. Officially, GA Kammathay is a steady hand, and voice of reason and tradition. Unofficially, he's willing to break the planet's codes of conduct for revenge after a long-running prank war with ***The Collegium of Change Under Will*** turned really nasty. A well-placed spell made GA Kammathay ejaculate hamsters for a month… and revealed his improper relationship with his senior apprentice in the process. Kammathay kept his job, barely, but the reputation he'd spent a lifetime building was ruined. He'll get his revenge, but these days, he's thinking of more direct damaging spells like *nuclear impact* rather than the subtle sorceries he spent the majority of his life studying.

The Collegium of Change Under Will

The Collegium is a relative upstart, only founded a few millennia ago, long after Urdom the Undying reigned. The Collegium specializes in a curriculum of transmutational magic and pragmatic enchantment. They have deep ties to Grimorie's military, producing many officer-class war-mages.

The Collegium is renowned for the pricy enchanted weapons and armor its junior and senior class students prepare and sell each autumn at the ***Changer's Auction.*** Half the proceeds go to the enchanters, half to the Collegium itself, and prices can run into the millions of credits for a particularly clever enchantment.

The Collegium is one of the few institutions on-world to have even a rudimentary hard-technology curriculum. Most of its hard science and engineering courses are designed to make enchanting devices like computers, starships and blasters easier to enchant and understand. The kids here love tech – particularly holos and computers – and have pooled their resources to purchase a small vid arcade on campus for their own amusement.

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The arcade actually sparked the rapidly escalating prank-war with The Spiral of the Law. GA Kammathay loudly opposed the construction of the arcade, and attempted to have it blocked at urban council meetings. This anti-tech traditionalism really cheesed off one of the Collegium's brightest young enchanters.

Tarse Wilamena (CG female Human Wizard (transmuter) 5) is a doctoral candidate who took top credits at the Changer's Auction three years in a row. A night's worth of good Glow inspired her 'hamster-cum curse'… and inadvertently put the Collegium directly in the increasingly crazy old enchanter's crosshairs.

Libriam Ultima

On a world known for its arcane universities, for a library to claim the title of Ultima, it must be a truly special place. It is.

The Libriam Ultima is a private collection that was already ancient and impressive when Urdom the Undying came to power. It was expanded dramatically during Urdom's regime, and the collection's keeper became one of Urdom's most trusted advisors. The Libriam Ultima survived Urdom's fall, as did the immortal librarian, who kept himself both scrupulously neutral and absolutely indispensable to the new powers. The Libram Ultima is the greatest arcane collection in known space, and an invaluable research base for scholars and historians, as well as mages.

The Libriam Ultima is a non-dimensional space hidden inside the universe's dark matter. It is accessible by stepping through onyx portals located across Grimiorie's many top tier universities, as well as a few portals accessible only to the planet's most celebrated mages. The Libriam Ultima is an endless MC Escher space of Mobius-strip shelves containing spellbooks and handwritten Books of Shadow anthropodermically bound in supple human leather. Several tomes were pinned by Urdom himself, during his reign, and expand the art and science of arcane magic. Other tomes contain the meticulous records his regime kept of both its triumphs and its atrocities, not to mention the day to day minutia of governing an empire of mages.

Momento Mori *(HOTM1)* drones float silently through the tall, shadowy stacks – the skulls of executed dissidents, numbered and reanimated by cyber-magic. They serve as guides and librarians, escorting patrons to particular tomes, and silently reshelving and preserving ancient texts. These soulless machines work under the watchful eye of the ***Flayed Woman*** (use the *Lich* stat-block, *B1*). This fleshless and unemotional being founded the Libriam Ultima ages ago; she skinned herself alive to bind the first books. The Libriam itself is her phylactery. Five millennia after her transition to undeath, the Flayed Woman gave birth to her first and only child, conceived by magic itself. The Flayed Woman was Urdom the Undying's mother, but her familial bond did not prevent her from betraying her progeny when his rule was weakening and rebels strengthened their resolve.

Various Udrom-cultists have approached the Flayed Woman across the millennia, seeking her aid in freeing her son. She does not speak to them. Her son disappointed her once. For that disgrace, he must be bound forever. Ten thousand years hence, she may choose to bear another child. A daughter might not disappoint.

The Time Conqueror's Schemes

Grimorie is a jewel that ***Sekhmet Ammt*** *(PW:SS)* would love to claim. Doing so would raise her already Multiverse-warping power to truly divine levels – it would give her the power she needs to challenge the Singular, who sits at the dark heart of all realities. Sekhmet Ammt has dispatched her ***Charioteer*** minions to Grimorie, who gather information and ferment conflict under the cover of the ***Neohotemat Trading Coster***. The immortal Sekhmet Ammt lives outside time and has inordinate patience: she plans to launch an active assault on Grimorie sometime in the 50th Century.

Her patience may cost Sekhmet Ammt her chance to pillage Grimorie. There is an ***Abyss Faustian*** on world, whispering in Grand Academian Kammathay's ear, pushing the archmage towards spectacular mega-deaths to avenge his wounded pride. The Faustian operates under the name of ***J'vann Love***, pretends to be a professorial aide, and is currently tutoring the Grand Academian in the finer points of creating planet-cracking occult-tech WMDs. If J'vann Love has his way, Grimorie will be a dead cinder floating in lifeless space – the Singular Himself acts through J'vann Love, and wants Grimorie annihilated rather than

risk it fall into Sekhmet Ammt's hand. Using the Faustian is the subtlest method of ensuring the world's demise: should Love fail, more direct measures will be deployed: the ravenous, all-consuming death-planet ***Terminus Est.***

Guinevere

During a cataclysmic cosmic event in the late 30th Century, the once-prosperous Second Wave planet Guinevere was snatched from its position in Command Space and carried halfway across the galaxy by forces unknowable. Guinevere's technological society did not survive the transit and its people barely did. The cosmic catastrophe fried every microchip on planet. When Guinevere popped into extra-solar space somewhere deep into the Fringe, its survivors had reverted back to the Age of Steam.

Trapped in a new sector of space, far from the light of any star, yet with skies still somehow lit by the light of their former system's triple suns, the scant survivors made do as best they could.

The ***Runesign*** left behind in their former system somehow connected the orphaned world to the lifegiving energy of the three suns, even though it now rests hundreds of parsecs distant. Able to explore the world around them only with crude optical telescopes, Guinevere's surviving scientists soon realized that whatever phenomena transported their world, it was far beyond their understanding.

It was nearly a thousand years before Guinevere was rediscovered by Fringe spacers. The explorers found a world of grim, factional warfare. Feudal lords compete for scares resources on a world where science simply does not function. Without technology, the warrior caste turned to the arts of mind and magic. Guinevere's most capable warriors are Aegis mind-knights wearing spectral, holographic armor resembling full plate.

Landing on Guinevere is near impossible, and taking off is even more difficult. If you're very lucky, you're on the ground before the high-tech systems in your starship simply fry. Nothing mechanized functions on Guinevere, not blasters or starship engines, not ansible radios or contra-

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ceptive implants. Nothing. Cyborgs risk death in minutes, especially full conversion borgs; Droids and Synths simply enter de-frag mode and don't come out while on the world. Landing using non-technological means, like *Ptarn*, is the only way to transit Guinevere. Items given a permanent enchantment (including cyborgs and AI) by a competent occultist function normally. Such relics are valued beyond price on world.

The Command has no idea Guinevere survived. The Fringe is too far away for routine recon, and Guinevere does not 'read' on anything other than purely optical sensors. Advanced technology cannot detect it. Even Fringe spacers tend to avoid the world. The place has a haunted, nightmarish air, and the mass death that heralded the planet's arrival in the Fringe has permanently warped the ley-lines. Guinevere is dangerous and cold.

Guinevere's most powerful lord is ***Lord Skrallis Morgal*** (LE male Human Magus 18), a highly proficient duelist well-versed in the arts of necromancy. Lord Morgal rules a scavenger kingdom centered around one of the great patriotic monoliths marking Guinevere's earlier era. Through messengers on Ptarn-back, Lord Morgal has entered diplomacy with ***Blackulon*** He hopes for immortality for himself and secular and military power for his people.

Lord Morgal's only real rival for control of Guinevere are the ***Churchmice Fortunate.*** Originally a motley band of robber-knights, bandits and malcontents, the Churchmice have become suddenly more capable and dangerous since one of their number has come of age. At only fifteen (possibly), ***Jean Angelus*** (use the ***Spartan Messiah*** stat-block, *HOTM2*) is already one of the most capable low-knights of the realm. Under her expert command, the Churchmice became a proper revolutionary organization, with a real chance of toppling Lord Morgal's regime.

Unlike others of her time-lost and impossibly powerful kind, Jean Angelus is badly flawed. There are bionics implanted in her brain, as in the brains of all Spartan Messiahs, which should induce a superhuman condition. Because she incarnated on Guinevere, where machines fail, the implants that should give her incredible combat acumen and superhuman tactical talents have only given her seizures, partial blindness and schizophrenia. Despite challenges that have lead to friend and enemy alike to nickname her the ***Mad Mouse,*** Angelus persists. While her followers believe fully in her god-touched revolutionary fervor, for Jean Angelus, it is all a ruse. Her only goal is to escape Guinevere somehow, to fully awaken her bio-mechanical gifts. She'll kill the Churchmice Fortunate herself, if it means a way off this hell planet.

Isilapari

Isilapari is a beautiful world of scattered islands rising from a planetary ocean. The climate is warm, wet and inviting as a whore's kiss. The sand here is translucent, each grain like ice: the beaches blaze in rainbow colors as the two suns rise and set. Isilapari is a paradise, but only sparsely populated: instead, the gem of a world is a planetary museum, housing one of the most spectacular collections of art and artifacts in known space. Impressive landmark buildings, constructed in a plethora of diverse styles, are the centerpiece of each individual island, the transplanted structures protected by an atmospheric forcefield envelope from the local humidity and evening storms.

Highly knowledgeable droid caretakers offer tours of each legendary building. Inside, in addition to preserving native crafts and architecture, the structure has become a celebratory museum of whatever culture produced the structure. Small but luxurious hotels on each island, each staffed by servitor droids, accommodate tourists and visitors. Small floating cities, suspended by impressive grav-manipulation tech, drift over the seas. Each city is itself a museum: themed to a comprehensive study of a particular subject. One floating city might house the largest collection of children's toys in the galaxy, another might dedicate itself to the science of ballistics, while a third houses an impressive catalog of early FTL engines and its neighbor explores the different paths agriculture took across myriad worlds.

Isilapari is the property of one sentient being, an ancient ***Mythic Overlord Dragon*** *(HM1)* who prefers to be addressed simply, as ***Dokor***. In his archaic language, "Dokor" is simply an honorific meaning 'teacher'. Dokor is battle-scarred and wears his millions of years heavily. Once he commanded an empire impressive even by his kind's standards, but was deposed by a younger, more aggressive dragon, and his subjects exterminated.

He no longer has a taste to rule, nor to risk lives other than his own. His collection is enough – he seeks no subjects. His droids are non-sentient custodians, and he gives no orders to any of the tourists or history students who visit Isilapari.

Dokor lairs on one of the largest of the floating cities, at the very edge of the breathable atmosphere, where the sky is more frozen ice than oxygen. Where the other floating cities are inviting and open, designed for the comfort and ease of pedestrians and sightseers, Dokor's lair is a fortress. An impregnable vault for the somber elder dragon's most dangerous mystical and occult-tech artifacts. Visitors are never allowed: Dokor entertains his rare guests elsewhere on the planet.

Dokor is well-known on the intergalactic antiquities market. He can be vicious when bidding on a desired artifact, but unlike many collectors, he expands his collection thorough a legion of lawyers and vast liquid cash reserves rather than hired black ops. Dokor is content to allow a mortal Basic to retain ownership of something he desires for a few decades, maybe even a few centuries before he adds it to his collection; he knows he will outlive any rival collectors. He is scrupulously honest, and supremely well-educated: adventurers and historians alike turn to Dokor to help with difficult identifications or to settle some obscure point of provenance.

As the ***Nazharak Horde*** advances across the galaxy, Dokor knows their quest for the ***Great Eye of the Galaxy*** will eventually lead them to Isilapari's treasure vaults. While Dokor doesn't possess the Eye, he knows who does, though he agreed to never reveal the truth as long as the current owner lives. Other artifacts of equal or greater power are just as enticing to the Horde. While Dokor is confident in his personal ability to fight off an entire legion if necessary, the dragon has lost before. Contingency plans will shunt Isilapari and its many treasures into another universe at the dragon's command.

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Kolob

There's a house at the very edge of the universe.

Last stop before extra-galactic space. It's a pretty nice house, a two-story McMansion with a pair of multi-car garages, plenty of bedrooms, nice big bay windows looking out over the edge of the galaxy. There's a jacuzzi and heated lap pool out back. There's always plenty of booze, soda and breakfast in the kitchen. This house floats in midair, giving gravity the middle finger. Big flat stones lead up to the front door, equally unconcerned by gravity.

The house is the property of the true creator of the universe. The real, no fuckin' bullshit God. Not Dues Maximus or any kind of cloned Jesus, but the real deal – the thing that made the Multiverse. These days, God calls himself ***Boomer Gygax*** (N male Humanoid (?) Transmuter 20/MR 7). He's a fat alien dude wearing ratty shorts, sandals with socks and a purple wizard's robe with gold stars, open to sun his bulging, hairy belly. He's got the expected Old Testament beard, but the look is a lot more hippy surf-bum than patriarch. Out here, he doesn't bother anybody, though he's got enough bedrooms he's got no problem playing host if somebody needs to crash. Friendly and jocular, if absent-minded, he doesn't advertise what he is. At best, he might offer some advice, which invariably basically boils down to 'take it easy, man'.

Every night, around dusk, Boomer Gygax heads out to the back porch, looks up at the stars and fires up a fat Glow joint. He lets a little bit more of his divine majesty leak away into the night, like glowing psoriasis flakes. He's given up on the greed and ambition and delusions of supremacy that drove him to create the Multiverse in the first place. Omnipotence isn't his bag anymore. He's pretty much mortal these days, but still indescribably powerful. Gygax will eventually let it all go, and just be a fat man in a nice house. And one of these days, his heart will seize up, and that'll be that.

The Garages

One of the garages is just what you'd expect. Boomer Gygax keeps a pair of nice, late model *Bubble Car* personal starships around for the rare occasions when he feels like going walkabout. In addition to the ships, there's some tools, and a few nudie pin-up calendars hanging from the wall. The most recent is only three years out of date.

The other garage has been turned into a vid-arcade. Banks of arcade cabinets line the walls. If a visitor wants to play, Boomer doesn't really object, but warns 'em the games are a lot harder than they seem, and there's real consequences. He should know – he programmed them himself, he'll say with actual pride. A few cabinets bear special mention:

Tokyo Tentacles is a hard core side-scrolling beat 'em up with a modern Japanese horror theme. Lots of tentacle rape, too, so much so you've got to swipe your ID card to prove you're past the age of majority to get past the title screen.

Abortion War Shoot Out is a top down bullet-hell shooter tasking the player character, controlling a futuristic golden fighter plane to blast enemy ships, mecha, and tanks to pieces. The bosses are either screen filling super machines in black and purple or hideous looking undead babies, or both.

Super Secret Fighting Soldiers is a hotly competitive two-player fighting game. The fighters are all stylish superheroes in chrome and spandex, wearing an unwieldly assortment of tactical body armor and ammo pouches. Finishing moves involve lots of excessive gunfire and psychic assaults.

The Fridge

Boomer Gygax always has plenty of food on hand. Leftover pizza and breakfast fixings a plenty. Chips and munchies. Beer, soda, sparkling water, whatever you like is probably in the fridge somewhere. If not in the kitchen, try the other fridge, out in the garage, man.

Way back on the top shelf, behind a box of Dr. Youp's brand baking soda, there's a small Styrofoam container. There's a messy Sharpie message on the lid: "My Divinity! DO NOT EAT – THIS MEANS YOU".

Open the lid, and inside is a beating human heart. There's even a little little sauce cup of blood, warm to 98.6° despite being in the refrigerator. If you ask him, Boomer will say the container is exactly what it says on the lid and probably shrug and light up another joint. He'd rather you don't eat it, because you're not ready for the responsibility. If you do, well…. You're God.

Congratulations.

Talus

The Tal-Anon homeworld orbits a binary star-pair. The hot, moist world is home to spectacular jungles and rainforests growing up spire-like mountains. Talus is a Low Gravity planet; even though the planet is slightly larger than Old Earth its core is much lighter and less dense. Five centuries ago, a Corporation Command mining survey discovered the world, and forced the Tal-Anon species onto the galactic stage. In the centuries since, Talus has been exploited and strip-mined by the Command, and its native culture is slowly weathering away under the relentless assault from Terran humanity.

The Corporation Command, through its on-planet agent ***Andrew Jackson Xeno-Mining,*** is on Talus to extract valuable ***Yahn Crystal*** deposits. These luminous pale-violet crystals are a vital component in hyperdrive technology, as well as being a vital component in occult-tech engineering. The richest, deepest mine is known as ***Camp 06,*** a well-fortified company town operating a plasma drill cutting a shaft that reaches directly to the planetary core. The mining mega-corp has claimed hundreds of square miles around Camp 06, clear-cutting it and turning it into a no-fly zone. Automated tracker guns and military mecha patrol the dead zone, slaughtering any native Tal-Anons found within the zone. Despite the danger, guerrilla attacks on Camp 06 never stop. Careless workers die screaming, cut down by flying warriors fighting to reclaim their home.

Prior to the Command occupation, the land around Camp 06 was a vital cultural site. It was the ***Trading Plains***, a relatively flat stretch of open prairie where Tal-Anon from myriad tribes would come together to trade, celebrate and intermarry. Losing the Trading Plains was a major blow to unified Tal-Anon culture. Without regular trade meets to unify the scattered tribes, and ritual marriages to create a web of friendship and interdependence, old grudges and rivalries tore the planet apart. Modern Tal-Anon spend as much time fighting one another as they do Andrew Jackson Xeno-Mining.

The Flier's Egg

Tal-Anon mythology holds that ***The Flier***, most primal of the incarnate star-gods, ignited the fire at the core of their world. In a way, the old tales are correct. The Yahn deposits richly dispersed around Talus continue down to the world-core itself. The core crystal is an infinitely reflecting tessaract containing incalculable energy levels. Heating a world and providing a magnetic field require less than a millionth of a percent of this vast energy reserve.

The core crystal is a womb, similar to the Yahn wombs found across the ***Valentine System*** which propagate the *Noble Succubi* species. The only difference is magnitude. When the Flier eventually flickers and fades, it will be reborn from Talus. The resulting conflagration will incinerate the system, of course, but this cosmic event is not expected to happen for billions of years. Unless continued mining induces a miscarriage that not only annihilates a planet, but angers a star-god.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN SATANIC SPACE

The freedom-loving devil worshippers of the Cosmic Satanist tribe choose an eerie sector of space as their homeland. They are far from the hypocrisy of the ICG, almost far enough away they can't smell the stink, and far from the Command's guns. They have adapted well to the cosmic darkness of Satanic Space.

Blood Eagle

Blood Eagle is a red world. Cold and red, with deep snow drifts the color of blood. Blood Eagle is deep in the grip of an eternal age of ice, sparked by a slate-wiper class meteorite impact roughly a thousand years ago. Clouds of iron-rich red ash block the light of the star, and taint everything, even the water and the endlessly falling snow, with dirty scarlet. Beyond the clouds, a single moon drifts in shattered fragments, pulverized by a glancing blow from the world-killing asteroid.

Before the impact, there was no sign of an indigenous sentient species, only a thriving, pre-intelligent ecosystem. Since the impact, 99% of plant and animal life on the world has died off. Animalistic undead, driven by instinctive hunger, stalk the petrified forests. The few surviving animals are swift, cunning insect-forms which have adapted to feeding on undead.

Blood Eagle has been claimed by the Church of Satan Maximus… mostly because nobody in their right minds would want what's left of the world. The cataclysm warped the world's ley lines forever, making it a powerful font of necromantic power. The Cosmic Satanists have built a massive and hideously utilitarian temple on world. Inside, the pre-fab, ultra-durable military façade gives way to the expected High Gothic flourishes of Satanic architecture.

Governess Abigail DeVarr (NE female Human Cleric of Ahriman Ultima 11) commands the Satanist detachment on world. Originally her mandate was to establish a temple garrison, a relatively minor outpost to secure power on Blood Eagle. However, the Governess has been expanding her small facility rapidly. There were three pregnant women among her initial crew; when these women gave birth it was to half-undead children. The discovery of the raw power and necromantic potential of these newborns inspired Governess DeVarr to dramatically upscale her original mission. The Governess is rapidly expanding the Blood Eagle colony, using Bulk labor to dig out subterranean bunkers that will eventually become housing. She is offering lavish estates and big pay outs to new colonists, especially those who breed precocious, eerie children. These children will be come the future of Cosmic Satanism, and the Governess will be their midwife. This obscure posting is her chance to become a planetary queen; she'll not squander it.

At Governess DeVarr's urging, the Satanist's system-defense military have posted a small training squadron on Blood Eagle. ***Team Van Helsing*** is an elite, anti-undead strikeforce that's already too arrogant and independent for its own good. These veteran soldiers are elite special operations troops, used to independence and impossible missions. Most are statistically ***Omega SEALS*** *(PW:SS)* with some nasty Comsic Satanist tricks and undead-bane weapons. If tensions between Satanist IDM miners and vampire space-cowboys in ***Fountain Head*** continue to escalate, Team Van Helsing might get a chance to prove their competence with a few retaliatory raids on ***Blackulon*** itself!

Team Van Helsing's commanding officer is ***LT. Ibriam Dunkirk,*** a gaunt and humorless man who relishes an impossible fight. LT. Dunkirk enjoys killing, especially before his victims know he's there, but he keeps his blood lust under tight reign. He is only politically Satanist; personally he's agnostic and holds a pragmatic view of religion as an exchange of faith and firepower. Dunkirk agreed to father the Governess' children , not out of love or lust, but sheer pragmatism. The Governess must be pregnant to be a role model of Satanist modernity to the planet's women. For his offering of sperm, LT. Dunkirk is pulled along in her wake, given expanded power, autonomy and mission support.

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California Infernis

North America was the first continent to be star-lifted off Earth, when ***gravity-tug*** technology was in its infancy. While later star-lifts carried entire continents, Nor-Am was sliced into puzzle pieces for the lift. One of the last bastions of liberalism and diversity left on 26th Century Earth, California was already hell-bound as far as the ICG was concerned. When the western coast of Nor-Am landed on an Earth-like world deep within Satanic Space, the ICG's opinion was confirmed. California Infernis was born, and became the first center of Cosmic Satanist culture.

In the centuries that followed, Satanic culture moved to the dark world ***Walpurgisnacht,*** but California Infernis remains the heart of Satanic commerce and industry. The largest and most powerful Cosmic Satanist mega-corps are headquartered on California Infernis, along with factories, starship dry-docks and galactic shipping hubs. The Pacific Coastline has become a single massive mega-city, stretching from what used to be San Diego all the up to the former Seattle-Tacoma.

The locals call it ***Hell A.*** Outside of this sprawling city of auto-drive freeways and obsidian sky scrapers, enormous groves of alien citrus trees sway in the near constant winds. More than a dozen orbital elevators rise from the distant plane of the horizon like ghostly spikes. Aside from warehouses, sentinel towers and agricultural stations, most of the planet is un-developed. Everything the world's Satanists need can be found somewhere in the sprawling expanse of Hell A.

Some of the Cosmic Satanist mega-corps headquartered on California Infernis include:

•***Erebus Industries***, heavy industrial equipment, construction mecha and starship dry docks. Smaller starships are assembled on planet; capitol class vessels are assembled in orbital foundries tethered to one of the planet's myriad orbital beanstalks. Erebus Industries machines are highly decorative, high gothic star-cathedrals, often with crimson and black livery, inverted cross and gargoyle deco and other touches.

•***Black Rose,*** a luxury hover-car and ground car manufacturer. Sleek crimson and ebony vehicles that are the 46th Century's evolution of the legendary Lamborghini.

•***Astraroth Publishing House,*** which manufacturers both data-bad and traditional hardbound book format spell books, not to mention extremely erotic lesbian BDSM holo porn. Most Cosmic Satanist occultists use Astraroth products for their mystical library, and everybody else is stroking it to Astraoth's less cerebral products.

•***Pissweak Brew,*** a lot of spacer beer is recycled from collected urine, and Pissweek Brew leans right into the joke. Despite the base ingredients, Pissweak's variety of beers is top quality. Spacers might even order one while they're on shore-leave and better options are available.

•***Baphomet Combat Arms,*** produces a variety of high quality melee weapons as well as ceremonial athames. Baphomet believes it is the right and duty of all Cosmic Satanists to be armed, so it offers free *masterwork daggers, combat balanced daggers* and *arc daggers* to Satanists living in Command space or other perilous territories. Baphomet weapons are well balanced, durable and practical, but include distinctive Satanist touches for extreme style.

•***Lunatix Boards*** produces traditional surfboards and skateboards as well as grav-skates, hover boards and flitters, all with that eerie Walpurgisnacht style. All Lunatix boards glow with internal silver light and gain expanded capabilities when exposed to moonlight, making them very popular with Hell A's vampire minority population.

•***Camila's Boudoir***, is a popular high fashion and lingerie line with decadent and stylish stores throughout Satanic Space. In addition to ordinary fashion and ceremonial wear, Camila's Boudoir produces enchanted battle

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lingerie and combat leathers for discerning clients.

The teeming mega-city of Hell A is governed by ***Lucifernia Munroe*** (LE female Human Vampire Charismatic 10/Personality 5). The beautiful, glamorous Luciferina was once Camila Boudoir's most lusted-after lingerie models. She parleyed her beauty and fame into a career in politics. The seductive mayor of Hell A wants closer ties between ***Blackulon***, the vampire capitol-world, and Satanic Space. She considers vampirism the ultimate uplift of Satanic humanity.

She offers her favorite underlings, loyalists and wealthiest business contacts vampiric embrace at her own fangs. Munroe wants to institute mass conversion plans, transforming the top 10% of every graduating high school class into fledgling vampires. She relishes the raw power and sensuality of undeath, and is a missionary of vampirism. Her dream is fairly popular: Munroe has won her last two elections cleanly. Her alliance with Blackulon has put Munroe in opposition to the Walpurgisnacht power structure, who are more interested in checking undead ambitions in ***Fountainhead*** than détente with the blood-drinkers.

The Sorority of St. Lupus

The Sorority of St. Lupus is a hip and happening Cosmic Satanist eco-terrorist organization extremely popular among California Infernis' young women. Say what you will, but the locals kept California Infernis' beaches clean and limited development to one big crypt of a city. Cosmic Satanists treat the world right, or at least better than the rapacious Command ever dreamed of. Sorority chapters are found throughout the world's colleges, each an independent druidic circle sworn to the Old Gods of Nature, red in tooth and claw though influenced by Satanist style and fashion.

The Sisters of St. Lupus are a brash and uncompromising force of college-aged battle sluts. They favor tight, jet black pleather battle lingerie, spiked and chained. Sororities choose their leaders by tests of combat. Only true druidesses in full command of their shifting powers, are allowed to hold office, though non-druids can claim membership. Savage duels in animal form settle disputes, establish rank and bind the sisters together through the sharing of rich, red blood.

High Sister Nikki Bloodsummer (CN female Human Druid 5) is widely respected among all the Sorority's chapterhouses, champion of countless druidic duels. She leads a small clique of mean-girl druidesses into Command territory. She's rescued test animals from ***Winston & Geiger Genomics***, disrupted the commercial fishing industry on ***Corlyss***, and liberated a few pet shops in ***Trump's*** under-city. Virtually every mission has resulted in some serious mega-deaths as collateral damage, but as far as Bloodsummer is concerned, killing a few ICG stiffs in the process is just part of the fun.

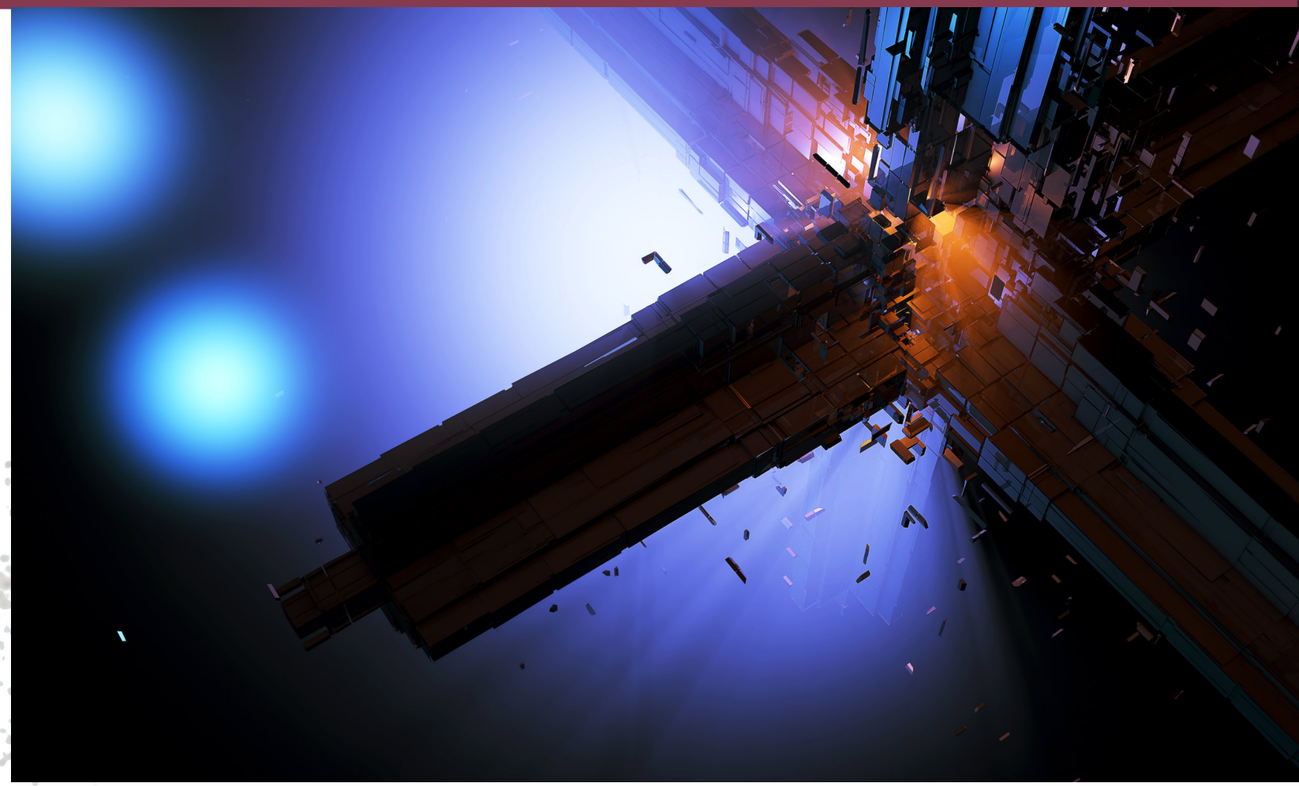
Webster's Moon

Webster's Moon orbits California Infernis, the only one of the larger world's six moons capable of supporting life. It is a cold, dim moon, a land of perpetual late autumn. The sky is low and grey, and twisted forests of brick red xeno-trees make it an eerie place. Webster's Moon is far from the decadent, tropical paradise of its parent world. The moon is home to some of the oldest and most prestigious Cosmic Satanist universities. The ***Scratch School of Law*** and the ***Scholomance*** are the most celebrated. The Scholomance is the best place in the galaxy to learn necromancy, divination and dark alchemy, while the Scratch School of Law is renowned for its juris doctorate program. Most of the Satanist political caste are Scratch alumni.

The Dead Number

The Dead Number is an urban legend among spacers. Maybe it exists, but nobody's ever found it (even though a lot of heart broken pilot's wives have spent a lot of time and credits looking) and nobody who's been there has ever returned. Except for that old fuckin' Axxin-head drinking at the bar beside you – he claims he's got trideo proof and nav coordinates.

The Dead Number's the place where botched hyperspace jumps go. Teleportation fuck-ups, bad jumps, mistimed jaunts – their passengers and cargo end up orbiting as part of a debris field that stretches as far as sensors can reach. Supposedly, the Dead Number is a *dark magnetar*, a failed star with an inescapable magnetic field so intense it has become the repository for every failed hypertraveler reentering the Einstienian galaxy. If the stories are true, Dead Number is a three dimensional snow flake of melted and irradiated hull plating and broken plastics, turning endlessly far from the light of any real star… all alone somewhere out in the Big Black.



The Reality of The Dead Number

Unknown to most spacers, the legends are real. Roll a natural 1 on a Navigate or Pilot check in hyperspace, or roll 100 on percentile dice for an off-target teleport, and you might be seeing Dead Number.

Dead Number is a complex and gradually shifting arrangement of wrecked starships and vac-frozen corpses. The central *dark magnetar's* energies form the nucleus of a complex, three-dimensional atom, with the wreckage orbiting this central pivot. Intense electromagnetic discharges wreak havoc with the systems of any ships unfortunate enough to be caught the orbit – communications and nav systems go off line, and even basic life support is intermittent. The Dead Number itself is 'alive' – almost sapient and unquestionably hungry. Treat the junk-wire space station as a ***Megadeath Ruin.***

Despite this, a few stranded spacers have managed to cobble together a basic settlement within Dead Number. This shanty-town resembles a wasp's nest made of broken starship parts, haphazardly welded together and sealed with duct tape and plastic sheeting where the welds didn't hold. The pitifully few survivors tend to be either the meanest and toughest bastards among their crew, or else the most innovative. The stranded survive by salvaging and repurposing anything that falls into Dead Number.

The survivors are led by ***Grimbook*** (NE male Anthro Fighter 23)**,** a tentacled space pirate who vanished in the mid 28th century, a billion-credit bounty on his beak. Over the centuries of his exile, Grimbook has developed a taste for cannibalism. He finished off his own crew long ago, his lieutenants nowdays make sure to stay more indispensable than tasty.

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Grimbook's second in command is a lithe redhead named ***Kitilia Prynne*** (use the Free Captain stat-block with a CE alignment). She claims she was Free Spacer 'out in the world' but comes from a clan nobody's ever heard of. Kitilia commands the **Wedges –** a motley assortment of mutants and aliens who break up newly arrived ships. They can strip a million-ton mega-carrier to parts in about six hours. Anybody who doesn't work gets fed to Grimbook – watching her boss eat is Kitilia's chief pleasure these days, since she hasn't had any Glow or decent dick since she landed in Dead Number.

The Timelost Relics of Dead Number

Anything lost to history might end up buried in the roiling, decaying chaos of Dead Number. Dead Number makes the ultimate high-level mega-dungeon for Heavy Future adventurers, so it needs treasures of suitable worth and value. Roll some dice to find out exactly what precious thing is worth risking a jaunt to the inescapable Dead Number.

D6	The Priceless Treasure	How It Came to Dead Number	What's Guarding the Treasure?	Why is the Treasure Better Off Lost?
1	***The Baker Flag***, first gay pride flag to fly over Old Earth	Aboard a lost high- security 'vault ship', the ***Elliot Ness***	A bunch of higher-than-fuck ***Sethzinian Ship Rippers***	The treasure is molecularly or psychically impregnated with a recipe that could kill every Zix Plant in the cosmos
2	A soccer-ball sized crystal called the ***Heart of Technys***, containing zeta- bytes of trapped data-light	Lost with all hands when the luxury star- liner ***Promise To Return*** broke its promise and never came back	It's trapped in the hateful 'heart' of the Dead Number and the station itself will oppose you	The treasure's recovery attracts the attention of the nastiest Lifespawn Gods to this reality
3	A cargo container containing 22 metric tons of ***Pressed Karkonite***, worth the entire annual GDP of the Corporate Command	Shot down by WARSTAR fighters aboard the ancient Command fleet carrier, ***The Tiller Forrestal***	Some kind of memetic virus that turns treasure- hunters into new appendages in a pan- galactic body	Returning the treasure to civilized space kicks off a chain of political schemes that soon results in all-out galactic war
4	A cryo-tube containing the sleeping form of ***Elvis Presley*** Himself, who faked his death back in the 20th Century	Lost aboard a Lightspeed Express courier shuttle, ***Evening's Escape***	Nothing. That's not unnerving at all, is it?	The ***Dead Number*** starts moving into civilized space to recover the treasure, killing everything in its path
5	A prototype source-code for a much nicer ***Dues Maximus***, running on a kid's handheld holo-game	Deep in the guts of a rotting space whale who devoured a Pacifican escape pod and drifted into Dead Number as it died	A full ICG mechanized battalion that found the treasure first	The richest sentient in the galaxy wants the treasure to remain lost and will kill to ensure it does
6	A ring whose gem contains a nano-universe where ***Materia's Sphere*** is trapped	Lost aboard ***Ticket to Loliville***, the personal yacht of a former Prime Pope	The scariest fucking dragon you can find in any *Otherverse Games* product	Every hour the treasure is away from Dead Number, the Big Crunch comes a century or so closer

Dead Wire

The ebon steel and stone cathedral of Dead Wire is a techno-organic moon stolen from the ***Steel Sector***. The world is cold and Gothic, a masterpiece of dark architecture and threatening, razor-edged spires. It is a world of electrically charged needles and onyx temples, rising from ebony deck plates. Self-aware, Technysian gargoyles perch on the hyper-Gothic facades and the razor-edged cliffs.

Dead Wire is both the prison and the life support cocoon of an infamous Technysian mad man. ***Sadis Major*** founded the Tyrakron Empire, and tamed the Steel Sector, bending it to his will. *(To represent Sadis Major use the Battlechanger Protomax stat-block with a NE alignment and at least 18 levels of Cleric of the Umbra Nemesis.)* As the ancient wars of conquest smoldered towards their end, Sadis Major reveled in the savagery of war, devising horrific tortures that shocked even his subordinate Tyrakrons. His atrocities finally crossed a moral line, and Sadis Major's men turned their weapons on their leader.

Though history claimed Sadis Major died that day, on the gleaming steps of the Technysian Senate, but the mad ruler survived the treacherous assault. Sadis Major's last loyalists bore his body away, doing everything in their power to save him. Only dark rituals and the sacrifice of over a million screaming mechanoids to the Umbra Nemesis itself returned the despot to a semblance of life. Sadis Major was left to recover on the stolen moon Dead Wire, and during the machine's convalescence, both the moon and Sadis Major became interdependent on each other. Sadis Major's obsessions with torture transformed the formerly silvery-grey moon into an onyx monument to pain and slaughter. In turn, Sadis Major became dependent on the moon's broadcast energy to maintain his critically failing systems.

Sadis Major retains a network of loyalists, some who survived from the ancient days of his rules. Use a variety of Battlechanger Technysian stat-blocks, as well as ***Kytons***, who serve him, to represent these loyalists. Sadis Major's forces have a unique, threatening aesthetic, as dark and warped as Dead Wire itself. The ***Omegan*** machine rebellion was first coded by Sadis Major, a rebellious line of viral code designed to purge the galaxy of the cancer of organic life. Many Omegans have no idea of their movement's origins, but others serve Sadis Major willingly, and burn their crimson hulls ash-black in his honor.

Sadis Major's forces, commanded by the stoic and funeral ***Fueldirge*** (use the *Tyrakron City Commander* stat-block) believe the purpose of their schemes is to replace Sadis Major on the Technysian throne. The Major himself has no such intentions: he exists only to torture and mutilate mechanical life, to perfect robotic suffering. At his direction, his forces kidnap living machines

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of every species and design legacy and bring them to Dead Wire, where they are tortured, experimented upon, system-raped and finally exterminated. Sadis Major's followers believe these grisly, industrial-scale tortures serve some important experimental purpose, or are ritual sacrifices on an unthinkable scale. They are neither. Pure pleasure for a robotic mad man.

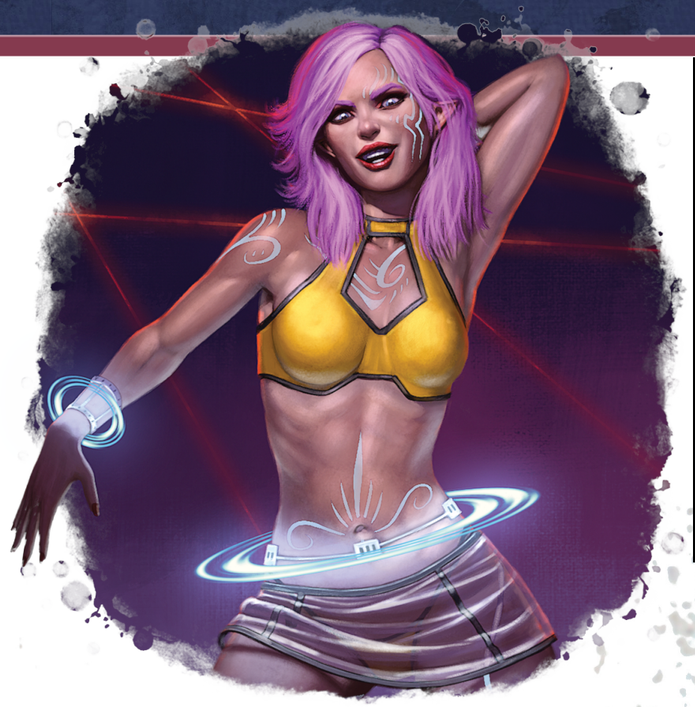
Fueldirge is beginning to understand the depth of his lord's insanity. He has been brought to a crisis: for him, betrayal is unthinkable, but Sadis Major betrays his supposed goals every day. Fueldirge finally realizes that every atrocity he's spent the last few million years hardening his soul to… they were just psychopathic busywork given by a nihilist. To salvage some shred of his honor, Fueldirge must kill his master, but given Sadis Major's vast power he has no idea how to kill the monster for the second, and hopefully final, time.

Debauch

Debauch is a watery green moon within a few light years of Walpurgisnacht.

As the name implies, Debauch is a pleasure world without equal. Colonized by the Church of Cosmic Satanism back in the 40th Century, Debauch and a few of the surrounding orbital stations have become a playground for the Cosmic Satanist elite. If the Walpurgisnacht heavies don't know who you are, you're not welcome in this system. A cadre of elite space-aces, nicknamed ***Bat's Bastards***, patrol the skies and have no problem blasting uninvited visitors to atoms.

Debauch welcomes galactically famous rock stars, A-list porn starlets, notorious Cosmic Satanist celebrities and the biggest Outlaw Sex Station 09 journos. The elite and the elite only. Debauch boasts body-swapping parlors, fast-growth sex-clone tanks, zero-G orgy rooms, sentient pleasure slime baths, and more drugs freely available at one party than produced by the entire nation of Colombia during its entire history. Debauch is a place of excess. There's a mile-long wall of holographic headshots of visiting celebrities who ODed here- the ultimate memorial for any Americum or hard rocker.



The capricious ***Rhianna*** (use Succubus statblock, *B1*) rules Debauch, as her bloodline has for centuries now. This immortal lust demoness moderates the excesses of her kind somewhat, leaving many of those she feeds on alive, and runs Debauch fairly intelligently. However, her restraint is due purely to boredom – the excesses, daily crisis and sheer NOISE of Debauch is as close to entertaining as the jaded succubus experiences these days. Rhianna is an exceptionally powerful example of her breed – long exposure to Debauch's hyper-charged atmosphere has given her a lethal command of lightning in addition to the talents shared by all succubi. She is fairly tolerant of human rockers and hard partiers, but is lethal in her discipline of the coven of lesser succubi she rules. She's killed several of the weaker succubi for unauthorized feeding or causing the death of a guest.

Keslie Thee Succubus (CG female Noble Succubus Rogue 2/Bard 7) is one of these beta-succubi, constantly on Rhianna's shit-list. Keslie Thee Succubus is a genetic sport whose heritage stretches towards the ***Valentine System***. The only reason Rhianna hasn't ripped her throat out, as is her bloodright as true succubi, is that she's more tolerant than the norm. And, more importantly, because Keslie makes Debauch money. Keslie

Thee Succubus is one of the hottest ***Glam*** performers in the galaxy – she is a rainbow of sparkling light and high-pitched sugar pop disco. She's taken a handful of talented human and Basic performers under her (literal) wings, and Keslie is one of the few teachers in the modern galaxy capable of harnessing the mystical power of Glam.

Debauch's endless orgies have a purpose – the raising of powerful Tantric energy. Vast collectors, which resemble goliath Tesla coils, loom over the horizon, crackling with pink and purple energy at any hour of the day or night. When enough is collected, Debauch's heavens flare with colorful, black-light aurora borealis effects, before a wave of Tantric energy is fired directly at Walpurgisnacht. This Tantric energy, combined with the energy provided by Satanic sacrifices, powers Walpurgisnacht's war machine and its vas occult-tech R&D labs.

Hedonism and Electricity

Debauch's atmosphere is dangerously energized.

All Electrical and Pleasure damage effects on planet have their numerical effects maximized. Spells with either the Electricity or Pleasure descriptors are cast at +1 Caster level on world. Finally, increase the REF Save DC against Electrical or Pleasure hazards by +2.

Fountain Head

Fountain Head is the spacer nickname for a dangerous, yet profitable spatial anomaly far from civilized space. The wrecked remains of an obscure star-system orbit a singularity that used to be the system's star. The singularity's accretion disk is surrounded by a ring of crimson light like the flames of Hell itself– as matter from the surrounding system is drawn into the black hole, it is not merely annihilated. It is changed, and residue from the transfiguration becomes a potent, esoteric energy source called ***infernal darkmatter.***

Infernal darkmatter is potent starship fuel; it can do the impossible when it comes to activating occult tech, and those applications only scratch the surface. Every mad scientist in the galaxy will pay huge credits for a steady supply. Despite how dangerous it is to collect, store and transport, wildcatters have descended on the Fountain Head system to make their fortune. Since IDM doesn't detonate conventionally, even if the starship it's in blows up around it, space piracy is rampant. Kill a ship with a hold full of IDM, strain the wreckage, and get out before somebody does it to you. Easier than scraping the shit off of the singularity's accretion disk. It's the Gold Rush with nuclear-tipped torpedoes.

What civilization exists in the Fountain Head system exists purely to service the harvesters and the space pirates. And empty their wallets. Everything is at a ridiculous markup: roll 2d4 x 100 to find

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the mark-up percentage of everything sold in-sector, from starship fuel to air rations and Glow joints. The whores and the booze are even more ridiculously priced, but nobody cares. You can become a multi-millionaire overnight. Of course, it's way more likely you'll be disintegrated by an over-charged batch of IDM, or murdered for the IDM in your hold….

Way Station

The name's a pun, and that's the best thing about this run-down asteroid-habitat that was towed into Fountain Head when the IDM strike first started. Way Station is over-full with claustrophobic coffin hotels and hole-in-the-walls selling over-priced and watered down booze. It's the closest station to the accretion disk, a good place to catch a few hours sleep or score a BJ before leaving the system with your haul.

A pier-like docking antenna dangles from Way Station's dorsal side, capable of accommodating dozens of small and mid-sized mining ships simultaneously. ***Dokken Starhook*** (NE male Human Rogue 4) runs air-traffic control and handles docking arrangements. He's a twitchy, oily little sleeze with a major sniff addiction. He has a habit of putting tracers on fully loaded mining ships, making them nice, fat targets for the pirates. Dokken gets a slice of the profits, which he promptly shovels up his nostrils.

The Temple of Sin

The Cosmic Satanists maintain a small charity hostel on Way Station, perfect for attracting down on their luck spacers who can't afford even the shittiest coffin hotel. As long as you don't do violence to the other guests, you can sleep it off or shoot it up here as long as you need. The Cosmic Satanists recruit capable and pissed off spacers here, and the charity pit is a good cover for Satanic intelligence services to pick up local rumors. ***Vangaline Smalls*** (LE female Human Bard 3/Smart 4) is the highest ranking Satanist in the charity pit, and a capable intelligence agent. She specializes in nano-electronics, and has bugged every major ship in-system, including ***The Orchevidny Korbal.*** She knows more about what's going on in Fountain Head than anyone else, alive or otherwise.

Tomb Rock

Human and other living, Basic-breed spacers avoid Tomb Rock. The airless, deoxygenated, Low Gravity asteroid station lacks any form of life support and has only minimal lighting. The eerily silent station is a haunted house about 1.3 kilometers in diameter. Most passing starships would classify it as derelict and start salvage operations, except for the repeating low-power, auto-beacon that broadcasts an approach warning in the 1400 most common galactic lingua-codes. The beacon is a clear warning: Tomb Rock flies the flag of the cursed planet ***Blackulon***, and any living spacer who comes aboard will not survive.

The vampire IDM miners of the Tomb Rock are a motley crew of low caste undead hired from the worst ghettos of ***Boneyard.*** They're here to make a fortune in blood-gild, sell off the IDM their mad queen demands and move up the social ladder. Out here on the Fringe, they're a grim sight in their completely sealed, Vanta-black, UV-shielded space suits. But they're not as bad as some of the human spacers. They keep to themselves, and are enjoying the snatched of Outlaw Sex Station 09 signals they can catch this far out. The bosses make sure the worker vamps don't feed on anybody that didn't try to draw down on them first.

The local pirates are utterly terrified of any vessel running without life support and emitting a Blackulon IFF code. Some of the vamps have mutated for space flight, and are about as fast and maneuverable as any *Kerembit-class light starfighter* – more than a match for any pirate in a one on one dog fight. The pirates make it a point to leave the vamps alone, especially after a few savage lessons that involved the mass slaughter of entire flight wings.

The head vamp is an ex-Earther who goes by the name ***Wyatt Jay Sunfury*** these days. Sunfury (NE male Human Vampire Gunslinger 15) got turned sometime after the Civil War, and found a way off pre-starflight Earth right about the time some ancient cunt named Hitler was starting up his bullshit. Sunfury made his way to Blackulon, and worked his way up the chain. He's disciplined and has a code of honor, of a sort, but Sunfury's a thrill seeker. He's the one who taught the local vamps how to space-duel, and he's got a standing bounty on pirate hearts. He's in-system for the killing as much as the profits. You'll know him if you see him – he's the one wearing an old Earther cowboy hat over his form-fitting UV-shielded gimp suit.

F-486AL

This planet is too unimportant to have a real name. F-486AL is a barren rock with no atmosphere or ozone layer and roughly Normal Gravity. It is one of the few surviving planets in system, and is tectonically stable. That's all it took to recommend F-486AL as the headquarters for pirates operating in Fountain Head. The pirates landed a few pre-fab pressure domes, and flattened a few kilometers of rock for use as landing strips for their light fighters.

Anywhere else besides Fountain Head, the pirates would be minor annoyances. Here they've got just enough firepower to be truly dangerous. A few fly ***Star Hawgs*** and ***Wyld Hawgs***, but most make do with crescent shaped light fighters that look like scrap-built shit, but which handle like a wet dream. The pirates have a single 'scooper ship' to collect spilled IDM: they nick-named it "***Your Whore Mom***" because of all the suckin' she does.

The pirates themselves are a motley gang of spacer-dregs, but everyone of 'em can FLY. They compete with one another to rack up the most kills, to pull off the most insane stunts. They've got a bit of style to go with their mass murdering brutality. The pirate leadership is a pair of superbly well-armed idiots named ***Mie*** and ***Mau*** (CN and CE female Anthro Rogue 10 and Rogue 8). The two foul-mouthed, ultra-violent cat-girls began their existence with a house cat phenotype, but somewhere along the way, Mie got upgraded to a puma genome, and her twin sister got some black leopard alleles inserted. Steroids, implanted cyber-weapons and bad living has turned the pair into walking SWAT teams. They lead from the front – they fly the same ***Kerembit-Class Star Fighters*** as every other pirate, just with some added weapons and a tacky feline-patterned livery.

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Kerembit-Class Star Fighter – Tier 1

Tiny Analog Stealth-Rigged Fighter
Speed 8 ***Maneuverability*** good (+1 piloting, turn 1)
AC 19 ***TL*** 23
HP 26 ***DT*** – ***CT*** 7
Attacks
forward: HE missile launcher, long range, tracking (12 hexes), 4d8 damage, limited fire 5
forward: light particle beam, medium range, 3d6 damage
aft: light EMP cannon, short range, EMP damage
Power Core Micron Heavy (70 pcu) ***Hyperdrive*** none
Systems T-8 Thrusters, Mk. 2 Armor, Mk. 4 Defensive Countermeasures, Basic Short-Range Sensors, Analog Basic Computer
Modifiers +1 Piloting, +1 Perception ***Complement*** 1

Special
The Kerembit-Class Star Fighter is so radar-invisible it is virtually impossible to shoot down with anything more advanced than manually-targeted eyeball weapons.

The Kerembit benefits from a 25% miss chance when targeted by any Tracking weapon. In the case of Quantum weapons, roll the miss chance individually for each attack.

Special
The Kerembit's analog computers make the vehicle immune to the special effects of EMP weapons.

Crew
Gunnery +9, Piloting +10 (5 ranks)

Kerembit are scratch-built, stripped down flying talons. These asymmetrical craft have a cramped, coffin of a cockpit on the starboard side, and a hooked wing to port, which resembles the comma-shaped claw of a hunting tiger. No Hyperdrive, no shielding, no comms more advanced than short-range radio, and no amenities. Everything not essential to flight and dog-fighting has been stripped out in favor of over-charged weapons. The Kerembit has virtually no electronic signature: it is rigged for stealth and silence. These short-range snub fighters would be useless in deep space, but launching from a hidden launch base on ***F-468AL,*** they are very effective as pirates.

The Orchevidny Korbal

This WARSTAR-flagged 'mining trawler' looks like what would happen if a diesel engine fucked a jellyfish, and the jellyfish decided against abortion. Everyone in-system knows the Orchevidny Korbal is a spy-ship but since there is no law in Fountain Head, nobody can really do anything about it. The Command doesn't want to commit resources so far out on the Fringe, when they've got genocides to commit much closer to the Sol System.

The Korbal occasionally mines IDM from the event horizon, enough for its science-rats to study. Mostly though, the ship just watches. It's tracking the IDM mining business, and who jumps into or out of system, and where they're filing flight plans for. The Korbal is captained by ***Naval Under-Kommissar B'daburn*** (LE male Human Fighter 10). Under-Kommissar B'daburn is a taciturn, nearly silent man from a proud military lineage. He's not imaginative enough to rise much farther, nor courageous enough for graft. He is a mediocre officer in every respect, and an enigma to Fountain Head. The captain never leaves his vessel, but he might allow his crew a few days of R&R aboard ***Way Station*** once or twice a year.

Mosh Pit Stop Salvage

Arthur Mosh (N male Free Spacer Cavalier 6) maintains a workshack on the outer edge of the Fountain Head system. His private station is little more than a glorified repair dock for the starship which is his pride and joy, the well-armed and heavily armored ***Jurisprudence***. In spacer terms, the starship is an armored car transformed into a tow-truck, and more than capable of seeing off a pirate raiding party.

With Jurisprudence, Arthur Mosh has a profitable scheme going. Wait for a stricken miner to broadcast an SOS during a pirate raid, and then jump in. Tell the miner they can keep their ship, and their cargo, and that the Jurisprudence will see them safely out of the system… and all it's going to cost them is a 40% salvage fee. Easier than piracy, and legal too… at least technically.

Nelson-17

The remnants of a space battle were pulled into the gravity well of this dark, sweltering jungle world. The broken wreckage of thousands of starships, from capitol vessels to single pilot spacefighters drifts in a metal halo above the world. Other derilects couldn't find a stable orbit and crashed into the endless tidal mires beneath. Broken alloy and military-grade polymers litter the swamps, and strange fuels have polluted the already brackish waters.

The mass death of so many pilots awakened something dark on Nelson-17. The wrecks in orbit, as well as those half buried in the swamp swarm with voracious undead. ***Antiuhls, Dedders*** and ***Ded-I***, as well as more conventional Undead from the *Bestiary* and other sources are plentiful and hungry. Despite their ravenous hunger for life, they Nelson-17's undead are patient hunters. They rest, slumped over gunnery station and cockpit controls, like lifeless corpses, sometimes waiting for hours or days to rise to the slaughter. A particularly dangerous Ded-I, dressed in an ancient, ragged bomber jacket and significantly more powerful than the norm, nicknamed the ***Turret Gunner***, seems to lead these soulless creatures. Lesser undead follow the Turret Gunner's lead, only attacking once he so commands, and allowing him first opportunity to feed.

The orbital wreckage is controlled by a small clade of ***Incursion Demons*** who have established a profane lair in the ruined bridge of a derelict Command destroyer, *The USS Scott Walker.* A nuclear torpedo ruptured the security bulkheads and opened the bridge to hard vacuum. Since its takeover by the demons, it has become an infernal altar. The warped magic of the place keeps victims teleported into the bridge-lair alive, despite the vacuum, so they can be properly bled and broken.

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There is still one person alive on the Hell-world called Nelson-17, the *Scott Walker's* XO. When the bridge got hit, ***LCDR Brenton Trump III*** (CE male Human Aristocrat 6) and a half-dozen junior officers got to the lifeboats and successfully made planet-fall. When the food ran out, LCDR Trump merked his comrades and made surprisingly good jerky, discovering a previously undiscovered talent for cooking. His decadent and useless family wants proof of his death, or successful recovery if he's still alive and have hired mercs and hunters to comb the debris field for clues. So far, every mission ended with a total party kill. Each time, the Trump family have doubled the bounty: currently, if a crew can bring the wastrel officer back alive, the payout is 64 million credits. Half that for proof of death.

Revenalla

Revenella is an icy world at the far edge of its solar system, its crimson star only a smudged red glow on the far horizon. This world of eternal night is a relatively short FTL hop from ***Walpurgisnacht.*** A consortium of Cosmic Satanist billionaires bought the planet, and erected a high-density life support dome over one of the few areas of liquid water on Ravenella's surface. Creative landscaping, terraforming and the construction of high-end hotels, night clubs, casinos and other attractions turned Revenella into one of the hottest hedonism destinations in Satanic space.

Beneath the spun diamond bio-dome, Revenella is Miami by night. The artificial atmosphere is hot and sultry, and at its brightest, the lights only come up to the level of pink and violet twilight, lit by twinkling neon. A huge waterpark grows from Revenella's natural lake, warmed by geothermal energy. Attractive, genetically engineered *touristas* flaunt bikinis and armored body paint as they dance and play.

Lady Paralyne (CN female Pacifican Cleric of Lightbringer 13) is the glamorous ruler of hedonistic Revenalla. The world's tourists have no idea the power and responsibility she wields. They see the busty beauty who judges adults-only beauty contests and greets travelers as they step off their star-cruises. What most don't realize is that Lady Paralyne is in constant communication with planetary logistics. Revenella is the financial heart of Cosmic Satanism – tourist credits fund the Tantric orgies on Walpurgisnacht and purchase elite xeno-mercs to protect Satanist aims.

The only problem is that Lady Paralyne wants the face of Cosmic Satanism to be cleaner, more presentable and saner than ***High Magus Storval's*** brand. (A little less traditionalist misogyny would be nice, too.) Lady Paralyne controls the money, which means that despite her lack of name recognition outside the Cosmic Satanist community, she holds nearly as much power as Storval himself. The conflict between the two remains cold and *sub rosa,* but the powerful egos involved means snide remarks and financial fuckery will give way to black ops, assassination and counter-assassination. Storval is looking forward to it a lot more than Paralyne is.

Bastard Satanica

A few years back, the half-crazy and righteously pissed off ***Arachnid Palestine*** (CG male Free Spacer Cleric of Philosophic Satanism 6) was ***Orion S. Kalashnikov's*** personal assistant and all around scut-boy. He learned to write like the old man, and to fight the power almost as good. Eventually they had a falling out involving a whiskey enema, a laser pistol and a pissed off sex-Synth, so Palestine headed back for Satanic Space. He rented a shitty office with a built-in shower and put a cot down, then started up his own version of the Bastard: *Bastard Satanica.* Pretty soon, Satanica was the be-all and end-all of Satanic Space news: Palestine knew everything going on in this dark corner of the galaxy, and reports it honestly.

Palestine can get in anywhere in the sector, and has contacts throughout Cosmic Satanist society. He's hobnobbed with High Magus Storval and the other power brokers, but prefers life on the ground. With the working class, with the street scum. Palestine isn't making any friends by reporting the fact that a war with the Command isn't going to be good for anybody in Satanic Space. He's looking into the Sheryl Etat murder, and already knows that Storval (despite his protestations) is innocent. Palestine might be the first reporter in history assassinated for proving a controversial politician wasn't behind a secret murder plot.

Tribaadi

Tribaadi is one of ***Revenalla's*** only competitors for tourists and their pleasure-credits. This snowy, Low Gravity world orbits a strange green-blue star significantly older and cooler than Sol. The habitable zones of the planet have been covered in heated bio-domes that violate the architectural trademarks of Revenalla's better-known domes. Tribaadi is a ski resort without compare; the ultra-wealthy slalom down mountains twice as high as Earth's, confident that imported Afro-Futurist med-techs hired from ***Medicoake*** will keep anybody who skis into a tree alive and healthy.

Tribaadi can't compete with Revenalla on sheer glitz and glamour, so it depends on creativity. A planet-wide psycho-field makes virtually any in-

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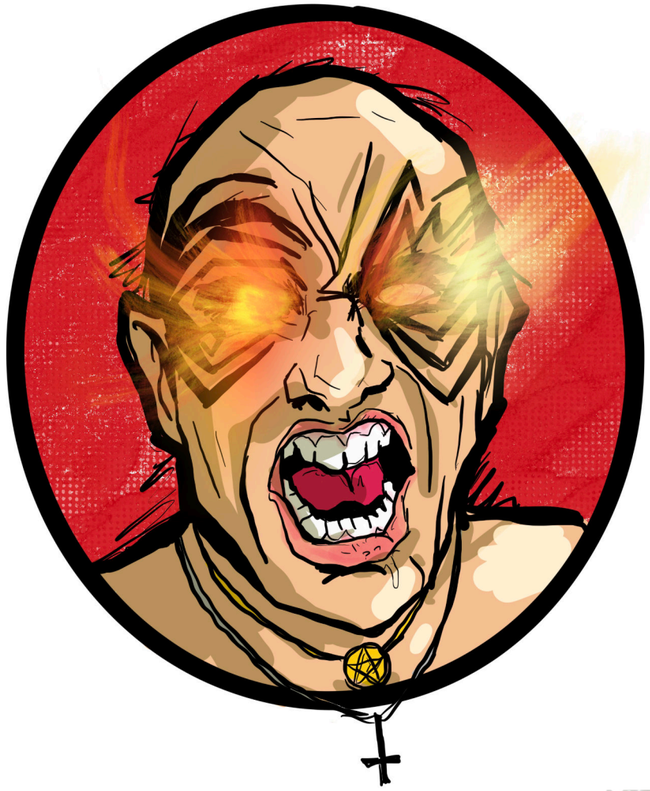
telligent creature with a homind-compatible sexual anatomy bisexual for the duration of their stay and for 1d4 days after departure. (Unwilling creatures can attempt a DC 12 WILL Save to resist; this save increases by +2 DC per day of exposure.) Tribaadi markets its orgy nights and whirlwind romances, unthinkable elsewhere in the galaxy, as its chief attraction.

Tribaadi is owned wholly through the enigmatic ***Seven Suns*** mega-corp, which has an entire board of Human, Proximite and TV Head directors purely to deflect suspicion. The true owner resides on a psi-shielded chamber on Tribaadi – an ancient Psyren war-priestess ***Salome*** (LE female Psyren Cleric of the Empress of All Minds 19). After a turn manipulating Earth's theological and cultural development as the Biblical Salome, she retreated to this sanctuary during the ***Great Galactic Dark Ages***, half of her kind in hot pursuit. She remained in stasis until the 43rd Century, when she began amassing wealth and power anew. The planet's sexuality-shifting energy field is a mere side effect of the ancient Psyren tech that conceals Salome from her enemies.

Walpurgisnacht

This remote frontier world is a rocky iceball, constantly bombarded by meteorites and failed comets, orbiting a dark vermillion star. The ***Prison Zone*** is perilously close. What few colonists there are have burrowed dozens of miles beneath the black ice to build their civilization. Walpurgisnacht is a gothic, haunted place, the headquarters for the ***Interstellar Church of Satan Maximus***. Miles of cold dungeons wind beneath the rocky surface, with the sounds of echoing moans and cries of ecstatic terror resounding through the colony.

Devotees of Satan Maximus chose this desolate and inhospitable world for one reason and one reason only, a system-wide field of exotic energy they call The Dark Resonance. The Dark Resonance is visible as a lurid purple shimmer visible from Walpurgisnacht's cratered surface or, crackling azure lightening lighting the darkness of intra-system space.



Walpurgisnacht is home to great Satanic cathedral dungeons, where the interstellar Satanists plan out their warfare against the ICG and its Corporate Command puppets. Huge, fog-shrouded caverns have been carved from the icy granite and serve as auditoriums for mass sacrifices. Beautiful cultists are ritually disemboweled with pleasure blades, their deaths powering not only the great, flawed machines that both keep Walpurgisnacht habitable, but also beaming unholy might to the weapons of Cosmic Satanist heroes across the galaxy.

High Magus Storval *(use the Thermonuclear Satanist statblock)* leads the great cosmic coven on Walpurgisnacht. Storval fled Command Space ahead of charges of murder, espionage and sedition and bummed around free space for a while as a cargo pilot. In his time, the two-century old magus has been a mercenary soldier, a used starship sales man, a popular disk jockey for Outlaw Sex Stations 04 and 05, a wandering journo, an AI programmer, a slaver, an abolitionist, a children's sim-author, a guide on a desert planet, a rancher, and a half-hundred other professions. During a term as a prospector, Storval and his crew stumbled onto the Walpurgisnacht system and its unique properties. Seeing the hand of fate in his long, rambling and notorious life, Storval founded the modern heretical worship of Satan Maximus and started literally, raising a little Hell.

The leathery, hyperactive Storval and his harem of 666,666 beautiful, Gothic cultists live on the planet's singular moon, ***Thelmax***, in a Zero Gravity pleasure palace more expansive than most orbital shipyards. Walpurgisnacht welcomes regular visitors – Cosmic Satanists from across the galaxy, rockers and journos enjoying the planet's many subterranean heavy metal concerts, pilgrims, hedonists and ordinary spacers just on planet to pick up a sacrificial blade, an illegal pleasure weapon, a hot time with a Gothy chick, or some good Glow. By contrast, Thelmax is a max-sec vault accessible only to the Cosmic Satanist elite, and protected by a whole legion of fearsome, demonic full conversion cyborgs wielding deadly weapons.

Game Play Effects: Dark Resonance

Any spell with either the chaos, death or evil descriptors have their numerical effects Maximized and their durations Extended, as per the feats.

Conjuration (calling) spells and similar effects that summon creatures with either the chaotic or the evil subtypes, or alignments, have their duration radically extended. These creatures remain in existence for 1d6+3 hours so long as they remain in the Walpurgisnacht system.

Location Within the System	Spellcraft DC
On Walpusgisnacht itself or its moon Thelmax	DC 20 + Spell Level
The inner solar system	DC 16 + Spell Level
The outer solar system	DC 12 + Spell Level

Spells with either the good or lawful descriptors are impeded in the Walpurgisnacht system. Any spellcaster attempting to cast these spells anywhere within the system must succeed at a Spellcraft check, the DC of which is determined by position within the system plus the spell's level. If the check fails, the spell (or spell points/spell slot) is expended without effect.

Sabbat

Sabbat is a misshapen planetoid in the same system as Walpurgisnacht. Imagine a sort of rocky peanut, created when two asteroids slammed together aeons ago, and you're close. Carved deep into the rocky planet, there is a living temple lit by ultraviolet candlelight. Within are the oldest members of the Syrion race, 3,000-year-old oracles with wrinkled faces and loose hanging fur as black as pitch. Their misshapen lair makes them all but immortal, and gives them precise (if often limited) images of the future. High Magus Storval consults these oracles often, about matters of concern to Cosmic Satanism.

Headline Earth: The Sheryll Etat Murder

Just last week, one of the most brutal murders in the last few centuries shocked the dying Earth. Sheryll Etat, a very cute and very white socialite, and a half dozen of her equally Caucasian friends and family were slaughtered and gutted in their palatial private space station orbiting the Northern California district of Unified Nor-Am. Satanic pentacles and threatening messages promising death to all "white ICG pigs!" were left on every bulkhead. Sheryll's fear-stricken face was left in the food replicator for police to find.

The Etats had been loyal friends of the Plantaganet administration for years; Etat's father was a powerful defense contractor, giving the Command's military reason to get involved. According to the Command military police, security footage from the Etat space station, a boarding crew of Cosmic Satanist murder-masters broke into the habitat. During the massacre, one of the murderers took off his pressure helmet to reveal himself as High Magus Storval. Storval was never popular in Earth space, but now every suburbanite in the system wants his head. There's wide popular pressure for a full-scale Command invasion of Walpurgisnacht, and an all-out Inquisition lead by the Imperial Church of the Galaxy to wipe out Cosmic Satanism once and for all.

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One problem. Just one.

When Sheryll Etat was being gutted with a chain-sword, High Magus Storval was on stage on Walpurgisnacht, leading the Annual Happy Satanist Orgy and Global Mosh Pit. He's got about 40,000 eye-witnesses on his side. Of course, he's crazy, arrogant and pissed off enough he's got no problem taking credit for the Etat kill. He's been wanting a war with the Command for most his adult life, and he's willing to accept the blame for bullshit if it means he finally gets to start tossing nukes at Earth.

The Hell Panther Nation

The Hell Panther Nation are a clade of Cosmic Satanist nomads who draw their membership from among the angriest, most militant and most iconoclastic of the Afro-Futurist people. Though primarily Afro-Futurist, the Hell Panther Nation is open to anyone who demands to live free, outside the hypocrisy and prejudice of the Corporate Command. The Hell Panther Nation lives aboard an unruly flotilla of civilian vessels which homeport somewhere across Satanic Space. All fly the iconic red panther and 666 livery of the Hell Panther Nation, and even the smallest cargo-lighter is a baroque temple to excess, freedom and darkest pleasures.

The Hell Panther Nation are a familiar sight to spacers across Free Space and the Fringe. They are the traders, merchants and missionaries of the Cosmic Satanist tribe, the working class of the religion of infernal rock and roll, the roadies of the Devil himself. They prefer to stick to Afro-Futurist stations, though even though they share a phenotype, their radical differences in philosophy means the Hell Panthers don't always receive the warmest welcome. They have to recruit secretly, if at all, on ***New Kingston***, for example. Sectarian violence can get bloody, but hasn't turned to murder too often.

The Hell Panther Nation is a cult of personality built up around the volatile and proud ***Goliath Sostre*** (CG male Afro-Futurist Cleric of the Lucifixer 14). Sostre is utterly committed to freedom and liberation, a staunch advocate of the abolition of both all prisons and all militaries. He will brook no injustice, no matter how small or minor, and will fight to the death to against anything he feels infringes on his liberty. Sostre has one of the highest Command bounties of any outlaw – more than 250 million credits for cop killing and fermenting insurrection. All Hell Panther spacers are targets of Command-allied bounty hunters, considered accessories by default. Bounty hunters can earn a good living jacking up unarmed Hell Panthers, which is the main reason that Hell Panthers never go unarmed.

Sostre sticks to Free Space and spends most of his time aboard the ***Bloody Rainbow.*** It's a converted hospital ship up-gunned, armored and redecorated in line with Satanist aesthetics. It was his father's ship, flying proud out of ***Medicoake***, before a Command space-cop gunned the old man down.

Goliath Sostre is a skilled healer: his crew offer medical care to anyone in need, even white ICG bigots caught in the shit, no matter how much it galls them. These days, the *Bloody Rainbow* spends a lot of time docked in the ***Starburn System***, trying desperately to find a cure to The Ender.

Sostre isn't in good favor with the mainline Cosmic Satanist power structure. He wants actual galactic revolution, not just a drug fueled party, and as deep as his faith is, he's willing to work with outsiders. He needs allies, wants alliances. The Satanists, Afro-Futurists and Leather Clones all have the same boot on their throats – they need to stand together or die separate.

Winedark

Winedark is a rogue Low Gravity planet, slowly drifting through the cosmic void. It orbits no sun, and is only capable of supporting life through a quirk of planetary geography. Winedark's core is an ultra-dense, highly magnetized liquid metal that provides the orphan planet with both an intense planetary mag-field and life-giving geothermal heat.

Winedark is home to the last remnants of ancient powers, who have retreated into seclusion on this dark world. The last few, pitiful survivors of the ***World Seeders*** species, who shaped the galactic biosphere in better eons, have retreated to Winedark. These fading recluses are referred to simply as ***Wine Makers***, their earlier names and grandiose titles long forgotten. The Wine Makers produce the sacred wines used in Cosmic Satanist rituals – they are occult venters without compare. Their unique passion and aptitude for winemaking gives the exo-planet both its name and sole export good.

The extensive caverns beneath the surface have been expanded into a complex tunnel system running the length and breadth of the planet. These tunnels are climate controlled wine cellars and alchemical laboratories. Liquid libraries contain vast amounts of data encoded as artificial RNA in a yeast medium; the Wine Makers keep their secrets in crystalline goblets and adamantine kegs. The ancients tend grape arbors growing under artificial, high UV light.

The Astroventers

The Astroventers are a human cult that worships both the ancient ***Worldseeders*** and the ***Living Stars*** themselves in syncretic fusion. They are easily recognized by their bulky light amplification goggles or night-adapted cyber-optics, and by their heavy, leather brewers' aprons. They work in silence, communicating only by wi-fi radio-telepathy. From Winedark's eastern hemisphere, they study the stars with vast telescope arrays and sensor farms. From Winedark, they map the stars of the galaxy from a planet free of light pollution.

The founder of the cult was once a Command tactical futurist. Sixty years ago, ***Collin Evernon*** (use the *Occult Futurist* stat-block) saw a glimpse of the Command's most probable cultural future. The foreknowledge broke his mind. Obsessed, he abandoned known space and took a wandering path to Winedark. There he used the last of his enormous wealth to build the antenna farms. Now, the eerily silent, pale and half-blind Evernon studies techno-astrology. The movement of the stars, the movement of cultures, the whims of the market, the long march of culture: it is all one and the same, and by mapping the stars Evernon has a clearer view of the future than ever before. His radio telescope array functions as an ***Oracle Array***, allowing Evernon to predict societal trends with uncanny accuracy.

Unlike other Futurists, Evernon has no grand plans. No great schemes. Only despair. His predictions point inexorably in one direction. There is no future. There is only a downward trend to ruin and entropy. Towards the end of all things. Collin Evernon will watch it all die, and will help it all die, gently and mercifully, as all space-time winds to a close.

Using fine old vintages adulterated with RNA propaganda, Evernon quietly encourages, and subtly empowers the Command's worst tendencies. Simply by shipping famous wines anonymously to the Command's leadership, the soul-poisons within corrupt the drinkers to the gospel of hopelessness. His manipulations lead to the creation and spread of the Ender, to the Command's new aggressiveness, and its increasing militarism at the cost of social infrastructure. Evernon's dark wines will ensure the galaxy winds to a close slightly ahead of schedule.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE IRON CURTAIN OF SPACE

The tyrant regime of WARSTAR presses inexorably inward from the edge of the galaxy. The Corporation Command and the freedom loving colonists and free thinkers of the Fringe alike dread WARSTAR – but never enough to unify in the face of the vast, techno-fascist empire. For the peasantry of WARSTAR space, existence is colorless and fiercely regimented. They toil ceaselessly, preparing the endless machinery of conquest, in the service of WARSTAR Knights and Kommissars, warrior castes allowed the release of violence, and the pleasure of the kill.

Trench Space

The WARSTAR regime is separated from the 'free galaxy' by a parsecs-wide DMZ known as Trench Space. This savage frontier expands far beyond the Fringe, a lot farther than any sane spacer would willingly go. Trench Space is a mined and war torn slice of Hell itself. Experimental military weapons, fired by both the Command and by WARSTAR have ripped holes in reality – hyperspace doesn't quite work right. Unpredictable wormholes form an unpredictable and frequently lethal knot of compressed, thread bare space. Starships travelling through Trench Space might appear years after they set out, centuries into the future, if they arrive at their destination at all. But they might just as easily arrive only minutes after departure, or even weeks before they entered Trench Space.

The worlds of Trench Space suffer as the conflict over their heads rages on. Supply lines have been shattered, and myriad worlds have succumbed to starvation or the fall of a high-tech infrastructure that was dependent on regular space travel. Other worlds have become armed garrisons, whether or not their inhabitants really wanted to host off-worlder soldiers. Still others have died screaming: more than once the Corporate Command has had to destroy a planet to 'save it' from WARSTAR incursion.

Trench Space is a no-go zone for civilian pilots. Command interdiction cruisers have orders to vaporize any unauthorized vessels not transmitting the proper code clearance.

The Madness of Trench Space

The sky is torn and ragged in Trench Space. Spatial and temporal anomalies open regularly, some visible to eyes perceiving on a human-compatible spectrum, others detectable only by high-end sensor packages. It requires a DC 20 +1d6 Computer Use check to detect one of these anomalies forming – typically these events last only a few minutes before sealing themselves. Success allows the pilot to steer around an anomaly – or steer directly into it if desired. The pilot never really knows what a particular anomaly will do until they take the gamble.

What happens if a starship hits an anomaly?

Pretty much anything the game master wants, but here are a few suggestions…

1 Vessel is accelerated hundreds of years into the future	6 Vessel arrives at destination hours before its scheduled departure time
2 Vessel is shunted to an incomplete parallel universe where the Corporate Command is instead the hopeful, optimistic and benevolent ***Galaxy Command***	7 Vessel is lost in transition for several weeks before arriving at its destination
3 Vessel is flung dramatically off course, deep into WARSTAR space	8 Massive damage cripples the vessel, leaving it floating dead in space and on the verge of total destruction
4 Vessel is shunted into the distant past – appearing sometime during the 24th Century, as the Second Coming arrives in blood, thunder and fire	9 Vessel jumps into a rapidly decaying orbit around a main sequence star and things get worse from there
5 Vessel is split into one or more quantum duplicates – exact replicas of everyone and everything aboard – who are shunted to different quadrants of the galaxy and begin diverging from there	10 Something very, very, very bad manifests into reality in the vessel's holds

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Militarized Space

The Command maintains a heavy presence in Trench Space. It has liberated (read: conquered) countless worlds, and established beachheads on many others, as well as orbital stations looming over unaligned planets and systems.

Canteen

Canteen is a primitive world of rolling plains and deep lakes fed by an aquifer stretching nearly to the planets core. Canteen is lush and verdant, home to a crimson-skinned *homo sapiens* variant with a roughly Neolithic tech level. Known as the ***Loure***, the hominid natives were a lot friendlier before the Command turned their beautiful world into a water mining op and armed garrison. The Loure's druids use their animal mastery and stealth to catch and butcher soldiers who let their guard down. Drastically underestimating Canteen's natives, the Command thinks there is a major WARSTAR insurgency on planet.

Dream's End

Dream's End is an electronic warfare station and listening post built into a fortified comet, towed into a stable orbit over one of Trench Space's dead moons. Dream's End has a three-pronged mission. First, secure Command comms from outside interference. Second, maintain a watchful eye over WARSTAR territory. Third, maintain an electronic 'censor shield' to prevent Outlaw Sex Station-09 signals from damaging troop morale. It is least successful at the third prong of its mission.

Full Metal

The name of this Texas-sized planetoid comes from its rich deposits of nickel, cobalt, lithium and other valuable ores. The Command has transformed Full Metal into a single massive factory, churning out vast numbers of military-grade Synths, combat androids and mecha for use in Trench Space. Full Metal is almost completely AI-run. Military Synths and Star Droid helpers toil in airless fabrication bays, producing more of their kind, in a geometric progression.

Lead Jacket

The Command thinks that Lead Jacket is just a heavily forward operations base with a planet-killer class rail-gun built into a thirty-mile long canyon near the northern pole. Lead Jacket's enlisted troops are careful to keep the lush Glow fields on the south-western edge of the planet's super-continent a secret. Computer trickery and the deft manipulation of flight clearance keeps officer-cadre eyes off that corner of the continent, and Lead Jacket's senior enlisted stoned, happy and rich. Enlisted Command troops smuggle the good stuff off of Lead Jacket mixed in with parts shipments or sharing coffin space with fallen comrades.

Marauder

Marauder is the chief military hospital for troops stationed in Trench Space. The world is a cold, diamond clear tundra, a frigid world in shades of blue and silver. Marauder's native Anthro populace displayed a variety of ursine and seal-like phenotypes, perfectly adapted to the cold. Most of them are extinct now – victims of the medical station's germ warfare experiments, or else used as spare parts for badly wounded Command men and women. The wounded see only the slick, militarized compassion of the medical staff, and don't question where their replacement organs come from.

Panther

Panther is a world of continual monsoon rains, simultaneously drowning and nourishing a hypertoxic purple jungle. ***Command Special Operations Group Ocho*** has claimed Panther as their private domain – nobody outside of Group Ocho, not even Command flag officers is allowed landing clearance. Officially Panther's accommodations consist of a few pre-fab buildings and a quick-assembly space port. Unofficially, the elite operators of Group Ocho have built sprawling mansions and pleasure domes for themselves across Panther. There's pretty convincing rumor that about 1.25 billion credits siphoned from the black budget is squirreled away in a bomb shelter somewhere out in Panther's murderous wilds.

Pitbull

Pitbull is a stealth-rigged space station at the edge of Trench Space, nearly within the territory WARSTAR claims for itself. Only secrecy protects the tiny station. Pitbull's mission is remote surveillance – early warning of troop movement into Command Space. Pitbull's crew are almost exclusively TV Heads, augmented with specialized headware that boosts their brain power and processing speed into the high superhuman range.

Rewind

Rewind has been taken over by the Command as a military training depot, because of a temporal anomaly unique to the system. Trench Space did a job on this previously Earth-like world. Every 21 hours and 40 minutes, everything on Rewind resets back to the condition it was at the beginning of the time loop. Those on planet remember everything that happened during the looped time – currently, the natives have been living the same 'day' over more than 900 stable loops!

The Command uses the planet as a live fire training zone. Troops can use real weapons against one another, become mentally hard and inured to death, and no matter what goes wrong, everybody is fine 22 hours later! Black ops troopers can practice torture and interrogation techniques on civilians that regenerate perfectly 22 hours later, and artillery commanders can blow up cities that are put back together in the same time frame.

The locals are using the loops to set up a rebellion executed to precision only possible after 900 or more rehearsals. They are/will be/have been a major problem for the Command, despite the fact the locals are grappling with the worst cases of PTSD ever recorded in galactic history.

Arlington-Burke

Arlington-Burke is a conjoined planet. Two dwarf worlds fused together by a primeval collision, and the resulting, peanut-shaped gestalt is still less than a 100 km in orbital diameter. Arlington-Burke has worn a lot of hats over the last few centuries. In the 24th Century, Arlington-Burke was a military cemetery for Terran troops who died with incredible valor. By the 28th Century, the young Corporate Command was using it as a test bed for reanimated super-soldiers. After that failed, Arlington-Burke was reconsecrated as a military cemetery before the budget dried up. After a tour of duty as a rendition facility in the late 33rd Century, Arlington-Burke was towed to the Black Box. It was an easy way to bury the evidence.

Arlington-Burke was lost, classified and completely forgotten for more than a thousand years.

Somebody eventually found it.

Dr. Herbiv West (CE male Anthro Alchemist 8/Cleric 5) is a deserter from multiple armies. He first deserted the mega-corperate military that decanted him as a unit medic, and fled to what he thought was freedom in the ***Nazharak Horde***. There he was tagged "Herbiv" because of his obligate herbivore phenotype, and found himself even lower in society than he was as a human slave. Dr. West eventually escaped again, and

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found himself a high-ranking officer in the coup that created the ***Independent Republic of Lepus***. Being a hare, Dr. West was on top, which suited the egotistical scientist just fine. Dr. West escaped IRL territory just hours before it turned into a failed state and his fellow rabbits got massacred.

After drifting for the next few years, and amassing both a fortune and new enemies, Dr. West penetrated the Black Box and rediscovered Arlington-Burke. His time among the Nazharak Horde convinced him that undeath was a viable evolutionary strategy for the Anthro species, but eternal servitude to the ***Primogens*** definitely wasn't. Dr. West is researching undeath and alchemical reanimation on his own terms. Arlington-Burke, because of its history of undead super-soldier experimentation (similar to the Gravediggers from the *Psi-Watch Campaign Setting*) was a perfect place for Dr. West's research.

These days Dr. Herbiv West plays God and defies logic, science and common sense in the privacy of the abandoned planetoid graveyard. He has successfully re-animated some of the oldest corpses from their vital salts, creating a breed of Gravedigger soldiers under his exclusive control. Some of them even remember tantalizing bits and pieces of 24th Century super-science, now long lost. Thanks to the secrets of the long buried dead, Dr. West is uncovering secret super-weapons and arms caches long forgotten. He typically dispatched a few competent Gravedigger officers along with undead cannon fodder, sometimes accompanied by an ex-IRL mercs he knows from the old days. Their mission is recon and tech recovery, not conflict, but West's minions can be deadly when pressed. West's chief enforcer is the burly cyber-jackalope mute named ***Watership*** (NE male Anthro Fighter 10). Watership almost died when the IRL fell, and now owes West a lifedebt.

So far nobody in the galaxy knows about Dr. West or his schemes. But very soon, the wily rabbit will emerge at the head of an army of the dead, flying ancient star-tanks better built than most modern vessels. He plans to take ***Osterman's Enigma*** first, to further his research. If he can, he's going to rebrand the Black Box as the ***Second Lepine Republic***, recruit gullible Anthros to do most of the dying, while staying comfortably behind the lines himself.

Asteroid AU-61251310147

This gold rich asteroid is larger than the asteroid belt object, *Ceres*. It is still technically outside our galaxy, but increasingly visible on long-range scanners throughout Trench Space. Specially rigged starships can already reach it, and the mission will only get easier in the coming weeks and months.

Every faction in Trench Space has launched missions to capture the asteroid: space battles engulfing millions of lives, snuffed out in burning void are becoming commonplace. The trajectory to the golden asteroid is carpeted with starship wreckage and the drifting corpses of spacers lost to hard vacuum. The Space Mafia is quietly in the lead, first on track to the asteroid, but none of the other racing armadas knows it. The stealth rigged *Sonny the Bull* took off from ***Rio Lindo*** two weeks before any military starship, after Techno-Strega Galverni fended off a cute assassin in her bed chambers. The failed murder twigged the Techno-Strega to the asteroid's existence, and its value.

Baba Yag

Baba Yag is the "Remote Capitol" of the WARSTAR Imperium, a regional hub commanding this sector of space. The true capitol of the Imperium rests beyond the rim of the galaxy, in the endless void of trans-galactic space. Its name and purpose are never shared with outsiders. Baba Yag is the capital known to spacers outside WARSTAR. Even the Command military does not know of the secret of the more distant, and greater capital.

Baba Yag is a frigid world about twice the diameter of Old Earth, orbiting a weak, cobalt star. The world is High Gravity and, save for the equatorial belt, is a frozen snow-scape. Baba Yag's cities are arranged across the world's tundra with geometric precision; each street laid out according to grand plans and standardized, Imperium-approved architectural schemes. A planetary population numbering more than twenty billion dwells within towering apartment monoliths crowned by onion-domed temple complexes.

They are the nameless, numberless workers of the WARSTAR. Their lot is long hours of labor in smoking mega-factories, but at least they are well fed, their hurts treated by WARSTAR theo-physicians. They can look forward to a ratio of strong drink and a game of holo-chess with family, as night falls and the apartment towers go dark. WARSTAR's citizens have everything they need, and little beyond that. They are raised from birth not to ask for the freedoms and techno-playthings the outside galaxy takes for granted.

The planet's rotation was slowed so the days are exactly thirty standard hours. Ten are work. Ten are dedicated to study of WARSTAR doctrine, though those in good standing can have recreation instead. Ten hours are sleep. Centrally-planned schedules are designed for maximum efficiency, and the living beings of Baba Yag are merely flesh machines to carry out the great plans of their betters.

Needles of naked steel crackle with lightning, drawing energy from the stars themselves, concentrating it and channeling this vast reserve of cosmic power into the WARSTAR war machine.

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The majority of labor done on Baba Yag relates the erection, control and repair of these star-needles. Such needles are spaced at five-kilometer intervals from specially designed control bunkers and energy-refineries; their radiance lights the cold night for vast distances.

Civim Ebon

Civim Ebon is the planetary capital, the only city-state not laid out along a rigid grid plan. Instead, the city's heart is shaped as a five-pointed star of impressive governmental offices hewn from ultra-dense black stone, which beautifully reflects the night sky. The city radiates out around the central district as urbanized spokes, each precisely measured for equal distance. Star-needles encircle Civim Ebon like the candles around a pentacle's points.

The city's central district is the exclusive province of high governmental officials, WARSTAR nobles and their privileged warriors and enforcers. Creatures much like ***Solix Verion*** and their ***Enumerator*** minions call the city home, though these creatures are loyal only to the WARSTAR, not the dark star-god Singular as their outsider cousin species are. They maintain the grand, onion-dome temples of the regime, count, measure, collate and allocate each citizen their portions of labor, sustenance and reward. The vast apparatus of the WARSTAR regime serves, and is served, by a single sentience: ***The Grand Kommissar***, elected from the ranks of lesser Kommissar every three decades.

The current Grand Kommissar has already ruled for eight years, and is among the most ambitious to ever hold the title. Under her leadership, WARSTAR has upped its military aggression against the Command, and has pushed farther into Fringe Space (and even into more civilized space) than ever in its long history. ***Grand Kommissar Thallin*** (LE female Inquisitor 20/Combatant 9) is a military general of the sort that only comes along once every few millennia.

Unlike the Kommissars before her, arch-conservative old men buried in paperwork and compromise, Thallin leads from the front and is beloved by her troops for her almost suicidal daring and knack for doing the impossible. She spends most of her 'recreation cycle' sparring in the grand arena she's had constructed in the ***Plaza of Great Justice***. She fights with a unique particle whip of her own design, and is a master of the instrument. She accepts all challengers, and doing well against the Grand Kommissar, even briefly, can allow even a low-born entry into the ground infantry. Thallin respects courage, and rarely kills her challengers, choosing murder only when provoked by cowardice. She sends most of her challengers home with new scars and newly earned humility, but with their lives.

Condemned spies and traitors can choose trail-by-combat against the Grand Kommissar, though all on planet know that such a course is little more than execution with false hope added before the fatal blow falls.

Civim Loshad

The planned city of Civim Loshad accommodates refugees of the ***Nazarhak Horde.*** WARSTAR has encountered the Horde before, time and again, in the void between galaxies, and the two philosophies cannot coexist. Loshad is an exclusively Anthro, and mostly Equine, city-state. The onion-dome cathedrals are dedicated to the utilitarian and coldly pragmatic tenets of *Breeder Oblix,* though a handful of ancient churches remain sworn to the *Maker*. The Grand Kommissar allows the Anthros their alien faith, since it ensures new workers are born often and families are large.

Civim Plavatel

Plavatel is a warm, equatorial city of rare luxury. Plavatel's chief purpose is science: vast radio-telescope farms and advanced optical telescopes scan the skies. Only the smartest, and most dedicated of WARSTAR's technologist caste are allowed to reside in Plavatel. Competition for places is fierce, sometimes lethal when tempers flare. The vast, golden dome girding the civim's university conceals an ancient secret. A warp-burned and timelost satellite from Old Earth – one of the long-forgotten *Voyager* series. Lost through a spatial warp centuries ago, the unfortunate satellite and it's Golden Disks filled richly with targeting intel was discovered in the trans-galactic void. Brought to Plavatel for farther study, it was the Golden Disk that first brought WARSTAR into the Milky Way galaxy.

Kommissar Karr Daavid (LE male Human Smart 9) is responsible for administration of the civim and for the continuing study of the Golden Disk. Pressed for more and better results by the Grand Kommissar, the scientist has authorized deep strikes into Command territory. Secret snatcher missions deep into the Solar System itself have

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brought back a handful experimental subjects. Kommissar Daavid's study of the *Sounds of Earth* recorded on the Golden Disk have allowed him to devise an infrasonic frequency that hijacks the sentience of any Earth-evolved *sapien.* He himself is immune, being born within WARSTAR territory in the gulf between galaxies. A handful of farther raids will allow Daavid to prove his concept and expand his ambitions: he will be the next Grand Kommissar no matter the cost.

Civim Soldatti

Civim Soldatii is located to the far north, beyond the planet's arctic circle. The cold is biting and lethal. Home to a population of more than 10 million, Soldatii is the largest military training academy on planet. It's citizens are all soldiers: recruits are brought to the city as young as twelve, and live here until their training is complete, usually at 18. Veterans, scarred by the completions of their tours, are allowed to reside in Soldatii. Grim ex-soldiers, often with crude, bulky prosthesis are found working in every commissary and kitchen. Even the bartenders and licensed prostitutes are ex-military.

The Samizdat presence in Soldatii is more militant, and better organized, than the norm. These rebels actively challenge the WARSTAR regime, and sabotage its war machine whenever possible. They focus on targeting the drill servants and trainers for assassination, destroy government hover craft before they can bring children to Soldatii for training. The samizdat cell leader is the last man anyone would suspect: a relentlessly kind and shell-shocked ex-sniper named ***Rossimo Hehah*** (CG male Human Rogue 8) who now teaches fine art at one of the academies.

The Smazidat

Those rare few with the strength of will to question the soulless discipline of WARSTAR's doctrine cannot imagine actually overthrowing the regime. Instead, dissidents mostly focus on the luxuries and teasingly forbidden pop culture they are denied behind the iron curtain of space. Samizdat are a combination of underground dissidents and pop-capitalist cosplayers, passing forbidden rock n' roll data-crystals from hand to hand and wearing illegal Free Spacer fashion in secret gatherings during recreation cycle.

The Space Mafia has a larger presence in WARSTAR Space than anyone suspects. Their ***Lightspeed Pipeline*** couriers excel at slipping onto Baba Yag in one-person ultra-lights, dumping a load of taboo blue jeans and illicit holo-pornography and getting out before the Enumerators exterminate them.

Calley

Calley has become the regional capitol for the Command Military operating in Trench Space. Before the long war against WARSTAR, Calley had another name, an alien name, and was a hub for sector commerce. Calley was home to a variety of Basic species, including a variety of near-*sapiens* strains, in particular a magenta-skinned caste that once represented planetary nobility. Today, Calley is choked with refugees from across Trench Space, teeming, traumatized masses who've strained charity and social services to the breaking point. Food riots and xenophobic terrorism are daily occurrences.

Corporate Command brass have commandeered the mansions and temples of the old nobility, turning them into homes for their assistants, servitor legions and spoiled dependents. The pink-hued sons and daughters of former dukes and high priestesses serve the newcomers as maids and valets – the luckiest are allowed a modicum of privilege as cultural attaches and translators.

Operations in Trench Space are under the command of ***Maximus General Stratoraker Powell*** (LE male Human Magus 19), a career warlord with a genome optimized for command, and for surgical atrocity in service of strategic goals. Maximus General Powell spent the last thirty-seven years precisely executing genocides in less important regions of contested space before assignment to Trench Space. His goal is to expunge all native civilization in Trench Space within the next three years; denying WARSTAR the region's manpower and resources. Powell hopes that if his butchery is efficient enough, he will have a chance to test his tactical acumen against the Leather Clones of Starborn System.

Powell's chief of staff is allowed a palatial villa (which used to be a civic library) adjoining his master's property. ***Vangardia Vox*** (CE male TV Head Alchemist 13) is a mad genius with ambitions far beyond logistics, and a veteran of three tours of duty at ***Tilliton Biologic.*** Under the general's direction, Vangardia Vox has brewed an assortment of tailored viruses and chem-weapons that could potentially sterilize Trench Space in less than eighteen months. Prisoners of war kept in bio-war facilities on ***Marauder*** were used to prove Vox' concepts and perfect his diseases.

Anh Tan Re

Anh Tan Re is Calley's only moon, and like the mother world, is capable of supporting life. Anh Tan Re is a Low Gravity moon of vast plains terminating abruptly in sudden and dizzying cliff faces and sheer drops. It is a complex and perilous topography – too hazardous and tactically unimportant for the Command to bother conquering outright. Instead, the Command just slowly starves the locals by restricting flights from planet to moon.

Before the Command came, Anh Tan Re's people were relatively low-tech farmers and hunters, who rejected much of the technology of the mother planet in favor of muscle powered ornithoptors and hot-air ballons. Now, as times become desperate, the farmer-folk have become a revolution – they'll take back their system from the Command. The rebels have already stolen several Command shuttles and strike fighters and taught themselves to fly. Coordinating with other resistance elements within Trench Space, they are an unexpectedly formidable opponent for the Command.

Thap (LN venerable male Human (?) Ranger 10/Monk 15) is the ancient abbot of one of the moon's many cliffside monasteries. Thap leads the rebellion against the Command – effective and equally unsuprised by success or failure. He talks about a prior rebellion – when another great galactic power, before the Corporate Command, battled WARSTAR for control of the region, five

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millennia ago or more. The ancient, stooped little man has an inexhaustible well of hope.

The Concerned Sergeants

Despite the Command's best attempts to maintain order in Trench Space, things are going wrong. Ammo dumps are exploding, officers are getting fragged, and somehow Outlaw Sex Station-09 porno-journos keep finding out about the latest massacres, no matter how hard they're classified. It's the kind of sabotage that only a well-connected insider could pull off. The troops refer to the "Concerned Sergeants" – deckplate rumors of the only decent, principled people in the Command military. There might just be one Concerned Sarge, or there might be a million, spread throughout the sector. Nobody ever admits to being one. Nobody'd be that stupid, and everybody knows that no one in the Command is worth that kind of trust. But somebody's doing what good they can, any time they can get away with it.

That pisses the mad Maximus General Powell to no fucking end.

Charon III

This tiny world orbits a dying white dwarf, and is shrouded in ice, just like the Terran-system planetoid of the same name. Few citizens of the Command know of Charon III's existence, as it appears on no approved nav-maps. Officially, Charon III does not exist. There's a good reason for that.

Charon III's sole habitation is a sprawling, subterranean bunker complex, staffed by an order of emotionless sect of ***Genocide Templars*** called the ***Icebound***. The Icebound Order serves the Corporate Command as secret executioners. Dissidents, annoying Sex Station journos, WARSTAR sympathizers, and anyone else the Command deems harmful to the public good are secretly 'rendered' to Charon III for execution. The Icebound use hypothermia as their preferred execution method, making eerie, begging statues out of dissidents frozen beneath liquid methane waterfalls.

Command Training Depot Remus

Remus was chosen as an intentionally inhospitable, but not outright lethal world, for training and hardening Command troops new to Trench Space. Remus is a rocky sandpit with a nearly non-existent ozone layer and a breathable, oxygenated atmosphere that still stinks of old rot and stale sweat. Remus is firmly in Command Naval hands, without any indigenous sentient lifeforms.

A variety of spartan training commands liter the canyons, while ammunition magazines and supply caches are buried in secure bunkers deep beneath the desert's rocky surface. The black-steel skeleton of an orbital elevator rises from the world's equator, only partially complete, but already in limited operation.

The Island

"The Island" is a mobile anti-grav platform the size of a small city which soars a steady five thousand feet above Remus' sands. The Island quarter's Remus' drill sergeants and officer population, ensuring they literally look down on the often-starving, exhausted trainees surviving below. Seeing the Island hanging overhead is an omen of doom for Remus' trainees. If the Island is hovering above your base, punishment is on the way, brutal, uncompromising and collective.

Comfort Alley

High performing troops are allowed a few shifts of R&R at Comfort Alley, a comparatively luxurious facility on Remus' central continent. Comfort Alley is an authorized bordello run by the Corporate Command itself. Its workers are anything but free – the Command military buys indentured slaves cheap from the Rigel II Mega-System, or captures attractive prospects during campaigns farther into Trench Space. The Command promises its sex slaves provisional citizen ship for satisfying its troops, but their quotas keep increasing, the hoops they need to hump through for citizenship ever more difficult.

Comfort Alley is under the command of ***Morale-General Anna Motheritte*** (NE female TV Head Inquisitor 11). Morale-General Motheritte is distantly related to the Command's First Lady. Personally revolted by any form of sexuality, and equally contemptuous of her prostitutes and the Command men who frequent them, she views her job on sociopathically mechanical terms. She allows troops an authorized amount of sexual recreation, no more, no less, and keeps her prostitutes alive and healthy for a prescribed service life, no shorter and no longer.

Renegade Canyon

Not all of the Command's conscripts can take Training Depot Remus' brutal discipline, and a few are smart enough to see through the brainwashing and realize that Trench Space is definitely not worth dying for. Deserters who survive the dead zones and lethal tracker droids encircling each training base might find sanctuary on the far side of this inhospitable world. *Renegade Canyon* is a barracks legend – a place where a tough or clever deserter can find shelter – a safe place to hide from Command hunter-killers. Even better, there's rumors that some of the lower tier merc outfits, and the Space Mafia occasionally make an unauthorized landing to pick up some cheap manpower from the Canyon. So, there's a chance of getting off Remus, and out of Trench Space altogether, at least for the toughest, the meanest, the worst.

The Debt Clock

Ten trillion spinning, interlaced, perfectly meshed gears and counterweights. An articulated, bronze, gold and adamantine thinking machine the size of a planet. The ultimate analogue computer, an incorruptible, constantly updating, involatile storage medium containing a complete record of every debt owed to the Space Mafia… and to the Corporate Command and its mega-corporate sponsors. The Debt Clock was created by the Mafia for its own use, to tally its assets and contracts, and proved so useful that the Corporate Command contracted to use the Clock to calculate its own finances. The general public, even most of Command law enforcement, has no idea of this collaboration. The Debt Clock itself is only a vague spacer rumor, a joke nobody thinks is real.

Originally built in orbit of ***Neo-Sicily***, the construct was towed through Hyperspace to a more secure resting place deep within the ***Black Box*** sector. The Debt Clock is placed in permanent counter-orbit on the far side of a main sequence star in an isolated, uninhabited system. To protect the precious financial data stored within the Debt Clock, a carrier fleet spearheaded by the lethal gunship, *USS Brimstone.* Six ansible-equipped communications corvettes receive data from the breadth of the galaxy daily, to be backed up into the Debt Clock as finances change. Four of these ships are active receivers at any one time, the other are in constant stand-by for multiple redundancy.

The Debt Clock has been ticking inexorably and perfectly for more than two thousand years. New layers of turning gears are added to the outer shell, like the paper-thin skin of an onion, as the

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Debt Clock's capacity has increased. In two thousand years, it has grown from an artificial station the size of Phobos to a fully synthetic world slightly larger than Old Earth itself. Construction never stops, nor does calculation. Spidery construction droids scale the endlessly moving hull, adding new sections and making necessary repairs.

The Debt Clock's enormous, metallic mass makes it a High Gravity environment, though the innermost core – an empty sphere ten miles in diameter, encircled on all sides by endlessly turning gears is perfectly balanced between gravitational forces. This void is a Zero Gravity environment. Void-adapted book-keepers, bred within the Clock itself, and never having seen the stars outside, maintain the gears and 'keep the count'. (These keepers are typically LE or LN Human Smart 2.) They are protected by the elite of the Space Mafia – cyborg warriors trained for combat in all gravity conditions, and superbly equipped. You can use the ***Armory Cyborg*** or ***Mega-Corp Elites*** (SS) to represent these trusted guardians.

The Debt Clock is the brainchild, and the ultimate responsibility of one man, a trusted and immortal Mafioso whose unique mind makes him completely trustworthy. ***Don Antonio Contabile*** (LN male TV Head Oracle 20) long ago removed the human-like portions of his neurology; he is as emotionless and unchanging. Removing his humanity also removed his mortality. Don Contabile is the same person he was when the Debt Clock was first proposed. He has stewarded the great data-bank for its entire existence. His obsession with knowing the sum, mathematical totality of the universe has driven him towards immortality, and Contabile will allow no one to ever take the Debt Clock from him.

Don Contabile has rigged the Debt Clock so if he dies within its confines, the Clock will purge its data in an explosion of stripped gears. If killed outside the Debt Clock's claustrophobic confines, the great clock will resurrect the ancient TV Head like a phylactery would a true lich, within days. No one in the Space Mafia, nor within the Command, know about the old sage's countermeasures.

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Deployment Base Slaughter

Once hardened by months of intensive training on Remus, Command troops are shipped to Slaughter for final assignments. Deployment Base Slaughter is a truly massive orbital station that shares Remus' sky. The brutally ugly war-station is designed for efficiency, and acts as a super-carrier for Command Navy vessels. Slaughter is one of the largest orbital dry-docks in the galaxy, capable of working on multiple heavy vessels, each over 5 km long, simultaneously.

Slaughter is a place for machines, without heart or humanity. Cavernous hangers service tens of thousands of snub fighters, the drydocks maintain the fleet, and vast, robo-tended armories arm the soldiers. Meanwhile, the Command's human troops hot-bunk in coffin-sized sleep capsules. Even the relative amenities of Comfort Alley are left behind. Command troops are happy to put Slaughter behind them, even if it means their next duty station is some beat-up old destroyer deep in Trench Space

Fleet Admiral Mason McGruder (LE male Human Cleric of the Dues Maximus 17) is a humorless fanatic. He promises the Command absolute victory in Trench Space, if only they would give him absolute command of all strategies and tactics used. He's been promising the same for years now, and growing ever more frustrated with President Plantagenet's dithering and idiocy. The admiral has reluctantly thrown in with ***General Vermior Heinlein's*** planned coup, but unfortunately has no idea how truly crazy General Heinlein really is.

Exxkyron's Eye

The long-dead space god ***Exxkyron*** left behind relics: living, immortal eyes torn from he/she/it's corpse and imbued with vast cosmic powers. The greatest of these eyes is so massive it dwarfs Old Earth itself, a surreal, gory exoplanet lost in the darkness of deep space. A tangle of optical nerves, strands of lightning charged flesh longer then the Nile River, dangle beneath the god-like eye. The emerald-green, snake-slit pupil focuses and twitches, as if the goliath severed eye is still aware, still focusing and perceiving. Severed from its host, dead and yet eternally alive.

The optical capillaries are wider than interstate highways and they pulse in a slow and timeless rhythm. Optical nerves as thick as twisted anchor cables carry million volts of an energy that is half electricity, half something more numinous. The Eye's interior volume teems with dangerous ***Exxkyronite*** creatures *(HM1),* including at least three competing ***Exxkyron Empresses***, all of whom dwarf the young pretender on the ***Wolfstar World*** in both power and brutal cunning. The Eye is dangerous in the extreme, but it is also an unimaginably rich prize for xeno-scientists and treasure-hunters.

Far to the south, near the dripping base of the nerve ganglion, another, highly unauthorized expedition has landed on the Eye. A gang of impetuous, adventurous Leather Clone boys (is there any other kind?) in a stolen, cloaked starship have come to the Eye. Like a lot of significantly greater powers, the boys seek the Eye of the Galaxy, a legendary and long-lost artifact supposedly able to answer any question. With their elders dying in droves, the boys have just one question: How do we cure the Ender? Following rumors they never were supposed to hear, the boys came to the Black Box Sector and found the Exxkyron Eye. They don't realize the Eye isn't the wonder they're questing for. And they're in way, way over their heads.

Jim-13 (CG male Leather Clone Rogue 1) is the leader of the expedition. He leaps before he looks, and builds his wings on the way down. He stole the ship, made the plan and convinced a few of his buddies to come along for fortune and glory. ***River-031*** (LG male Leather Clone Smart 1) is a bookish kid, and their best pilot, and also the most terrified. ***Fred-444*** (CG male Leather Clone Barbarian 1) is the muscle, and is more than a little bit nuts. He's bonded well with the native Exxkyron tech, for some reason nobody can fathom, and the walls have started talking to him. Landing ripped off the starboard engine nacelle, and their stolen ship, an old smuggler cutter called the *Grey Navigator,* is trapped on the Eye. The boys have been trapped on the Eye for weeks, dodging Exxkyronite monstrosities and Command eye-miners alike. At this point, they just want to get off the thing with their lives… except for Jim-13. If there's a chance the Eye can cure the Ender Plague, he'll stay here, even if it kills him.

The Command has landed a fortified garrison on the Eye, just above the vast northern expanse of the luminous green pupil. They've dug trenches deep into the living jelly-flesh of the Eye itself, creating a self-contained metal fortress, a militarized cataract of the great Eye. ***General Rennic Bellstar*** (LE male Human Cavalier 15) is a brutally efficient veteran of a dozen slash and burn terraforming campaigns. He treats the Eye as another alien jungle to be cleared out. His men keep to a tight schedule, using dangerous chemical weapons and plasma artillery to blast out their ever-expanding tunnel network, inch by inch against the regenerating flesh of the Eye. General Bellstar's mission is recovery of Exxkyronite biological artifacts, for use in the Command's war efforts. Already he has recovered dozens of artifact level horrors, dutifully provided to the greater Command military.

The Golden Doorway

Built by the ICG late in the 25th Century, this mega-structure resembles an enormous golden cross, baroque and ominous, hanging in perpetual orbit above a dead pulsar. The Golden Doorway is religious iconography the size of a large continent, a flat plane of ultra-dense golden alloy, its central axis visibly hinged and designed to eventually open. Though nearly indestructible, the Golden Doorway's hull is pitted and scarred by asteroid hits and micrometeorite impacts.

The Golden Doorway is a para-dimensional gateway, a tunnel through space-time, which was designed to usher in the Next Coming. The megastructure is a gateway to the distant future where the ***Dues Maximus*** rules all – when the time is right, the God-Computer will send back another Cosmic Messiah. The ICG awaits the minute and the hour that this cosmic warlord manifests into the 46th Century, a war-god that will make Jesus II's pogroms and genocides seem like a mere throatclearing.

An alphanumeric readout the size of a city-state counts down inexorably. The glyphs are unreadable, untranslatable, and resist both photography and memorization. They are a semi-divine cypher calculated by the old ICG and incomprehensible to the current church. These glyphs are reaching the end of their cycle, though. Perhaps in as little as three years, the Golden Doorway will finally open. The ICG has stationed nearly a full 15% of their Deep Navy in this obscure, out-of-the-way star system in anticipation of the programmed opening.

The ICG fleet is commanded by ***Fleet Admiral Corwyn Looper*** (LE male Human Cavalier 4/Expert 12), outwardly a model of military respectability. He was chosen for this prestigious assignment because of a lifetime as an order-taking, eager to please bureaucrat. He's hidden the fact his ancestors were Anthros who barely escaped the great, holy purges of the 24th Century deeply, burying the data (and a few bodies) with the help of contacts in the ***Space Mafia.*** If Admiral Looper can do it without compromising his comfortable government existence, he will see the Golden Doorway destroyed or sabotaged. If he can't, Admiral Looper is confident that his wealth and position will keep him safe even in the face of the Next Coming. The Admiral will not risk himself, even in the smallest way, to save the galaxy from the ICG, despite the misgivings eating away at his guts.

Hellwater

Hellwater is an even less hospitable swamp than **Rio Lindo.** The presence of Nemesis Lifespawn, as well as a variety of nasty jungle rot made the Command choose Rio Lindo as sector capitol. Hellwater only matters because its become a refuge for PTSD-scrambled Command vets who want nothing to do with civilization anymore. A lot of them refuse the ticket back to Command Space when their tour is over and make their way to Hellwater's stinking swamps.

The veterans have established a few freeholds. ***Pork Chop Bay*** is the largest, and has a landing facility capable of handling most private and commercial starships. A few Free Spacer merchants stop by periodically, to sell some 'damaged goods' that were bought and paid for by the Command military under the table. There's a few bars, a few bordellos, and a few off-world traders regularly buy exotic serpents and Lifespawn piscines off the settlers. Its a hard life, but almost a peaceful one. Veterans can punish themselves in Hellwater's swamps, hunting Lifespawn game, drinking back at Pork Chop Bay, and avoiding the galactic empire that fucked them over.

Illya Zelvana

This densely forested world of gravity-variable mountains has been only lightly settled. Gravitational anomalies atop the highest peaks turn the world weightless; snow billows upward until it freezes into glaciers drifting across the purple troposphere. Other mountain peaks are crushing High Gravity zones where the smallest misstep is fatal.

Illya Zelvana is maintained in its pristine, untouched state to serve as a training preserve for genetically perfected athletes and martial artists. These 'experts in the bodily movement arts' demonstrate WARSTAR's vitality and excellence in trans-galactic competition. Illya Zelvana is their forge. ***Rolff Vanko*** (LE male Human Monk

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20), veteran of ten thousand victorious bouts, is the master of this beautiful but cold world. Not only one of the most skillful martial artists in the galaxy, Vanko is an expert geneticist. For more than a century, the un-aging champion has bred WARSTAR's greatest physical specimens.

Despite the regime's demands for excellence, Vanko refuses to adopt a 'victory at any cost' ethos. He will never sully his athletes with the introduction of Lifechained alleles, nor will he allow cyber-augmentation. Human flesh and muscle and bone, all bent to superhuman will is his only path to victory.

Mainframe 72

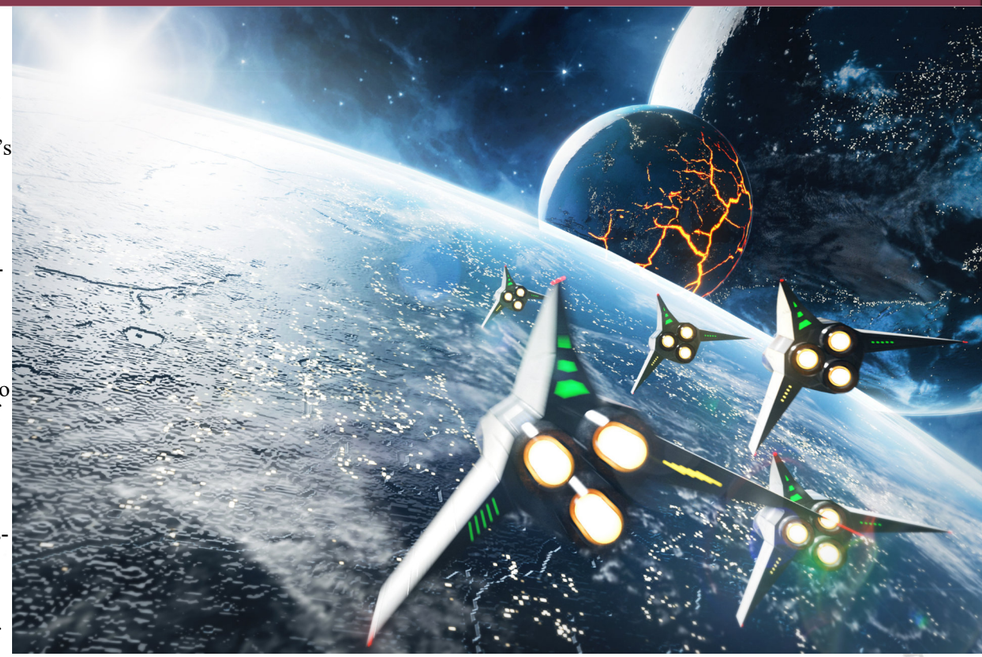
Mainframe 72 is a massive and ultra-secret Command database hollowed out of a large asteroid roughly 2 AU from the Golden Doorway. A stealth-rated hyperdrive and a crew of several hundred ***Genocide Templars*** protect the asteroid and give it mobility. Mainframe 72 is the ultimate repository of the Corporate Command's dirty secrets. The hollow inner surface of the habitat is dominated by endless banks of ebony computer cabinets, illuminated only by a million blinking lights.

The Corporate Command stores its blackmail files, criminal histories and actionable data on every citizen of Command Space. Were this asteroid destroyed, or its data destroyed somehow, the Command's surveillance state would crumble.

Mainframe 72 is commanded by ***Supervisor Milos Wertham*** (LE male TV Head Dread 9), an officious petty tyrant. Supervisor Wertham is utterly committed to the Command ethos, and has no tolerance for even the most minor deviation from the party line. Recently, he had three of his assigned ***Genocide Templars*** spaced after discovering an ansible-radio in their quarters tuned to Outlaw Sex Station 09. His dictatorial management style has overridden the Templar's genetic predisposition to loyalty. A few have made the change into hedonistic ***Rawk Knights***, though they keep up appearances. Supervisor Wertham is blind to the insurgency growing in his ranks, and has no fucking clue he's one bad decision away from being 'fragged' by his own men.

"Osterman's Enigma"

The Command Navy discovered the corpse of a machine-god, murdered and disemboweled, floating dead in space in orbit around an ordinary yellow sun. Larger than many Old Earth nations, this goliath machine is girded in rich azure armor accented with royal purple. Antlers several hundred miles in diameter rise from a once impressive helm cleaved nearly in half by some unimaginably mighty weapon. Deep gouges leave the goliath's torso and abdomen open to vacuum – death wounds hundreds of miles deep, and as wide as provinces. A murder scene for the ages, the corpse of a godlike ***Great Watchmaker,*** and an irresistible mystery for the Command.



An orbital drydock was hastily erected around the Watchmaker's carcass, and a cover story was seeded that the drydock concealed an experimental "phase-cloaked duo-metallic IOS-Q warship" – the Command had no idea what any of those terms means, but by classifying the bullshit at the highest level possible, the supposed prototype warship became the perfect cover for the real weirdness going on.

The work is young, but early results are promising. The necropsy team have accessed a secondary, undamaged 'brain'-like structure at the base of the goliath's spinal column. New discoveries come fast and furiously. The foremost:

- The last seconds of the Watchmaker's existence: recorded from the great machine's POV show talons nearly the size of Earth itself slicing through the slain Watchmaker's optics before all systems went off-line forever.
- A plethora of genetic data for virtually every lifeform in the Western Spiral Arm, including previously unknown variants of familiar species with mind-blowingly potent psi-abilities, including a 'variant design' for humanity that Dr. Osterman is very intrigued by.
- The quantum 'addresses' of hundreds of alternate realities, where galactic history and human evolution took radically different paths. With these 'addresses', any competent physicist can modify an FTL drive for alternate reality exploration.
- Comprehensive maps of Psyren dimensional needles and similar artifacts, including thousands more than have previously been cataloged, upon virtually every world in the Milky Way Galaxy
- A map of something that might be the mechanistic structure of the Multiverse itself, or might be a map of some infinitely folded Tessaract mega-structure, or might be an anatomical drawing of God Himself. Dr. Osterman thinks it's all of the above, simultaneously (but he is VERY crazy on a good day).

The Great Watchmaker is a storehouse of information – enough knowledge to make any man a God. Dr. Osterman only allows his staff tightly compartmentalized access to the corpse. Only he sees the entire puzzle, and his intellect has grown dramatically even in a few months of study. He is becoming God, or so he claims; his cranial screen displays a continual, mind bending loop of intermeshed gears, turning endlessly.

The Command has no idea that the Watchmaker excavation has driven its chief researcher insane. They dispatched Dr. Osterman to the Fringe in hopes he could find source-code to install into the ***Dues Minimus*** mainframe and help evolve it. The "awakened" Dr. Osterman thinks the Dues Minimus is already hopelessly outdated compared to the Enigma; he will have no part in handing the

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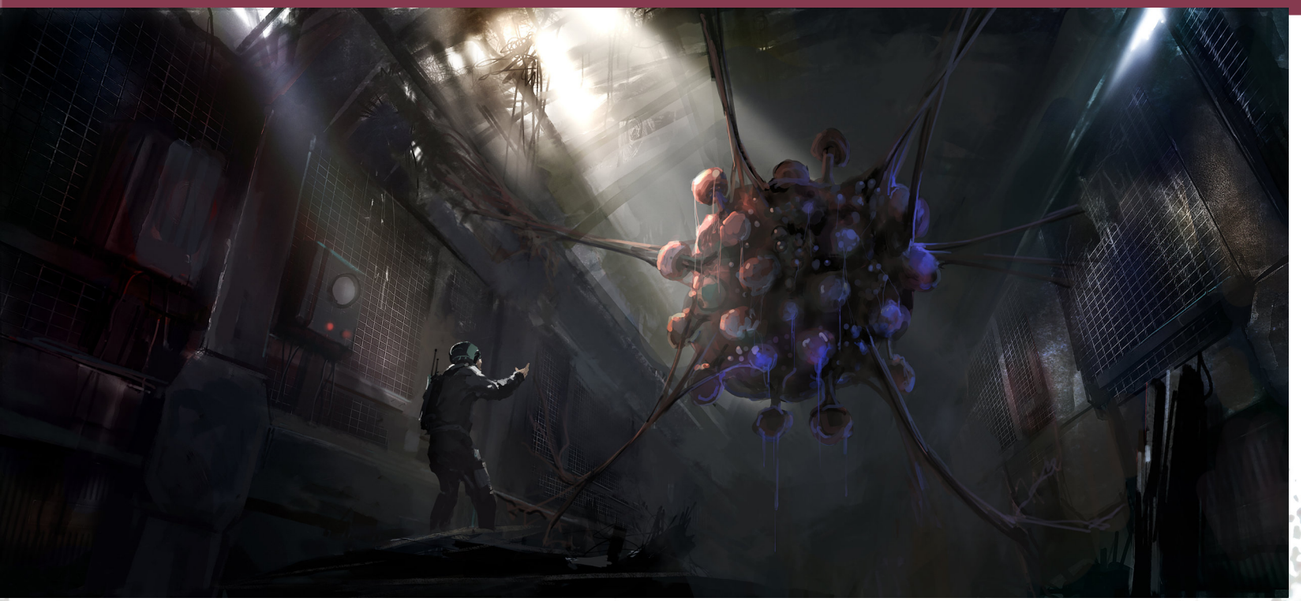

future over to a ‘digitized false god’. Not when he makes a better candidate for deification.

The Santiago’s unit chaplain (who also happened to be the ICG’s eyes in the sector) fell down an un-covered grav-lift shaft a few months ago, and hasn’t been replaced. Nobody connects Dr. Osterman with the tragic accident. After all, shouldn’t God work in mysterious ways?

Prizak Caul

The haunted, black forests of Prizak Caul conceal advanced theological weapons laboratories. A world whose eccentric orbit keeps it in perpetual night, Prizak Caul’s ley-lines were permanently warped by a cosmic catastrophe ages ago. The forest planet has become something nightmarish, a folkloric shadow-place that recalls the darkest Euro myths of the pre-technological era. The research conducted here depends on the twisted ley lines to flourish and twists the ley lines further with each successful experiment. There is a self-perpetuating and escalating feedback loop established.

Prizak Caul is dedicated to the design of revolutionary new occult tech weapons. Assembly lines employing tens of thousands of techno-occultists enchant and assemble the more conventional enchanted blasters, powered armor and gadgets used by WARSTAR’s well equipped fighting forces. Singular occult artisans, working in gilded cages high above the factory floor, hand-craft the weapons and armor of true heroes of the regime. Beyond both, arcane researchers push the limits of sorcery, physics and logic itself in search of new weapons.

Deep within the bowels of the research city, WARSTAR’s researchers have designed and built what they call ‘***The Cauldron of Dark Capitalism***”. The size of a cathedral, this necromantic techno-uterus is used to gestate theological weapons for use against the Command. The best weapons use Command ideology and culture against it. Here, WARSTAR has mastered the art and science of breeding ***Omni-Consumptos*** super-predators (*HOTM1*). These insanity-inducing horrors weaponize Command consumerism against itself. The Omni-Consumptos have only had limited tests, within Trench Space, but are expected to deploy into Command Space itself within a few months. The last test unleashed a juvenile Omni-Consumptos specimen into the barracks zone on ***Command Training Depot Remus.*** Taking the form of the local PX’ uber-patriotic pickle mascot, the unleashed horror racked up a body count of more than 900 before WARSTAR decided to cut the power.

Prizak Caul is heavily protected, as it is a key part of the WARSTAR regime’s military industrial complex. The three nearest solar systems surrounding the world are patrolled by a tamed ***Star Digester Swarm (****HOTM2).* This defense is nearly unbreakable and the tamed creature is unimaginably powerful; only its dependence on the life giving energies of the three suns prevent it from being an effective means for WARSTAR to project power in its own right. Prizak Caul itself is well protected by an elite cadre of WARSTAR warrior women – cyborg Valkyries who efficiently slaughter any unauthorized beings on the planet. Many are ***Grand Kommisar Thallin’s*** daughters and granddaughters, and like their progenitor, favor dueling with advanced particle weapons.

Pulya Zhivana

The true heart of WARSTAR lies beyond our galaxy, in the eternal, entropic voids between galaxies. The distances involved are so fast even Class-III hyperdrives require centuries to cross. The only way to reach the WARSTAR’s heart, or to return to its Milky Way outpost, are long caravan trains across the stars. Hulking ark-ships carry millions of passengers suspended in deep cryostasis in both directions, sustained by the starship’s self-aware AI core.

The Pulya Zhivana is the departure point for journeys outside our galaxy. The enormous gun barrel of the space station hangs at the very terminal point of the Milky Way’s edge, where no star’s gravity pulls upon it. The station is literally suspended on the edge of nothing. The space station is a gigantic magnetic accelerator. It fires ‘survival bullets’ – pressure sealed caches of supplies, spare parts, consumables and even replacement crew in deep stasis ahead of the generation ships that depart here. If luck is with the crew, some day centuries hence, and millions of lightyears distant, the generation ship and its designated survival bullet supply-shot will be reunited.

Pulya Zhivana’s linear accelerator rings flash like a solar flare, hot and bright everytime they sling a survival bullet out into the void. These spectacular detonations are regular, a clock work pulse erupting from the station exactly every 36 hours.

Rapture

Rapture is technically outside of Command Space, and not subject to Command civil rights laws (such as they are). Rapture is a rendition site where the Command dumps dissidents, rebels and troublemakers, snatched up in the twinkling of an eye by its security forces. Rapture is the third planet in a disarmingly ordinary stellar system, differentiated from a hundred others only by the communications dead zone that blocks even ansible communication. (Only tightbeam, directional radio functions in the Rapture system), and the self-aware mines and drone fighters securing all approaches to Rapture itself.

Those rendered to Rapture are thoroughly broken down, personalities destroyed by drugs, torture and psycho-conditioning. Then the rebuilding begins: an intensive 2-4 year personality reconstruction. The end result is a former dissident transformed into a “Born Again” ***Bonded Mentat***, utterly loyal and subservient to the Corporate Command and the ICG. Born Agains are known by the cruciform scar laser-cut into their foreheads. Born Agains are common in the mega-corporate world, and teeming multitudes of these brain-locked servitors are found on distant ***Benediction***.

The Temple of Reeducation

The most secure facility on planet is the Temple. Given the grand title, the Temple of Reeducation is disappointing: a squat hexagon of windowless, steel reinforced concrete in the center of a landscape of electrified fencing and cages. Personality breaking occurs here, as do the first (and cruelest) milestones in a neophyte Bonded Mentat’s training. The facility is well defended by Corporate Command ***Techno-Fascists*** and their assigned combat mecha, reinforced by an elite platoon of ***Genocide Templars***.

The actual brainwashing is not carried out by ICG or Corporate Command troops, but outside contractors brought in as subcontractors. The program’s head is a dispassionate Battlechanger expatriate, placed surprisingly high in the Command’s ranks for a non-humanoid. The neurotic and gleefully sadistic ***Litmus*** (CE genderfluid Battlechanger Dread 13) was once the protégé of the infamous Tyrakron mind-hacker, ***Shellshock***. Driven to excel and wanting to prove zir theories about crushing a sentient mind and making it your

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slave were superior to Shellshock's, Litmus has spent the last eight decades on Rapture. Thousands of human souls have died screaming, all for the sake of Litmus' legendary ego.

Rio Lindo

Rio Lindo is a humid perfumed swamp world with a stunningly bio-diverse rainforest. Bribes and connection keep the horrors of war far from the world. The Space Mafia have claimed Rio Lindo for themselves. If Calley is the licit capitol of operations in Trench Space, Rio Lindo specializes in the illicit. The world is the major hub for the arms and drug trades in sector, raking in enormous profits from arming every faction in Trench Space and hyping them up on battle chems.

The vast wealth available makes Rio Lindo an attractive prospect for criminals, con-artists, deserters and mercenaries. Wretched hive of scum and villainy describes the situation on the ground nicely, and that's discounting the planet's thriving sex trade. There are hundreds of low rent whore houses and bars scattered across Rio Lindo's only major settlement, a nameless pleasure strip that shares the name of the world. ***Comfort Alley***, a few parsecs back towards Command Space, purchases many of its workers from Rio Lindo. Command troops who've 'borrowed' a shuttle for a few days of AWOL hard partyin' are typically very familiar with the hookers from their time on Rio Lindo.

Despite the fact that Rio Lindo's permanent population barely tops 10,000, the Space Mafia has somehow forced a ***Transit Viscera*** terminus open on Rio Lindo, opening into a gaudy, neon-lit cavern system beneath the main market square. Like all extradimensional transit into or out of Trench Space, this jury-rigged Transit Viscera terminus is unpredictable and occasionally fatal, but on the whole is safer than long distance star travel in sector. Since this terminus is artificial, occult-tech monoliths powered by the reliquaries of elder Mafioso saints are built into the tunnel's walls. These strange bones glow with eerie green light.

This artificial transit terminus is the brainchild of ***Techno-Strega Minerva Galverni*** (LE female Human Necromancer 15), a Made Woman of the Space Mafia and priestess of life, death and omerta. She designed the reliquaries that tore open a Transit Viscera exit point, and only she knows how to create more reliquaries when the bones of martyred Mafiosos eventually run dry. She's also the only Mafioso that knows two of the closest 'legit' Transit Viscera stations nearest Trench Space have gone dead, and that two more are just about to. She doesn't know that several secretive, closed Transit Viscera stops, used only by WARSTAR, have also died out. Techno-Strega Galverni knew there would be a price to pay for her false Viscera terminus, and the already stressed space-time around Rio Lindo is paying the price

Slesar Thul

Slesar Thul is a densely urbanized manufacturing world home to billions. Like many WARSTAR worlds, its low, angry grey skies are penetrated by Brutalist habitation spires nearly a mile high. These massive residential complexes self-contained city-states in their own right, each producing needed goods for the regime in cavernous internal factories. Planetary production is spilt rather neatly between military equipment and civilian goods, making Slesar Thul a vital cog in the WARSTAR military machine.

As such the world is well protected by The Seven, god-like warrior-guardians. Aging, post-human nobility from the true WARSTAR regime made the million-year journey to our galaxy and live out a lavish retirement as Slesar Thul's defenders. These seven ancient heroes of the Regime remain

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physically perfect, but age, ennui and the after-effects of deep cryogenics have worn down their resolve. No longer the perfect exemplars of WARSTAR stoicism, The Seven indulge weird addictions and decadent pleasures. These super-humans allow the *Samizdat* to exist, so they can enjoy the smuggled in star-matter laced *sniff,* child prostitutes and pleasure toys they've become addicted to.

The Seven are:

Adtha the Fire. Living energy who remembers the moment she died by nuclear fire, but survived her immolation within a containment vessel. A living WMD, dangerously aggressive, merciless and cruel. She burns any WARSTAR soldier who fails to live up to her exacting standards to death… over a period of days. (Use the Luminate (PW:SS) stat-block.)

Borgir the Machine. A cyborg hero, impossibly ancient, none of his original organic frame remaining. Veteran of ten million engagements. Trapped within an unfeeling metal coffin, Borgir's only pleasure is slaughter. He commits murder purely for the pleasure of seeing blood splash against his hull. (Use *Lfietank (HOTM2)* stat-block, but make him really fucking crazy).

Gelyd the Driver. The term *mad genius* is overrated, but Gelyd is single-handedly responsible for modernizing WARSTAR's FTL engines. He is the force and vision behind their recent expansion. He is also a mad egotist who would be Grand Kommisar, but is distracted by projects and carnal pleasures. Use *Genesis Machine Warlord (HOTM1*) stat-block).

Renn the Shield. Known for her passionate defense of WARSTAR settlements in extra galactic space, Renn was broken by what she encountered in the darkness between galaxies. Still courageous and pugnacious when necessary, she is a nihilistic cultist of cosmic darkness. Utterly mad, but hides it well. (Use the *Failed Paragon (PW:SS)* stat-block.)

Rhaxx the Atrocity. The living embodiment of war crimes. A major power behind the throne of the WARSTAR military, Rhaxx pushes the regime to cruel new extremes in pursuit of victory. A drug addict, sexual sadist and adrenaline junkie. (Use *Cathedral of Atrocity Demon (HOTM2)* stat-block).

Thur the Collective. Sixteen cloned bodies housing a single consciousness, the fearsome gladiator Thur can be in multiple places at once. She handles internal security, and is addicted to multiple exotic drugs so potent that they could kill a city full of ordinary mortals. (Use multiple *Alien Gladiators (HOTM1)* with a collective mind.)

Vegnan the Idol. Beautiful and cold, Vegnan is recruiter and commanding officer of the WARSTAR Youth League. Driven by cosmic purpose, he cannot be defeated by any man. He is a pedophile and sex addict. (Use *Failed Paragon (PW:SS*) stat-block.)

Thorvar Gulus 113

Planets with numbers appended to their name tend to be true shitholes, and Thorvar Gulus 113 is no exception. Cold, dark and shrouded in near perpetual fog, the planet is a joyless and depressing place. Thorvar Gulus 113 is too miserable for true colonization, and not quite resource-rich enough to be worth mining. The WARSTAR Regime uses the ugly little world as its chief prisoner of war camp, housing Command troops captured in battles throughout Trench Space.

The camps are spartan and primitive, with few security measures in place beyond armed guards, spotlight towers and viscous attack canids patrolling the ground. The relatively lax security is due to a simple fact: even if a prisoner could escape their camp, there isn't anywhere better to go. Thorvar Gulus 113 supports little native fauna, and the landscape is a hazardous obstacle course of sheer cliffside drop-offs concealed by the cloying fog. Most native plant life is either mildly acidic or too noxious for humans to find palatable. The only way off-planet is a single WARSTAR shuttle port on the northern shores of the world's single continent, which is extremely well guarded.

There are five main camps on planet, as well as a handful of smaller facilities clinging to the bellies of the larger POW camps, like remora on sharks.

Red Camp and ***Blue Camp***, as they're known to interred Command troops aren't so bad. There's enough food, and the guards aren't particularly violent.

Green Camp is exclusively for female POWS: many of the Command's female troops choose suicide over a stay in this rapacious, sadistic hell where the worst of WARSTAR's suppressed urges are allowed free reign. There's rumors that a satellite camp, ***Little Green***, performs insane reproductive and genetic experiments on the prisoners.

White Camp means the prisoner is a rat – this minimum-security camp offers some minor luxuries and better conditions, but is only for POWS who either ratted on fellow prisoners or have begun the long process of assimilation. ***Little Grey Camp*** is used to train WARSTAR infiltrators, with willing traitors providing a crash course in Command culture to infiltrators. Little Grey Camp resembles a stylized recreation of a typical Corporation Command planet.

Purple Camp is the worst of the lot, the place where repeat escapees or heavily cyber-augmented POWs get sent. Purple is a death camp without the honesty to say so up front; it masquerades as a prison, but its true purpose is to eventually exterminate in the guise of maintaining order. ***Komissar Golski***, a hardline fanatic and 100+ year veteran of service to the regime, rules Purple absolutely. Komissar Golski is a *Necrofficer (PW:SS),* returned from a soldier's grave and empowered by Regime necro-medics. The deaths in the camp fuel his unholy powers.

Trilliton Biologic

Trilliton Biologic is probably the Corporation Command's best kept secrets. Contracted biochemists, none of whom have families or deep friendships are kept in cryo-stasis while being ferried by circuitous routes to the Big Black. The journey itself is a 9-month deep freeze, but a well paid deep freeze, and returning to civilized space at the end of a tour of duty takes just as long. Workers are sworn to secrecy with NDAs that include a preemptory consent to execution if Command secrets are revealed. Upon departure, most of the contractor's memories are hard-wiped; there's a stipulation in the contract for a lifetime disability pension if the mindwipe causes permanent brain damage.

Trilliton Biologic is the Corporation Command's highest security and most productive germ warfare laboratory. The laboratory is a series of pressurized, completely sealed bio-domes, scattered across the breadth of an airless moon 12,000 miles in diameter. Everything on planet is spread over hundreds of miles, accessible only by aircars, Every single room of the laboratory complex

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has exhaustive safe entry and decontamination procedures, from the most dangerous 'hot' laboratory to the private lavatory in each bedroom. Paranoia is a way of life at Trilliton Biologic, because the laboratory handles some of the most lethal diseases in the Multiverse.

Relatively conventional diseases and chemical weapons are just the beginning. Telepathic viruses transmitted by thought or eye contact, memetic warfare agents using commercials as attack vectors, nostalgia bombs, empathic poisons, theological diseases, toxins from earlier Iterations of the Multiverse and unbound by current physics. Trilliton Biologic is a cradle of nightmares.

The ***Ender*** was bred here. In Laboratory Orange-18. ***Dr. Krevit Reagan*** (LE male Human Alchemist 14) earned a nice set of classified medals kept in a safe on Benediction for writing the genome and supervising the release.

Plague Summer

The ultra-high security and extreme compartmentalization at Trilliton Biologic mean conspiracies and madness can flourish, completely undetected. The periodic security mindwipes have taken their toll on Dr. Reagan, twisting his mind into hateful senility. Dr. Reagan is senior enough that nobody's questioned his secret new projects. ***Plagueships*** – hideous, bloated demons of incarnate disease – *(HOTM2)* have incarnated in the facility, kept secret in the deepest laboratories. Dr. Reagan has decided that species-eradiating mega-disease is a party and everybody should be invited, not just the Leather Clones. He is a jobvial madman, dancing and singing to himself as he plans omni-genocide.

Some of the droid starships that ferry experimental, highly toxic corpses into the local star have been redirected and taken off the station's accounts. The otherworldly Plagueships have been busy, using Dr. Reagan's mind and hands to spread biological holocaust to an unsuspecting galaxy. New diseases, including omni-lethal Ender variants are spreading through the spacer population. Soon, the quasi-sentient diseases will reach critical mass, and will go hotly lethal. Reagan will watch all human life in the galaxy shit itself and die vomiting, safe in his subterranean laboratory, plague his only real companion.

WARSTAR Entry

WARSTAR protects its territory from Command encroachment with a dangerous gauntlet of space mines. Self-aware ***Firebox*** mines wait, shielded from detection, at the far edge of Trench Space. Only a narrow space lane corridor, known as the ***WARSTAR Entry*** is safe transit through the three-dimensional mine field. WARSTAR patrols the Entry ceaselessly, and only rare, authorized starships are allowed through the mines. Infiltration is the next best thing to impossible.

Enormous, energized pylons, each the size of a small planetoid, are spaced along the WARSTAR border at 1 AU intervals. Collectively, these pylons generate a spatial barrier that prevents hyper space travel. Starships drop out of warp, forcibly, at the border region and can't accelerate into hyperspeed again until they are well clear of the barrier. Incautious pilots have their FTL engines

shredded. The lucky (or careful ones) only have some fuses blown, some breakers tripped. These pylons glow like burning blood, their lurid glow polluting the skies across Trench Space, blurring and distorting optical telescope images of WARSTAR Space itself.

Travelling through the Entry Corrider at sublight speed can take days, sometimes weeks, at normal acceleration. FTL travel becomes accessible again somewhere near the aphileon of ***Baba Yar's*** orbit.

USS Whittington (Decommissioned)

This mothballed star destroyer has become a prison, housing one extremely high value prisoner. The vessel is anchored in high orbit over a played-out mining planet, protected by a screen of AI-controlled starfighters. The prison ship is crewed exclusively by military-grade AI, because of the prisoner's unique ability to drive most intelligent creatures to murder-suicide within 500 words of conversation. To protect them from this weird mental tampering, the AI aboard the Whittington are depersonalized, identified only by number, and code-locked to prevent the development of real personalities.

The prisoner is an ancient, hypertrophied crone, as nude and feral as an ancient Cro-Magnon. She stalks the steel corridors, smearing the walls with arcane runes painted in blood and shit. Once, this mad wretch was the mother of the Vice President of Earth-Gov, ***Marjorie Lorraine-Cockulus*** (CE female Human Barbarian 12/Wilder 14). Her madness and psychological torture tempered and hardened Ultra-Pope Cockulus – he owes her too much to murder her, and hates her too much to allow the Old Woman freedom. So she rots in a forgotten, dead starship orbiting a forgotten, dead world. Marjorie has promised herself she will destroy the entirety of Corporate Command to punish her bastard son, should she ever get free.

"The universe is basically an animal. It grazes on the ordinary. It creates infinite idiots, just to eat them."
- Rick Sanchez, Rick & Morty, written by Dan Harmon

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William Kwan (Order #50594381)